THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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5c. THE COPY

Mary Roberts Rinehart
Stewart Edward White—Richard Washburn Child—Richard Matthews Hallet
May Wilson Preston—Octavus Roy Cohen—Nina Wilcox Putnam—Kenneth L. Roberts

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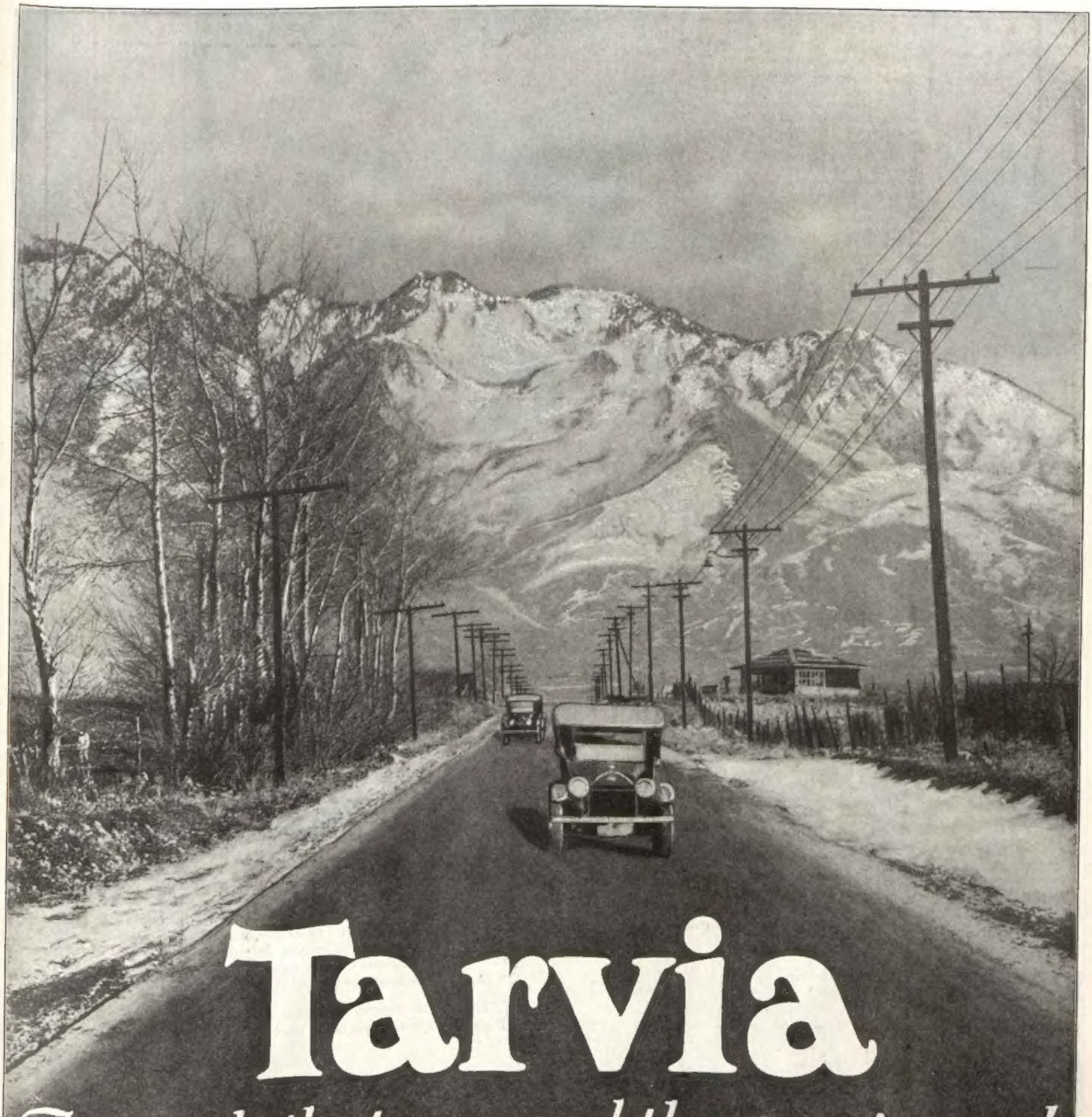

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—Mrs. R. P., *Des Moines, Ia.*

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HIJACK AND THE GAME

"Oh, Very Well," Said Lily May. "If You Like to Think That the Easter Bunny Lays Hard-Boiled Eggs ——"

A Tish Story—By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

IT WAS last May that Tish's cousin, Annabelle Carter, wrote to her and asked her to take Lily May for the summer.

"I need a rest, Tish," she wrote. "I need a rest from her. I want to go off where I can eat a cup custard without her looking at my waistline, and can smoke an occasional cigarette without having to steal one of hers when she is out. I may even bob my hair."

"She'll smoke no cigarettes here," Tish interjected. "And Annabelle Carter's a fool. Always was and always will be. Bob her hair indeed!"

She read on: "I want you to take her, Tish, and show her that high principles still exist in the older generation. They seem to think we are all hypocrites and whited sepulchers. But most of all, I want to get her away from Billy Field. He is an enchanting person, but he couldn't buy gas for her car. Jim says if he can earn a thousand dollars this summer he'll think about it. But outside of bootlegging, how can he? And he has promised not to do that."

Tish had read us the letter, but she had already made up her mind.

"It is a duty," she said, "and I have never shirked a duty. Annabelle Carter has no more right to have a daughter than I have; I've seen her playing bridge and poker before that child. And she serves liquor in her house, although it is against the law of the nation."

And later on: "What the girl needs," she said, "is to be taken away from the artificial life she is living, and to meet with Nature. Nature," she said, "is always natural. A mountain is always a mountain; the sea is the sea. Sufficient of either should make her forget that boy."

"Too much of either might, Tish," I said, rather tartly. "You can drown her or throw her over a precipice, of course. But if you think she'll trade him for a view or a sailboat, you'd better think again."

But Tish was not listening.

"An island," she said, "would be ideal. Just the four of us, and Hannah. Simple living and high thinking. That's what the young girls of today require."

"I often wonder," Aggie said sadly, "what Mr. Wiggins would have thought of them! I remember how shocked he was when his Cousin Harriet used ice on her face before a party, to make her cheeks pink."

So the matter was determined, and Tish appealed to Charlie Sands, her nephew, to find her an island. I shall never forget his face when she told him why.

"A flapper!" he said. "Well, your work's cut out for you all right."

"Nonsense!" Tish said sharply. "I have been a girl myself. I understand girls."

"Have you made any preparations for her?"

"I've bought a set of Louisa M. Alcott. And I can hire a piano if she wants to keep in practice."

"Oh, she'll keep in practice all right," he said, "but I wouldn't bother with a piano." He did not explain this, but went away soon after. "I'll do my best to find you an island," he said cryptically, as he departed, "but the chances are she can swim."

That last sentence of his made Tish thoughtful, and she determined that, if our summer was to be spent on the sea, we should all learn to swim. I cannot say that the result was successful. Indeed, our very first lesson almost ended in a tragedy, for it was Tish's theory that one must start in deep water.

"The natural buoyancy of the water is greater there," she said. "One goes in and then simply strikes out."

She did this, therefore, standing on the diving board in the correct position—the instructor was not yet ready—and made a very nice dive. But she did not come up again, although the water was very agitated, and after a time Aggie became alarmed and called the instructor. He found her at last, but she was so filled with water that we abandoned the lesson for the day.

As the instructor said to her, "All you need is a few goldfish, lady, and you'd be a first-class aquarium."

And then, with all our ideas of setting Lily May an example of dignity and decorum, along about the middle of June Hannah, going out on a Thursday, came creeping in about nine o'clock at night and brought in the tray with cake and blackberry cordial, with her hat on.

"What do you mean," Tish demanded, fixing her with a stony glare, "by coming in here like that?"

Hannah set the tray down and looked rather pale.

"It's my hat, Miss Tish," she said; "and it's my head."

"Take it off," said Tish. "Your hat, not your head. Not that you'd miss one more than the other."

So Hannah took her hat off, and she had had her hair shingle-bobbed! I never saw anything more dreadful, unless it was our dear Tish's face. She looked at her for some moments in silence.

"Have you seen yourself?" she demanded.

"Yes."

"Then I shall add no further punishment," said Tish grimly. "But as I do not propose to look at you in this condition, you will continue to wear a hat until it grows out again."

"I'm to wear a hat over the stove?"

"You're to wear a hat over yourself, Hannah," Tish corrected her, and Hannah went out in tears.

It was very strange, after that, to see Hannah serving the table with a hat on, but our dear Tish is firmness itself when it comes to a matter of principle, and even the discovery of an artificial rosebud in the stewed lamb one day did not cause her to weaken. I shall, however, never forget Lily May's expression when Hannah served luncheon the day she arrived.

But It Was a Painful Sight to See Our Poor Aggie Thus Marooned, Watching Us Into the Fog With Wistful Eyes

She came in, followed by a taxi man and the janitor of Tish's apartment building, who were loaded down with bags and hat boxes, and having kissed Tish without any particular warmth, turned to the janitor.

"Go easy with that bag, Charles," she said. His name is not Charles, but this seemed not to worry her. "If you break the contents Miss Carberry will be out her summer liquor."

As Tish has been for many years a member of the W. C. T. U., she protested at once, but the taxi man seemed to think it funny until Tish turned on him.

"It is you," she said, "and your kind who make it impossible to enforce the best law our nation has ever passed. If there is liquor in that bag," she said to Lily May, "it will not remain in this apartment one instant. Lizzie, open the bag, and pour the wretched stuff into the kitchen sink."

I was about to open the bag, when the taxi man said that, while he was not a drinking man, plenty of hospitals need stimulants.

"You pour it down the sink," he said, "and where is it? Nowhere, lady. But if I take it to the Samaritan, and they use it—why, it's a Christian action, as I see it."

I will say for Lily May that she offered no objection. She stood by, looking at each of us in turn and seeming rather puzzled. She only spoke once.

"Look here, Aunt Tish," she began, "I was only ——"

"I shall discuss this with you later and in private," Tish cut in sternly, and motioned me to open the bag.

I did so, but it contained no alcoholic stimulant whatever; only a number of bottles and jars for the toilet. Tish eyed them, and then turned to Lily May.

"Have I your word of honor," she said, "that these are what they purport to be?"

"Probably not," said Lily May coolly. "Nothing is these days. But there's nothing there for Volstead to beat his breast about. I tried to tell you."

While she was in her room taking off her things, Tish expressed herself with her usual clearness on the situation in which she found herself.

"Already," she said, "the girl has shown two of the most undesirable modern qualities—flippancy and a disregard for the law of the nation. I am convinced that I saw a box of rouge in that bag, Lizzie."

But when, later on, she accused Lily May of making up her face, Lily May only smiled sweetly and said she was obliged to do so.

"Obliged!" Tish sniffed. "Don't talk nonsense."

"Not nonsense at all," said Lily May. "All the ——" She seemed to hesitate. "It's like this," she said. "Make-up is respectable. The other thing isn't. When you see a woman these days with a dead-white face, watch her. That's all."

Poor Aggie cast an agonized glance at herself in the mirror, but Tish stared hard at Lily May.

"There are certain subjects on which I do not wish to be informed," she said coldly.

"Oh, very well," said Lily May. "If you like to think that the Easter bunny lays hard-boiled eggs ——"

I must say things looked very uncomfortable from the start. Nobody could accuse Lily May of being any trouble, or even of being unpleasant; she had a very sweet smile, and she did everything she was told. But she seemed to regard the three of us as mere children, and this was particularly galling to Tish.

"Why shouldn't we see that picture?" Tish demanded one night, when she steered us away from a movie we had been waiting three weeks to see.

"It's not a nice movie," said Lily May gently, and took us to see The Ten Commandments, which we had already seen three times.

It was a difficult situation, for of course Tish could not insist on going, after that. And Aggie suffered also, for on the hay-fever season coming on she brought out her medicinal cigarettes, and Lily May walked right out and bought her a vaporizing lamp instead, which smelled simply horrible when lighted.

But it was over Hannah that Tish suffered the most, for of course Lily May had had her hair bobbed, and Hannah rebelled the first minute she saw it.

"Either she wears a hat or I don't, Miss Tish," she said. "And you'd better put a hat on her. The way that janitor is hanging around this place is simply sinful."

It ended by Hannah abandoning her hat, copying Lily May's method of fixing her hair; only where Lily May's hair hung straight and dark, Hannah was obliged to use soap to gain the same effect.

As Tish observed to her scathingly, "It will break off some night in your sleep. And then where will you be?"

It became evident before long that the city simply would not do for Lily May. The grocer's boy took to forgetting things so he could make a second trip, and in the market one day Mr. Jurgens, Tish's butcher, handed Lily May a bunch of pansies.

"Pansies are for thoughts, Miss Lily May," he said.

And Tish said he looked so like a sick calf that she absently ordered veal for dinner, although she had meant to have lamb chops.

Other things, too, began to worry us. One was that although Lily May had, according to orders, received no

letters from the Field youth, Hannah's mail had suddenly increased. For years she had received scarcely anything but the catalogue of a mail-order house, and now there was seldom a mail went by without her getting something.

Another was Tish's discovery that Lily May wore hardly any clothes. I shall never forget the day Tish discovered how little she actually wore. It was wash day, and Tish had engaged Mrs. Schwartz for an extra day.

"There will be extra petticoats and—er—undergarments, Mrs. Schwartz," she explained. "I well remember in my young days that my dear mother always alluded to the expense of my frillies."

It has been Tish's theory for years that no decent woman ever appears without a flannel petticoat under her muslin one, and I shall never forget the severe lecture she read Aggie when, one warm summer day, she laid hers aside. It was therefore a serious shock to her to come home the next day and find Mrs. Schwartz scrubbing the kitchen floor, while Hannah was drinking a cup of tea and gossiping with her.

"The young lady's clothes!" said Mrs. Schwartz. "Why, bless your heart, I pressed them off in fifteen minutes."

It turned out that Lily May wore only a single garment beneath her frock. I cannot express in words Tish's shock at this discovery, or her complete discouragement when, having brought out her best white flannel petticoat and a muslin one with blind embroidery, of which she is very fond, Lily May flatly refused to put them on.

"Why?" she said. "I'm not going to pretend I haven't got legs. My feet have to be fastened to something."

It was in this emergency that Tish sent for Charlie Sands, but I regret to say that he was of very little assistance to us. Lily May was demure and quiet at first, and sat playing with something in her hand. Finally she dropped it, and it was a small white cube with spots on each side. Charlie Sands picked it up and looked at Lily May.

"Got the other?" he asked.

Well, she had, and it seems one plays a sort of game with them, for in a very short time they were both sitting on the floor, and she won, I think, a dollar and thirty cents.

I cannot recall this situation without a pang, for our dear Tish never gambles, and is averse to all games of chance. Indeed, she went so pale that Aggie hastily brought her a glass of blackberry cordial, and even this was unfortunate, for Lily May looked up and said, "If you want mother's recipe for homemade gin I think I can remember it."

Tish was utterly disheartened when Charlie Sands went away, but he seemed to think everything would be all right.

"She's a nice child," he said. "She's only living up to a type. And there isn't an ounce of hypocrisy in her. I can see through her, all right."

"I dare say," Tish retorted grimly. "So can anyone else, when the sun is shining."

But the climax really came when old Mr. Barnes, on the floor above Tish's apartment, sent her a note. It seems that he had asthma and sat at the window just above Lily May's, and the note he sent was to ask Tish not to smoke cigarettes out her window. I really thought Tish would have a stroke on the head of it, and if Annabelle Carter hadn't been in Europe I am quite sure she would have sent Lily May back home.

But there we were, with Lily May on our hands for three months, and Hannah already rolling her stockings below her knees and with one eyebrow almost gone, where she had tried to shave it to a line with a razor. And then one day Aggie began to talk about long hair being a worry, and that it would be easier to put on her tonic if it was short; and with that Tish took the island Charlie Sands had found, and we started.

II

I SHALL never forget Lily May's expression when she saw Tish trying on the knickerbockers which are her usual wear when in the open.

"Oh, I wouldn't!" she said in a sort of wail.

"Why not?" Tish demanded tartly. "At least they cover me, which is more than I can say of some of your clothes."

"But they're not—not feminine," said Lily May, and Tish stared at her.

"Feminine!" she said. "The outdoors is not a matter of sex. Thank God, the sea is sexless; so are the rocks and trees."

"But the people ——"

"There will be no people," said Tish with an air of finality.

The next few days were busy ones. Tish had immediately, on learning that the New England coast has several varieties of fish, decided that we could combine change and isolation with fishing for the market.

"Save for the cost of the bait," she said, "which should be immaterial, there is no expense involved. The sea is still free, although the bootleggers seem to think they own it. But I do not intend to profit by this freedom. The money thus earned will go to foreign missions."

She bought a book on New England fish, and spent a long time studying it. Then she went to our local fish market and secured a list of prices.

"With any luck," she said, "we should catch a hundred pounds or so a day. At sixty cents a pound, that's sixty dollars, or we'll say thirty-six hundred dollars for the summer. There may be a bad day now and then."

Mr. Ostermaier, our clergyman, was greatly impressed, and felt that the money should perhaps go toward a new organ. Tish, however, held out for missions, and in the end they compromised on a kitchen for the parish house.

Toward the end, Lily May began to take more interest in our preparations. At first she had been almost indifferent, observing that any old place would do, and the sooner the better.

"It will give you something to do," Tish told her severely.

"So would a case of hives," she replied, and lapsed again into the lethargy which Tish found so trying.

But, as I have said, she cheered up greatly before our departure, and we all felt much encouraged. She never spoke to us of Billy Field, but she had made Hannah a confidante, and Hannah told Aggie that it was apparently off.

"It's this way, Miss Aggie," she said. "He's got to earn a thousand dollars this summer, one way or another, and I guess he's about as likely to do it as you are to catch a whale."

Perhaps it was significant, although I did not think of it at the time, that Aggie did catch a whale later on; and that indeed our troubles began with that unlucky incident.

But Lily May became really quite cheery as the time for departure approached, and we began to grow very much attached to her, although she inadvertently got us into a certain amount of trouble on the train going up.

She had brought along a pack of cards, and taught us a game called cold hands, a curious name, but a most interesting idea. One is dealt five cards, and puts a match in the center of the table. Then one holds up various combinations, such as pairs, three of a kind, and so on, and draws again. Whoever has the best hand at the end takes all the matches.

Tish, I remember, had all the matches in front of her, and rang for the porter to bring a fresh box. But when he came back the conductor came along and said gambling was not allowed.

"Gambling!" Tish said. "Gambling! Do you suppose I would gamble on this miserable railroad of yours, when at any moment I may have to meet my Creator?"

"If it isn't gambling, what is it?"

And then Lily May looked up at him sweetly and said, "Now run away and don't tease, or mamma spank."

That is exactly what she said. And instead of reproving her that wretched conductor only grinned at her and went away. What, as Tish says, can one do with a generation which threatens an older and wiser one with corporal punishment?

We had telegraphed ahead for a motorboat to meet us and take us over to Paris Island, and we found it waiting; quite a handsome boat named the Swallow, a name which Tish later observed evidently did not refer to the bird of that sort, but to other qualities it possessed.

"Swallow!" she snorted. "It's well named. The thing tried to swallow the whole Atlantic Ocean."

It was in charge of a young fisherman named Christopher Columbus Jefferson Spudd.

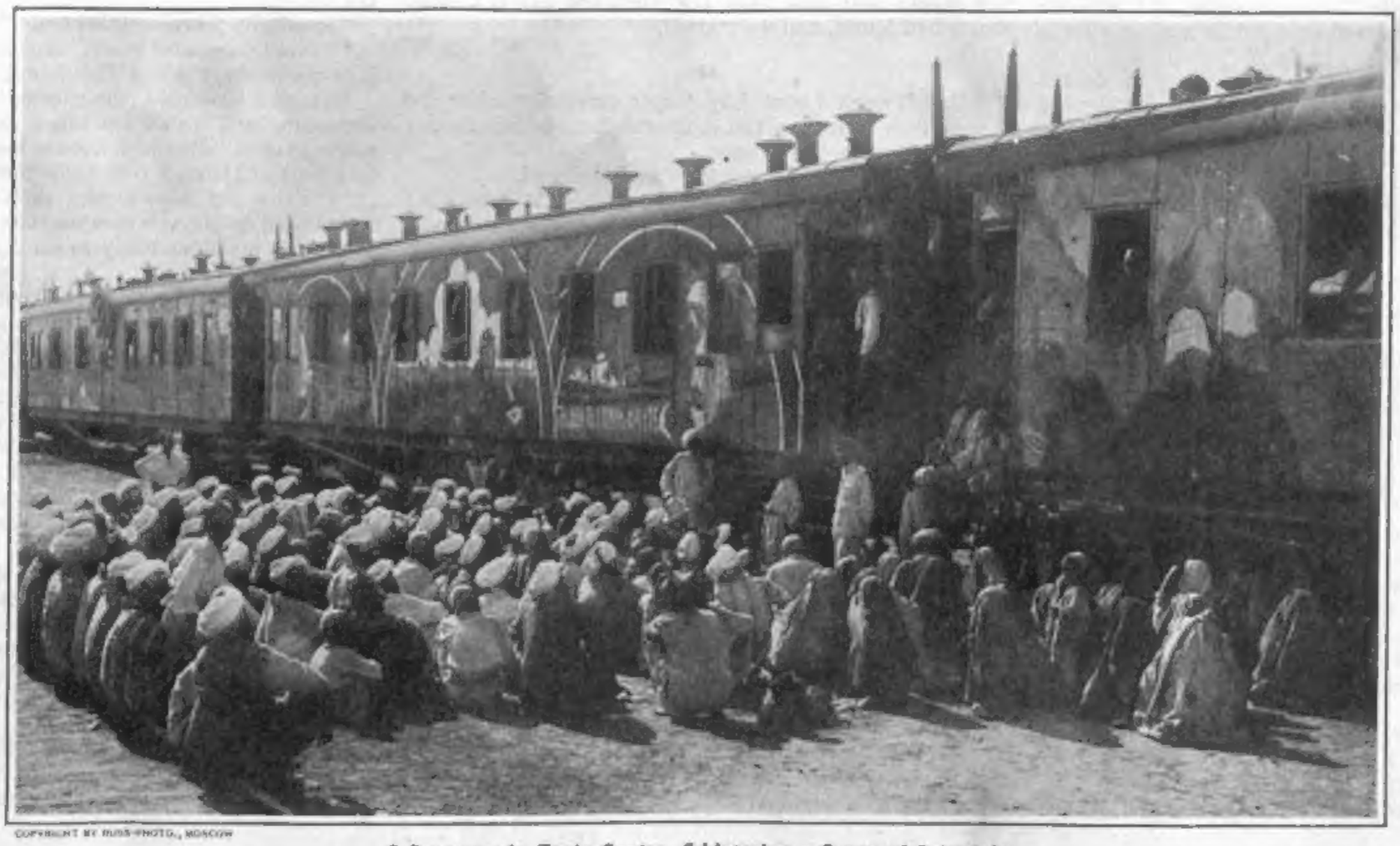
"It sounds rather like a coal bucket falling

(Continued on Page 72)

"I Don't Want to Swim, Tish," She Said Pitifully. "I Just Want to Die"

EUROPE'S CUCKOO

By Richard Washburn Child



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A Propaganda Train Orator Addressing a Group of Orientals

THE shadow of Bolshevism still falls aslant the sunlight of almost every country in Europe and Asia. I had been discussing the fact that democracy and constitutional government by chambers and parliaments are on trial in Europe. I had been discussing this with a retired diplomat whose international distinction is based upon a genius for observation and prophetic vision.

"You have said that ships of state must be hauled up into dry-dock for frank examination," said he. "I agree with you. To use another figure of speech, the labels on the bottles of democracy no longer describe the contents. But, my dear fellow, eras come when a single question finds its way to the top, and though we try to pretend that it is not there, it will persist in having an answer—a final answer from humanity. Just now no matter what we pretend and no matter how we may try to steer middle courses, we have not yet come to the question of putting the old ships of state into dry-dock—we must wait until mankind makes a final decision not to sink those ships."

I sat before an open fire in London with a former member of the British cabinet, laughing with him about an old story of a Scotch sea captain who had described a great liberal English newspaper as being "Bolshie."

Suddenly my friend ceased laughing and said seriously, "And yet, the captain represents the rightness of mass thinking. While we like to have our thinking cut accurately and fine, the sea captain is ready to demand a yes or no answer. He does not distinguish between torpedoing the ship of state or scuttling her, or mutiny or throwing the compass overboard. And on the whole I believe the people of Europe are waiting for an answer to the challenging question which is asked by communism boldly and by socialism timidly. Collectivism or Individualism? Capitalism or Nationalization? The romantic idea of equality by decree of government or the reality of inequality by the decree of fact and Nature? Yes or no!"

Destroyers of Liberty

I HAVE talked with a Japanese official with whom I have conversed and corresponded for nearly ten years. "The Orient will not escape," said he. "We shall all have to answer that question in the Far East."

Two years ago under great advantage for observation I saw Italy attempt a final "No."

A few weeks ago one of the men most instrumental in creating the reparation settlement told me that he believed that the final success of this settlement depended upon whether it will be possible to avoid a crisis arising from the persistence of this question.

France—the nation of little capitalists, and in temperament and philosophy the bulwark of individualism—cannot ignore the challenge.

In my experience as an ambassador I became familiar with the kind of affectation which leads statesmen in Europe to say, "Revolution is a ghost. Pay no attention to it, humor it a little. Everything will return to normal. The great mass of the people have not been infected."

Emma Goldman, our own deported anarchist who went to Russia and now has turned her wrath upon communism, gave the answer to that type of thinking not long ago in London. She pointed out that revolutions are not often conducted by majorities; they are imposed upon majorities by organized and often utterly selfish minorities. "Do not be deceived," said she. "Do not be deceived because there are only a few communists in Great Britain. It only takes the few to destroy liberty; to rebuild it requires the many."

Today it is possible to go about Europe dropping a sounding lead in government circles and among the people without finding substantial evidence of any immediate crisis. No European country of importance is on the verge of a revolution aimed at sinking the present system of society, at sinking constitutional government, at sinking the whole old ship. That fact may relieve some anxious or timid minds, but another fact is nevertheless present. It is a vital fact. Some men ignore it, some beg me to ignore it, some say, "Oh, well, it will fade away by and by."

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The Speakers' Stand at the Propaganda Headquarters, Moscow. Some of the Signs, in Their War on All Faiths, Say in Brief: "Religion is a Bulwark of the Bourgeoisie, and it is the Work of Communists to Destroy This Bulwark"

Questions

NONE the less it is a vital fact, coloring internal affairs and tinting international relationship. It is the fact that the question is still there. It is undigested. This is the question: "Shall the old ships of economies, of social organism, of the state be dry-docked or shall they be sunk?"

It makes no difference that the peoples of Europe, on referendum, would vote to save the ships. This fact does not wipe out the presence of the question, nor dismiss the fact of the extraordinary persistence of that organized minority which keeps the question in an irritating position of dominating vitality. I have yet to find a meeting of a chamber or of a parliament, I have yet to uncover a political conference or convention, I have yet to find the file of any newspaper or even a meeting to discuss economic settlements, where this question did not come in, sometimes silent, like a poor relation, sometimes vociferous, like a bearer of an ancient and violent grudge, to be present and perhaps to croak like a ghost, "What will happen tomorrow—what next year—what in a decade?"

It is not necessary for this creature, looked upon as a seraph by some, as a bloody specter by more, to possess immediate and dominating power. It probably has much less claim to dominating power than it had three years ago. But the evil which it continues to do is twofold—it creates uncertainty and it eternally suggests struggle and division of interests. It is as haunting as the menace of war, even when war is not immediate and when we recoil at the menace of war only for our children's sake. It is as haunting as the menace of war because it is a menace of war.

Moderates—evolutionary socialists, as they are called—have taken me to task for failing to discriminate properly between them and the communists. I discriminate, but the differences between them are mainly differences in terms of method. One may wish to sink the old ships of individualism, industry and constitutional states by blowing their bottoms out; the other by boring intellectual auger holes. What is vital in each case is the proposal to sink the old ships. What is vital is the presentation by an organized minority of the proposal to scrap the fleet. What is vital is presence of the debate. What is vital is the doubt thrown like a shadow on tomorrow. What is vital is the sense of a divided house.

It is so vital that it marks with its brand this whole era of European politics. The surface of that pool shimmers with details of political plays and policies, but any net dragging beneath the surface always brings up The Question, and it always clamors for an answer.

It says, "If your constitutionalism and your democracies which have gone wrong, and do not contain the goods which the labels advertise, need

hauling out into dry-dock, need new cargoes and new crews, it may be that the great statesmen of the future will be those who can do these things. But before that work is done, answer Me! Do something with Me."

What gives The Question its vitality?

Russia.

Within Russia there is no evidence that sinking the old ships has been a success. From Russia comes little claim of success. From Russia comes much admission that in terms of disease, misery, and even in deprivation of liberty and in diminution of spiritual growth, the poor and lowly more than any other class have suffered most and have been exploited by new masters more than by the old. Out of the frying pan into the fire, has become one of those much quoted "old Russian proverbs."

Disillusionment is the breakfast, luncheon and dinner of an unfortunate Russian people most of whom at this very moment give less assent to their present masters than they gave to the czar. The general admission of this fact is spread all over Europe. Even the communists will say privately, as Lenine said publicly in effect, "Transition brings its pain."

With the presence of such a general admission one of the mysteries of our time is the power of Russian Bolshevism to deposit the revolt idea in all corners of Europe and Asia, and directly and indirectly to hold up The Question to the civilized world and demand that before mankind goes another way toward progress it must give a yes or no answer.

Bolshevist Russia is a good deal like a certain bird well known in fable and among ornithologists. This bird is not much of a home maker. Its own nest is the conspicuous failure and botch among all nests. But in laying its eggs in other birds' nests it is a conspicuous success and a great deal of a nuisance. That bird is the cuckoo. Bolshevist Russia is the cuckoo of Europe.

The Cuckoo's Stealthy Work

NOT long ago the communists of Paris held a meeting at an amusement park in the environs of the city. Looking at the scene of this meeting, the great mystery came bubbling up, to my own great perplexity.

Consider it. On the bookkeeping test the Government of France is poor, although if untapped resources of revenue are considered it is not hard pressed. But the people of France are rich, and wealth is well distributed. Everyone has work, and broadly speaking, it is round-the-year work. Most of it is not even employment, but individual agricultural or artisan labor undertaken by the individual on his own behalf. There has been resource enough to repair much of war's devastation, even without collecting much from Germany. Above all, personal liberty and the luxuries of individual freedom, of self-development, of the rare privileges of rich self-expression in life and in the arts—have been the bumper crops in France.

What possessed these jostling human beings—these communists—that they should find their hearts yearning to associate France with the promises of disease, starvation, compulsory labor and the death of the individual spirit which lives to express itself in reaching for beauty?

What possesses them is the cuckoo's egg.

In Italy before the march on Rome I sometimes used to drop into a wineshop where workmen who were communists gathered. They probably thought that I was harmlessly crazy, but not that I was the American ambassador. After the march on Rome, most of these weary communists suddenly threw off their bitterness and a depressing sense of futility. They laughed, they went their ways like men, released by some wand, from a sorcerer's spell. Until then, however, they always were talking of Russia, of the world revolution, of class war. I used to think that it must have had a profound effect, even upon their physical well-being, that it must have taken the gayety out of their wine and the digestion of excellent *pasta* out of their stomachs. Nature had made them happy men and women, from a happy race, normally individualistic, loving personal freedom, much more familiar with the tenderness and promise of their ever-present Madonna than with a stone god with a face of hate.

The cuckoo had laid an egg in their nest. I do not mean by this that Russia invented communism. I have, long before the war, sat up late around an oil stove and seen into what unhappiness a group of I. W. W.'s could plunge themselves by discussions that were far from being either base in motive or contemptible in intellectual ability. The cuckoo did not invent communism, and communism will still be discussed with distended veins on perplexed temples long after Bolshevism has its toes toward the sky. But at present Bolshevist Russia is the cuckoo which lays down the eggs, not f. o. b. Moscow, but in distant nests.

From experience I know what Bolshevist statesmen would say to me when I suggest that the cuckoo lays its eggs in other nests because it has failed to make a decent one of its own. They will say and have said, "Russia is not a good nest because other nations are against us. We have been harried by counter-revolutionary conspiracy. We have been boycotted economically. Bolshevism now looks forward to world revolution for its triumph."

Zinoviev, One of the Big Three That Rule Russia

It is impossible to go about Europe today with a dragnet for information which will disclose tendencies in future political structure, without seeing that the cuckoo is planning a new strategy in egg laying.

A report to be found in the British Labor Year Book tells something of the true situation in the world of the cuckoo. The Congress of the Communist International was frank in recognition "that the open revolutionary struggle of the proletariat for power has been temporarily halted and its tempo delayed." That being the situation it was resolved "that communist nuclei"—the cuckoo's eggs—"must be introduced into factories and workshops, in trade unions, in working-class areas, into military units," and so on. Individual members report to the cuckoo's egg and the egg reports to the mother bird in Moscow.

One who sees the results of the strategy cannot fail to notice that open struggle has not traveled far, and that the policy is definitely changed to egg laying—in the cuckoo manner of stealth.

Knowing that the American people and the American Government probably cannot avoid new consideration of their attitude toward Russia I have been to some pains in several countries to uncover the strategy of the campaign and its effects. I have had contact with ministers of government and foreign offices of several countries over a considerable period. I know something of the workings of various secret services which have eyes upon the doings of direct-action revolutionaries.

The Last Straw

I HAVE no particular sympathy with the fire-alarm attitude toward Bolshevism which sees imaginary Bolshies under the bed or hiding behind the latticework on the front porch and causes frightened souls to believe that all reform, all liberalism, and even wise policies in favor of dispassionate inspection and revision and repair of social, economic and constitutional systems are manifestations of communism. And I have learned to regard exposures of Bolshevist activity by officials and secret services as being more useful to awaken people who are sleeping than to add to real information. Most of the material exposed can be found in the public and published speeches of Russian Bolshevist officials. Much of it can be found in resolutions of conferences and congresses. If you can buttonhole a communist when he has leisure, he will probably not only tell you all the secrets but also support by argument the whole policy of strategy—trunk, limb and branch. I have never found much secrecy about communist propaganda except that imaginary secrecy which is brought forth by the night stick.

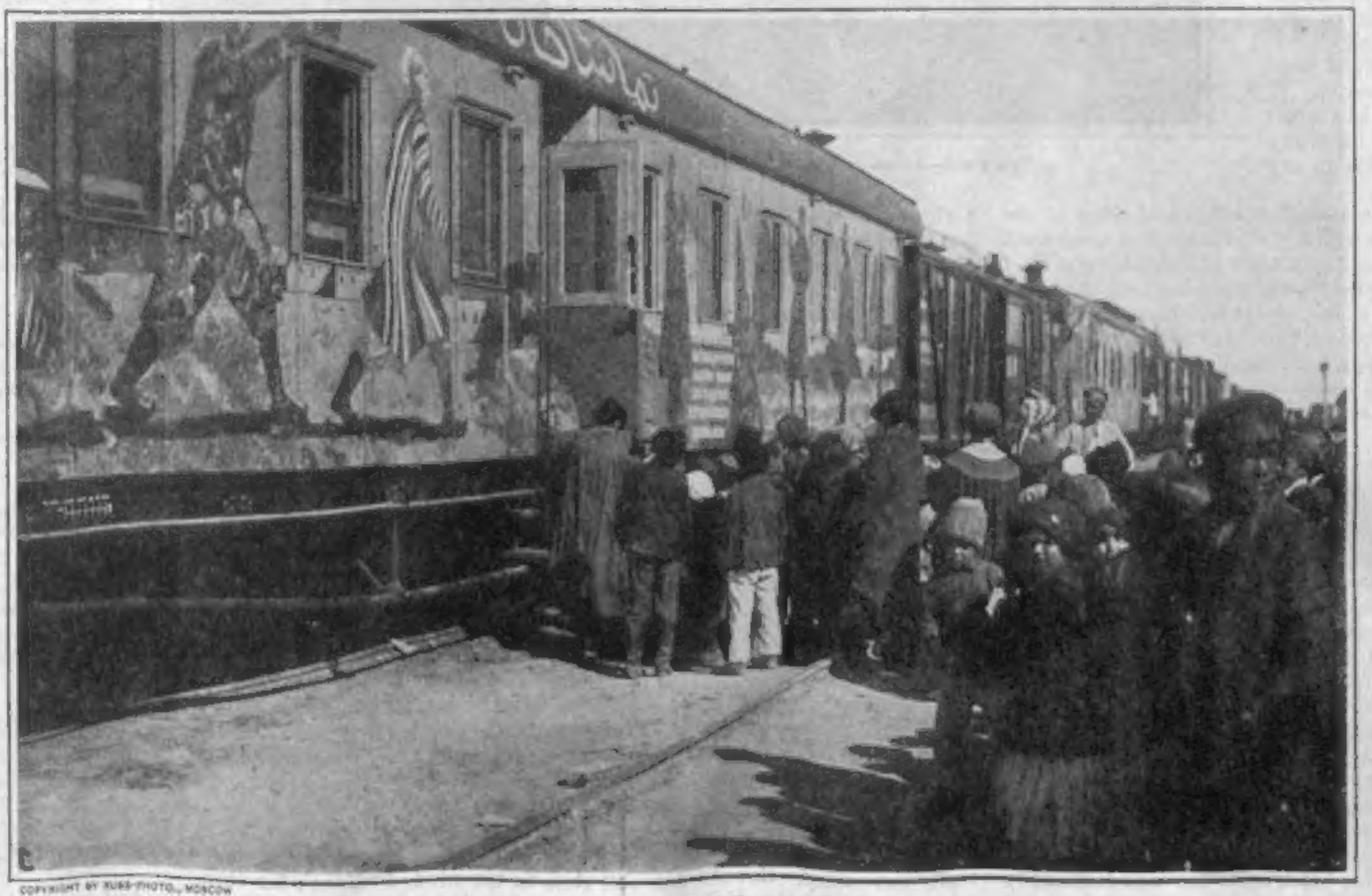
The communist will tell you that his dreams of a world which can be carried by a storm of revolution have been dissipated. Perhaps the straw which broke that camel's back was the failure of the Italian communist seizure of factories and services in Northern Italy in 1920. This failure, whether traceable to capitalistic plots to make the purchase of raw materials impossible or to essential inability in the untrained managements to hold together, curled up the end of an aspiration too pretentious to be successful. Indeed probably it would never have come to its pretensions had not a needlessly terrified capitalistic world given the ammunition to the Bolshevist leaders with which they could stiffen their following.

They stiffened it within Russia and outside by saying: "The great World War is on. The capitalistic world has sent armies against us. It has meddled in our internal affairs. There are signs of fear. We will reply by creating the world revolution. We will use the shock method."

The shock method failed; consequently the world now faces the method of the cuckoo's eggs.

Change of method now has brought change of policy.

(Continued on Page 83)



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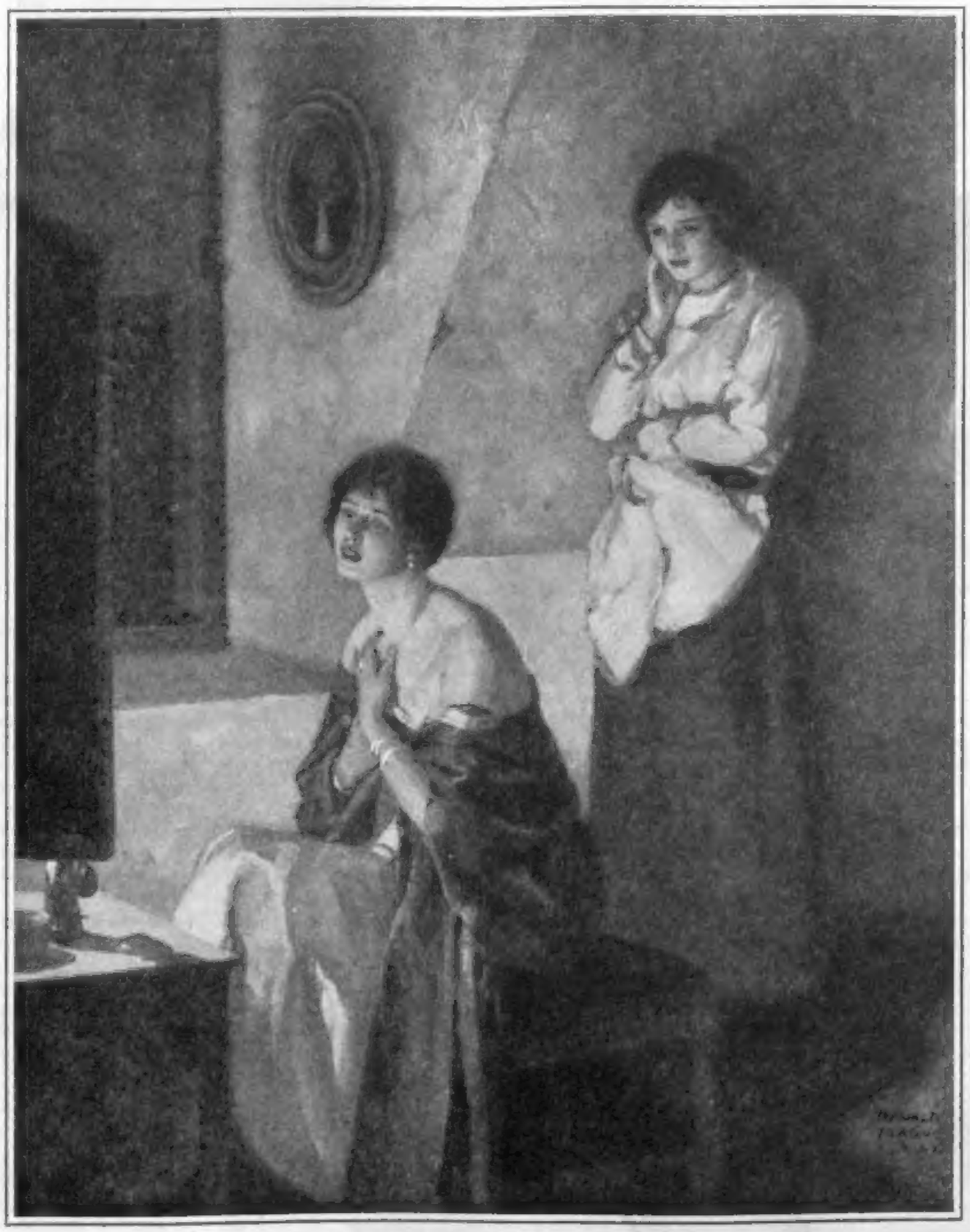
The Propaganda Train Red East, at Bukhara

THE TRANSIENT WOMAN

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE



"So I am—Sick—Sick to the Soul—Sick of Everything and Everybody!"

ORIN GAULT came into the kitchen of his house on Shandy's Hill just as Ernestine McKane, the housekeeper—the kitchen girl, Opal Gault called her—was rising from the oven door. Over her shoulder he had a glimpse of a haddock ready to bake, with slit sides, a bread stuffing and a string around either end to hold the stuffing in. Ernestine did know how to bake a fish.

"Where's Opal?" he asked, going to the sink to wash up. He pinched Ernestine's elbow and moved her playfully along.

"She's been playing cards this afternoon with Mrs. Tracy," Ernestine answered. "She said she might stay there and go to the dance in the evening, and for you to get her there."

She looked away swiftly. Orin's head was in the roller towel. When it emerged he dried his forearms and brushed his hair with two or three motions.

"It needs cutting," Ernestine said, from the pantry.

"I guess yes," Orin answered. He looked preoccupied.

"Where there's a minister coming here for Saturday night, especially," Ernestine added. "Well, I guess you can call Fan and place the chairs."

Old Fan was already in the dining room. She was a great-aunt of Orin's and proprietor of the town's dry-goods store. She was reputed to have second sight. At the supper table, with her black wool shawl pulled close about her throat, she made the assertion in her deep voice that there must be a man somewhere about to account for Ern's looking so unusually handsome, with all that color.

"I guess that can be attributed to just the heat from the stove," Ernestine laughed.

"Why don't you go to the dance yourself?" Orin asked. "Fan and I can wash the supper things. You ought not to coop yourself up here eternally."

"I guess I've got fat and practical," Ernestine answered. "I did like dancing, too; but somehow I don't seem to have any more romantic notions in my head."

No more romantic notions! She had had them at one time, she remembered with a vivid flash. Her mind went back to a certain May night when she had hung a May basket for this very man. Orin was seventeen then, she fifteen. The hanging of the basket had been followed, as was meet, by pursuit and capture. It had been a rich, dim night, with faint stars, a faint wind, she recollected. He had stumbled upon her somewhere in deep shadow, thrown his arms about her breathless body, kissed her—on the ear, she thought now. Then he had let go, aghast, his warmth neutralized by a sudden sense of trespass.

Yet that was certainly the custom among those slightly younger: first the gift, then the flight, then the chase, then the kiss. She at her age had been bold. Such the dexterous art with which she had flung open wide the door to that house of strange enchantment. . . . Now she had got fat and practical. No more romantic notions. A giant wall of decorum had sprung up between them; and necessarily, since, after all, he had married Opal Whitcomb. Opal had turned out to be the essence of everything a wife ought not to be in these parts; and yet she was his wife, and Ernestine was the girl who worked in the kitchen.

Going over town on some errand of Old Fan's, after supper, Ernestine stopped at the Opera House. Through the oval in the black leather swinging door, she looked in at the dancers. Her eye sought out Opal. Orin's wife was in a slashing blue dress, sapphire pendants in her ears, a sapphire ornament in her black hair. She was desperately pretty still, Ernestine thought; and she was drifting by at a slow step with Ed Bristol, the dry-goods runner. A transient, he was called, since he was only in town over the week-ends. Opal had been quoted as saying that transients were best.

Those two were close-bound, sleepy-eyed, quieted. Opal's mouth was partly open, her eyes were smiling, her slippered feet followed Bristol's slow lead with entrancing docility. In the corners they took minute steps, carried the dance to the brain, in Opal's phrase. Her laugh disengaged itself deliciously from the fanfare of noises. Her arm was flattened against Bristol's sleeve. The man's eyes were fixed at the hollow of her throat.

At the left of the door, inside, Sophie Fisher was talking to Mr. Wilkinson under cover of the noise.

"She's the silken aristocrat clear to the skin," Sophie said. "Still, I sometimes wonder what Orin could see in her, a man of his type."

"Just another fatal wedding, just another broken heart," countered Mr. Wilkinson.

"Isn't it like you to take that nonchalant view of everything and everybody? I know what motivated her all right. She had got wind of the school committee's action in refusing to rehire her for the ensuing year on account of her goings on; and I suppose the girl was desperate."

"The girl was desperate, sure; and at that time the man was rich," said Mr. Wilkinson.

"Cynical. With all her faults, I don't think the girl is really mercenary. But she does sail close to the wind, I admit. Bristol makes his brags that he gave her that pair of blue stockings she's wearing tonight. Yes, sir, I understand those are the famous blue stockings. I guess she's a blue-stocking—not. You just think of a married woman accepting anything at all from a man like Bristol, let alone anything so intimate."

Ernestine drew back, flaming. She heard Ram McGoon saying in her ear ferociously, "They use powder the way a man would in a battle."

Young women had so little trust in their Creator now that they must finish out His faulty compositions for themselves with pigments made and provided by the drug store. The old fire-eater was going grumbling up into the gallery to have a better view.

Ernestine went lingering away and stopped in the shadow of the horse-chestnut tree. A battle. Life was a battle with Opal, subject to the same swift changes of fortune, the same daring maneuvers, when everything was on a shoe string.

Ernestine shivered, although it was a warm night. The moon was shining. A blue veil hung in the air and softened outlines. It was getting into spring fast. The stone urn on the Fisher lawn seemed on the point of sprouting magic flowers, and the atmosphere round the dancing pavilion had a lucid quality, as if all about in the dark buds were throbbing open, millions of green flashes calling on every ounce of sap mounting to them from the earth.

Like the buds, the girl's visions throbbed open silently, and her sap, like theirs, was drawn from the familiar earth.

Her mind went back to this marriage which had been Orin's curse. She knew all about it, at least as far as Opal could enlighten her. For Ernestine—such is the irony of destiny's devices—had introduced Opal to the man herself.

Then, a day or so after, on a Saturday morning, a tenant of Orin's, Mr. Lem Stover, had told him that the vines on the south side of the brick house were creeping in under the slate shingles on the roof. Along in the middle of the forenoon Orin had raised a ladder against the side of that brick house to have a look at the alleged defect. When his eyes were on a level with the second-story window sill, he saw a bright blue bowl there. This contained, as it chanced, cucumber water for whitening the skin; but there was no way that he could have known that. Another step, and there he was with Opal Whitcomb's head on a pillow not three feet from him. Her blue eyes were looking straight into his.

So the new school-teacher boarded and roomed at Lem Stover's.

Orin found himself on the ground again, a flabbergasted man. He had actually said, "Excuse me," although nothing could have been more ridiculous than words of any kind. Opal, joking about it after her marriage, said that she had puffed him off the ladder with one breath; but her girl friends said let her tell it—a woman in a predicament like that. She hadn't been so nonchalant as she made out, not even with all her sang-froid. No woman could be.

This episode had been sufficiently piquant to enchain the man. Ernestine's cause was lost.

"The man that marries Opal Whitcomb will marry her, claws and all," Zebard Bagley, Orin's partner, said; and told Ernestine what he had told the man.

"If she does take up with you," Orin's mother flashed angrily, "it will be because there isn't a walking clothes horse of a man available with the requisite cash balance. That's her style."

His brother Amby had reasoned with him.

"By Godfrey, it takes practice to know a real woman! I tell you a man like you, that's always been so full of business, ought to seek advice of counsel in a pinch like this" Amby was a lawyer—"just the same as if cattle had been eating your crops. Certain sure. Would you buy fish to advantage the first time? No, they'd sell you all the racers in the net. You've got to weigh one woman with another. It's like tea tasting."

"Or wine tasting, maybe," Orin grinned.

The new strange wine of Opal's personality had gone to his head. Her wit, her grace, the inflections of her bantering voice, enchanted him. It was like being at a play. She sang difficult lilting songs agreeably. It was a made voice, the women said, but it suited the men passing well. Ernestine's familiar virtues, for just that fatal interval, paled before the dazzling exhibition of Opal's varied and supercalculated charm.

So those two had been married; and Ernestine went away to train for a nurse.

Old Bagley muttered to her, "I said the night he was married, when I was going past the house and saw the lights and heard the shrieks, I said to myself, 'There won't any good come of that, I don't care whether he carries the girl in over the threshold in his arms or not.'"

Mrs. Gault, Orin's mother, was right at all events in thinking that Opal would be of little use around the house. Those soft-laundered women seldom were, in her experience. That famous Saturday morning which had found her in bed at eleven o'clock was not a happen-so. It was a habit.

Old Mrs. Gault did the housekeeping as heretofore. The Gault women had always been famed as housekeepers, and the Gault men were taught early to appreciate this fact. Opal, however, rated housekeeping as an achievement for the lower orders. The fact that you could write your name in the dust on her piano did not bring her up all standing. Mistaken use of the king's English shocked her more. She bought expensive clothes, kept an eye on midwinter cruises in the Mediterranean and fretted at Orin's being pinched for cash. He was land-poor, she had found out; or else his money was tied up in that miserable shipyard, when everybody knew there was no more money to be made in ships.

Then a day had come when his money was no longer tied up in anything. It didn't exist. Bankruptcy of their chief customer left them with a ship on their hands and no market for it.

They were forced to throw in every last cent to make good the claims of their own creditors. Opal had married fool's gold after all.

On the third day after the catastrophe, old Mrs. Gault, coming into the house with an armful of shirts fresh from the line and a clothespin in her mouth, asked Old Fan, "Where is she?"

Fan was having one of her sick days

"Getting in her beauty nap, as usual," she said.

"I suspected as much. Beauty! That's all she thinks of—what kind of a figure she's going to cut in other men's eyes. She isn't herself one minute. Just as affected and posy as she can be."

Her eye flashed, and she doubled her fist and made a vehement gesture with it, in the end bringing it down very softly, with repressed violence, on the table.

"There's not so much love for him in her whole long body as there is in my little finger!" she cried.

"Her door into the hall's open," Old Fan said. "She might hear you."

"I don't care if she does hear me. It might do her good She married him for his money and she's got most awfully left. That's what galls me so, her making such a fool of him, making herself free of everything he had, dipping her long fingers into his pocket and emptying it, egging him on to take these chances where in his right mind he wouldn't dream of it—where by good rights she ought to be scratching like the rest of us."

"Sh-h-h!"

Old Fan had heard the lisp of feet in the dark entry. Opal entered in a blue *peignoir*, her black hair in a magnificent coil over her right shoulder. She turned on them with a touch of venom

"Say it! Why do you stop and hold your breath, just because I come on the scene? I know well enough what you want to say."

"I guess it's nothing but a guilty conscience that thinks people are always talking about them," Mrs. Gault said.

"And I guess it's nothing but a guilty tongue that stops for a third party. And while we're on this subject, we might as well have it understood that what I do concerns me and me alone. If I choose to lie upside down in my bed, let alone take a nap in it, whose business is it of anybody's else's?"

Even in her rage, she noted that she was catching the trick of that obnoxious vernacular; she was slowly sinking in it, she who had always prided herself on her English.

"You act as if you were conferring a positive favor on us by condescending to draw the breath of life," countered Mrs. Gault.

"Those that think otherwise can make themselves scarce from my house!" Opal cried at white heat, all the blood out of her lips.

"Your house! Show me the door!" Mrs. Gault cried, rising and trembling in every limb. "Show me the door to my son's house! Let's see if he'll cater that far to a worthless girl's whim."

"I do show it to you. I'm not an angel out of heaven by any means, and I don't profess to be, and never did; but neither is your son, for that matter. We're both of the earth earthy, if you must know it, and we don't need your assistance in settling our affairs for us."

Mrs. Gault picked up her rusty black hat and jammed it on her brows. The pin that she furiously jabbed into it grazed her skull and a drop of blood appeared over her temple.

"You've made your bed," she cried harshly, "and you can lay in it."

"So I intend to," Opal cried back, "a little while at least."

Mrs. Gault had gone to live with Amby. This quarrel had brought about the advent of Ernestine McKane. She came first as a practical nurse when Opal had her baby The baby died and Opal got about again. That was another of the detested phrases. She got about, but she could barely drag herself around, and she was good for nothing physically, except excessive dancing, on account of her heart, which was physically fluttery as well as metaphorically flighty.

She besought Ernestine to stay and Ernestine could not refuse her. Yet it was odd how things could come about. She had stayed at first for a week, then for two, then for an indefinite period. It was surprisingly as if she had married Orin, after all, having the care of him as she did, and the care of his house. For the house was practically hers, to do with as she liked. She kept the calendars torn off, the clocks wound, the clothes washed, the hens fed and the grocer's bills properly on file. She locked the doors at night and unlocked them in the morning. If there was a leak in the roof, it was Ernestine who got after Orin on that score, because it was "her potato cellar" that would be flooded out. It was "My stove needs blacking," or "I must go and get my dinner on," or "My kitchen floor's a sight," with her, day in and day out.

These were little things she had appropriated. Opal never quarreled with her on this point. Ern might lay claim to the mechanism of the house entire for all her. Opal didn't like familiar things. But she could accustom herself to almost any idea or position so long as it was novel.

And it was at the dances that such strangers as dropped into town were to be met with. Met with! Ernestine,

(Continued on Page 87)

At That Instant a Fierce Dart of White Lightning Ripped the Turf on the Adjoining Hill

THE HOLDUP

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

SPRING is spring and Maytime is Maytime; youth is youth and with it age cannot compete for favor in bright eyes. These are indubitable and unshakable facts, whatever the time. To determine the period in history when any specific example of the above has taken place one must turn his eyes to the matter of externals, examining custom and costume rather than the heart of Nature or of man. The inner realities are always the same.

It was the flood of early springtime in the high Sierras. The skies and the dark green of the towering conifers looked washed. Fringed at the feet of the dark forest, feeling toward its heart in long narrow stringers, lifting the mystery of its shadows unexpectedly here and there, the green-yellow of earliest foliage shone like sunlight. Underfoot, the ground was still flat and sodden, still momently released from the snows; but through the drowned hair of its old grasses new things were pushing bravely. Down innumerable slopes fell innumerable waters with voices. Some exulted in the spring strength of long and honorable establishment; others chuckled and whispered in a gleeful half-surreptitious acknowledgment that they ran where surprised submerged green things attested that waters had never run before. But all hurried delightedly to meet the spring as it marched slowly up the slopes of the mountains with the pomp of birds and the banners of dogwood blooms.

But just so had the springtime come up from the valley since before the recollections of the most ancient of the trees. Always there had been this tingle of air, this joyous exultant outcry of robins across high spaces as though they triumphed in the final justification of a dream long held through bitter months. In just this manner had life surged upward from its primal source, like the deep breath of a god, to thrill in eager vibration through each of its myriad manifestations. There may have been a time when the spring carried no such retinue; when her state was small and poor, and the way she trod was not yet adorned. But that was ages gone, beyond the recollection of all things but the dull dumb granite that hoards its memories but does not speak. There may come a time when the spring will grow old and cold and feeble, and will creep on halting step, a faint pulse of life; but if so, that will be other ages hence, when trees and birds and the gracious small panoplies of life will exist only in that same dumb hoard of memory.

No; there was nothing whatever in the essential reality of this particular spring morning to place it in time among thousands of others. An intelligence becoming aware of the interplay through a sense of perception only—one whose eyes were blindered to externals of use and device, one whose ears were stoppered from language or idiom or accent; one, in short, sensitive only to the essential simplicities that underlie—could not have said whether the human beings in the story were clad in skins or in tweeds, whether they journeyed in rawhide sandal or oxcart or aëroplane. The time might have been 4000 B.C. or 4000 A.D. The essential simplicities do not change; only the cunning or the beauty or the completeness of their manifestation.

There Was No Excitement, No Melodrama, No Quick Movement; Hardly Even a Feeling of Tension. For Several Seconds This Watchful Vigilance Was Unbroken by Any Word or Movement

These human beings were three, two men and a woman. The woman and one of the men were young; the other man was older. Each of the men desired greatly that the woman confer on him a favor by its nature indivisible; so that if one received, the other must necessarily lack. The youth of the woman had turned to youth. The springtime was flooding in all three, in each according to his kind. So much for the essential simplicities. Too little could be made of them - or too much. Now, to understand further, must our intelligence demand that the blinders be removed from his eyes, the stoppers from his ears; now must he be permitted to see and hear. For though essential simplicities are the source and foundation and only surety of the eternal verities, the external vehicles, which shift and fade and are gone, alone can give understanding. As the mists thin, and one by one details take body and form, time focuses.

II

A CLEARED flat where the mountains cup a wide hollow: a collection of small houses, some of logs, others of rived shakes; a larger, more pretentious structure of sawed lumber, with a long-pillared veranda—at once the uncounted years of stone and skin are withdrawn into the past. Before the veranda is a three-seated stagecoach with four horses attached, at the head of which stands a groom; evidently, whatever the year, the age of automobiles has not yet risen to this altitude or penetrated to this remoteness. The costumes of the two men standing on the veranda might give a clew, were the observer expert in the distinguishing of such minutiæ as the height of crown of a hat or the cut of laced boot. But to one not so versed, these were merely examples of the out-of-door type dressed for a wilderness that cares very little whether the days are of '49 or '24.

The men were conversing idly together. The one of the interlocutors was what one might call a character part; that is to say, he possessed a patriarchal white beard, had a pair of steady eyes wide apart, gnarled strong brown hands, and wore about his waist a curious wide leather band studded with brass knobs. He chewed tobacco ruminatively, the juice of which he spat with admirable skill, but sometimes incompletely, across the aforementioned white beard and at any designated mark within sporting range. Quite evidently he was the stage driver. The man with whom he was talking—or, rather, who was talking at him—was very much younger. He was refreshingly without either the guarded and weary inhibitions of old age or the prideful inhibitions of youth that would conceal its limitations. In other words, he was not ashamed to confess ignorance or ask questions. This he was doing in an enthusiastic and rapid-fire manner that could not have failed to endear him to anybody but a stage driver or a ticket seller or similar official withstanders of interrogation.

"Isn't this air bully?" he cried, drawing his lungs full. "We ought to have a great trip up the mountain. Gosh, it's good to get out of the city! How long will it take us?"

"Eight hours."

"Great! The longer the better! Are we the only ones?"

"One other passenger."

"Who is he?"

"Ain't a he; it's a she."

"Oh—well, who is she?"

"Schoolma'am. Come in last night from Fine Gold."

The young man's volatile attention turned to a square solid box which a roustabout carried out from the building and deposited under the driver's seat of the stage.

"Is that the express box?" he queried eagerly.

The driver nodded. The young man eyed it with a certain awe and respect.

"Do you carry a messenger?" he asked at length. "And does he have a sawed-off shotgun?"

The driver looked him over with sardonic amusement, but made no reply.

"Were you ever held up?" the young man persisted.

The driver stared at him for some moments, and a slow, careful gleam of amusement flickered deep down within his eyes.

His manner changed, became more expansive. The man holding the horses moved in order to hear better.

"Dozens of times," admitted the driver.

"By Jove, that must be thrilling! I'd like to have such an experience. Do you suppose there's any chance of our being held up?"

"They's always a chance." He turned gravely toward the groom. "Has Scar-Faced Sam been hereabouts lately?"

The groom's face became that of a wooden Indian.

"Him and Scrap-Iron Charley was drinkin' at Pete's last night."

"Purty good chance then, I sh'd say," supplemented the driver.

"Gorgeous!" cried the young man. "I say, I haven't any sort of a gun. Can't you get me one?"

"Gun? What for?"

"Why, in case of holdups, of course—what we're talking about."

"In case of road agents, son," said the stage driver impressively, "your job is to stick your hands up and keep them there until the gentleman tells you for to put them down."

"Don't you put up a fight?" objected the boy in evident disappointment.

"I'd look purty tryin' to handle a skittish team and handle a road agent at one and the same time. And what do you suppose I'd get the next time?"

"I see; but it seems as if I'd feel kind of tame."

"You'd feel a lot tamer with a load of buckshot into you."

"I suppose so," acknowledged the young man reluctantly. "But I should think Wells Fargo ——"

The driver glanced contemptuously at the strong box.

"Fat lot a road agent would get out of that thing," said he; "lot of worthless papers and such. If they was anything in that thing worth the trouble, you can bet old Wells Fargo would send someone to take care of it."

"Then there isn't much chance of our being held up! I thought you said there was"

But the driver was already wearying of so much talk.

"Mebbe so; mebbe not," he grunted cryptically. Then his interest momentarily flickered up again. "You got much money on you?" he asked.

"About forty dollars."

"Well," advised the driver, "don't you go for to hide that in your boots or anywhere. It ain't natural to travel without any money. You might salt away ten dollars in your hat, but it would be healthy to produce the rest."

"I see," agreed the young man. He remained thoughtful for ten seconds. "How soon do we start?"

"Right away; as soon as the schoolma'am shows up. The old girl's takin' her time."

The young man made as though to climb in the front seat

"Your seat's behind. No passengers in front," commanded the driver firmly.

The young man obediently took his place behind. The driver walked with deliberation to the horses' heads, ostensibly to examine a bridle, in reality to exchange appreciative grins with the groom. They waited.

III

THE schoolma'am appeared on the veranda. At once time focused sharply. Whatever vagueness may obtain as to masculine appurtenances, none at all exists as to feminine apparel. One glance at even the fried-egg hat perched high over the waterfall of hair—to go no further would have infallibly indicated a period some fifty years or so ago. But it is earnestly besought that the reader confine himself to only that identifying glance. The fashions of the early '70's are none too beautiful. Let him rather look—as all three men were doing—at the fresh bright young face upturned to the brilliance of the morning; let him concentrate—like the others—on wide candid eyes, an uptilted nose, an upquirked mouth; let him sense the strong vibration of outflinging youth and light-stepping eagerness that expanded from her like an aureole to meet more than halfway the youth and eagerness of the spring. These like qualities rushed together as on muffled wings, and mingled and blended; and even to those duller souls who observed, it appeared—as was, of course, the case—that the pale early sunlight suddenly turned golden, and the colors and tints on tree and hillside brightened, and the voices of the birds and winds and waters deepened and strengthened as when a door is opened or a curtain lifted. The hostler straightened his back, the driver surreptitiously abandoned his cut plug The young man in the back seat looked ardently, a new light in his eyes.

Her little nostrils expanded in greeting of the crisp air; her little bosom rose and fell; her eyes came slowly back from far places. They encountered the gaze of the young man of the back seat; lingered; looked startled; were cast down.

"I'm sorry to be late," she addressed the older man. "Where do I sit?"

"Suit yourself, ma'am," replied the driver. He motioned to the hostler, who swung the horses aside to cramp the wheel. "Sit up here with me."

She hesitated, and her eyes crept back, sidelong and shy, again to meet those of the young man. They lingered for the merest fraction of a second; yet that time was sufficient to bring about the situation we outlined at the beginning of this story. You remember? "Each of the men desired greatly that the woman confer on him a favor by its nature indivisible; so that if one received, the other must necessarily lack. The youth of the woman had turned to youth." This is all the external phenomenon back of that reality in this particular instance. She took the back seat instead of the front seat, murmuring some excuse as to hay fever and horses. The driver, disappointed and antagonized, clambered to his place and took the reins. The young people exchanged a prim and formal greeting and sat bolt upright, being polite, after the convention of the '70's, by trying not to look in each other's direction. As they sat opposite each other, this was difficult. The hostler stood aside; the horses plunged forward; the stage was under way.

IV

CONVENTIONS last only as long as they can resist the solvents brought to bear on them. Here were very strong solvents. Youth, good looks, spirits kindred in the spring called across flimsy barriers. Robin song; the pungences of warmed woodland; shy gleams of light and tender color from snow-born shoots of green; bold sweeps of sky and crag and the tumbling white of noisy waters; croak of frog; shrill of cricket new-thawed from its winter sleep; slow lazy eddy of dust from the hoofs and wheels rising, taking cloud shape, hovering sun-shot like a haze; little homely creaks of leather exulting in the dynamics of honest steady power—were all potent solvents. Merely a dour, contemptuous, sour-grapes bump of back on the front seat was the only buttress of convention, visible or invisible. What could it avail? Within two miles of fair highway, before the climb of the Long Grade began, the two had exchanged staid confidences as to various aspects of external Nature. By the top of the Long Grade, except for occasional exclamation over isolated and spectacular

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And She Had Still an Evening Meal to Pretend to Eat, in Company With Some of These People, Though the Food Choked Her

SMUGGLING ALIENS

By Henry H. Curran

Commissioner of Immigration, Port of New York

HOW many aliens are smuggled into the United States in a year? How do they come in? Over the borders, by jitney, boat or Shanks' mare? Or through the ports, as stowaways, deserting sailors, or by hop, skip and jump from the rum fleet? How much do they pay to the bootleggers and hijackers who handle them? In short, how do they do it?

Everydaysomebody asks these questions, and every day somebody assumes to answer them. We may not take the answers too seriously. Nobody can give the right answer, because nobody knows it all. And those of us who do know a little about it would be recreant to our trust if we told all we knew.

It is high time, however, that we easy-going Americans woke up to a general realization that the bootlegging of aliens into our country has become a business that will bear watching. In the Immigration Service, with such force as we have, we are engaged in a dingdong warfare with these gentry that keeps us wide enough awake to wonder where it will all end. We know that flocks of these cheerful burglars are breaking into our national home every day and night in the year, and we should like all of you to know that, too, so that you can decide what to do about it. For it is your party. Without your interest we can do little, and Congress can do less.

A Shipload of Immigrants Who Arrived Just After the New Law Went Into Effect

The most interesting fact in this game of international leapfrog is the number of native Americans who are more interested in getting the burglars in than in keeping them out. They are not all bootleggers and hijackers either, these Americans. They are people who benefit by the services of the alien burglars, who prefer them to fellow Americans and honest immigrants, who give them jobs, and who raise heaven and earth to prevent their deportation when we pick them up. They are people who are all ready, right now, to bear down on Congress with resolutions that will not only punch holes in our present restrictive immigration law but will also shake out all the old sobs in behalf of the alien who has come into our country by the second-story window and who now wants to be allowed by law to stay in as a member of the family. They are people who have a very selfish ax to grind.

Mr. Snapple and His Client

AND Congress is in session. Are you in session, too, with your senators and congressmen? They do not need to be told, those senators and congressmen, that a good immigration law is always in danger—not if I know them! That to their everlasting praise! But it would help them, to know whether or not you are interested. After all, it is your country, your own American homeland that is being invaded—and there are those other Americans already hanging around the Capitol at Washington!

Even at Ellis Island—tucked away as we are, in a far corner of New York's harbor—there is a spray of sea lawyers and others, that constantly beats upon us in behalf of the smuggled aliens. Coming and going, coming and going, in their daily endeavor to legalize the presence in the United States of aliens who came in by stealth, they fill a fair portion of our time. The busy little ferryboat that scuttles to and fro between the mainland and the island is all the busier for their perennial passage. And on the telephone their number is legion. At times they seem to outnumber even the immigrants.

The last of these sea lawyers to call me up went at it carefully. I remember very well what he had to say.

"Is this the commissioner?" he began.

"Yes."

"And you're in good health? Busy and happy as ever?" This was more like soap than sunshine.

"Yes, thank you. What can I do for you?"

"Oh, nothing at all. Just a matter of advice, one friend to another. You remember me, of course? Snapple—of Snapple & Snipple. Met you during a campaign; always watched your career."

"Yes, thank you, Mr. Snipple. And?"

"No—Snapple is the name. Well, here's the difficulty: We have a lot of poor fellows around town who came here from Europe as sailors, ran into good jobs on shore leave, and stayed—just stayed—you know how it is—hard-working fellows, branching out to improve themselves, but not up to all the technicalities of the immigration law."

"Yes, I know."

"And now I have one of them here who wants to fix it up somehow—so he can stay in the United States without getting into trouble with one of your inspectors. See the point?"

"Yes, I see the point, Mr. Snipple"—my old trouble again—names!

"No, no—I'm Snapple! Get me right! Now, how do I fix this fellow up, commissioner? Just friendly like so he won't be in your bad books—one friend to another—you know!"

Perhaps if you had been in my place you would have rung off at this point. But it seemed to me there was more to do before we parted—and perhaps I could do it nicely.

"That's a pretty hard case," I replied. "You see, when your client deserted his ship he stayed here in violation of our immigration law as well as in breach of faith with the shore leave that we allow in proper cases to all foreign sailors who come to our shores. He came in by the second story, so to speak, instead of by the front door of the quota. He really sneaked in. While thousands are waiting abroad to come in honorably when they receive their immigration visas, according to their turn in the quota and not before, your man deserts his ship, makes light of our law, imposes upon our hospitality to sailors, picks up a job that some American or bona fide immigrant ought to have; and now he asks us to make it all right by legalizing his entry. He comes in like a burglar, and yet he wants us to give him an engraved guest-invitation even while he is still roaming around the house! Pretty strong, isn't it?"

"But ——"

"No, let me finish, please. You have asked my friendly advice, and that is what I am trying to give to you. The thing for your client to do is to come over here and see me and arrange to leave the country. He should face the music and go. That is best for him. Then, some day he can come back again, honorably and by the front door. I know that you, as an American, will be glad to tell him that, and then coöperate with our Government in seeing him on his way—out—by the first ship. If you will give me his name and address I'll do all I can to help, right away."

Then I waited. There was no reply.

"Are you there?" I inquired, after a moment.

"Er, yes—I'm here—but"—the voice was not quite so friendly as before—"you don't get me, commissioner."

"Oh, yes, I do. Now, what's his name, Mr. Snipple? His name and ——"

"My—name—is—Snapple!" This came with a roar.

"Yes, yes; I'm sorry. Now ——"

"And I won't give you my client's name. Great heavens, do you think I'm crazy? He's my client, and it's my duty to protect him!"

From Pleadings to Threats

"TRUE enough. But how about America? Your own country, your own Government—haven't you got a client there too? And you're an officer of the court, sworn as a lawyer to uphold the Constitution of the United States and the laws, while this man is a deserter, a lawbreaker and trespasser, who ——"

"Oh, never mind that bunk! Say, commish, I never thought you were that kind of a guy. Aren't we friends any more?"

There was a plaintive note to it that must have moved many a jury. After all, I had spoken so quietly that he could not take offense.

"Yes, we're friends, just as soon as you give me that name."

"Well, I won't—see?" This sounded final—he fairly spat it out—but he went on. "And, more than that, I'm going to report this Ellis Island heartlessness to your superiors in Washington—and to Congress too! I've got a resolution ready for Congress to pass now, to legalize the entry of all these poor fellows. They had a right to come, and they came. And you want to deport 'em. Say, look here ——"

But then I did what you might have done long before. I rang off.

The point of it is that this conversation actually took place, just a week ago; I remember it almost word for

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A Fire Brigade on Horseback

By AGNES C. LAUT

Conquering Fires in the Canadian National Parks

WE HAD gone to bed in our cabins under a hot yellow harvest moon, stars so multitudinous and silver they hung like lanterns above the green lake, calm as a painted sea. At midnight, as the heat of earth radiates, there always comes down from the snowy peaks a streamer of chill air that ruffles the mountain lakes into little whiplash waves, becoming noisier and more musical toward daylight as the process of air currents reverses and the chilled air warms and ascends in cloud banners, which are the glory of the Rockies at sunrise

But this morning, while the usual day-dawn breeze set the waves dancing, the mountains, forests and far peaks of Jasper Park were wiped out in a dense blue haze. Was it smoke, or heat drifting through the pass from the plains, sweltering in the 80's and 90's? A little hard to distinguish, for the heat smell on the dried grasses of August is acrid and pungent as forest smoke. In daylight, if you watched, you could easily distinguish the difference. Heat haze rises in a blue mist; the forest fire first sends up a wavering spire.

A Highway Warden Patrol in a Canadian National Park. The Smaller Engines are Sent Speeding Over Motor Roads to be Picked Up by Pack Horses for Foot Trails

When the top of the spire spreads out in a mushroom, a little shiver goes down the spine of every mountain dweller, be it man or beast, for the sign is one of the dread and unconquerable foes of forest life. You see the eagle breasting the wind back to nest with raucous cry. Deer and elk sniff the wind and vanish in phantoms. Sheep and goats can be seen through a field glass scrabbling to the bare rocks above timber line; and if the fire be fanned by a mountain gale, which feeds on its own fury as the heat increases, creating cross currents of tornado wind —man and beast lose all fear of one another. Deer, antelope, elk, bear, wolves drive in frantic panic before the flaming wind toward lake or river, and lose all antagonism to one another in the common terror. To this day it is a legend among old hunters how in the great fire of the late 80's every variety of mountain game came rushing out of the Banff Park region to the foothills and ranches, fearless of man.

Disaster

ON THIS morning we all came out of our cabins and, like the deer, sniffed. The haze was smoke dense smoke, purpling from blue to black, but settling too densely in the valleys to give the slightest inkling of where the fire was raging; and against fire in the big dry timbers in a high gale the human fire fighter is about as impotent as a child with a sand shovel against an ocean tide. The sparks and brands and crashing trees leap not only the 200-foot fire guards but shower live cinders for miles—in cases as far as twenty miles.

In a couple of hours the fire fighters are confronted not with one flame line, but with hundreds leaping up simultaneously, licking everything before them and leaving the very humus of the forest world a smoldering furnace bed to a depth varying from a few feet in the Rockies to a depth of ten feet in the muskeg areas of Northern Ontario.

Fire Unit at Athabasca River, Jasper National Park. An Auto Pumper for Highway Protection Carrying 3000 Feet of 2½-Inch Linen Hose. When the Hose is Removed the Big Engine Can Race Along Rail Tracks With a 9000-Gallon Tank in Tow

I could not but recall, as we stood sniffing the direction of the smoke, two scenes witnessed in two previous years. One was coming up the Thompson less than a week after a terrible fire that had devoured more forest wealth than the annual income of the whole dominion. The settlers had rushed to flag a passing train; but the burning trees were crashing on ties and trestles, and if the train had paused one moment it would have risked the lives of 200 passengers. It dashed through the wall of smoke and flames and saved the 200 passengers; but it left the eleven settlers to their terrible fate; and the day I came up the Thompson the charred remains were being taken out.

A Fire Beyond Control

THE other scene was in the hinterlands and great pulp-wood areas of Northern Ontario. Here the forests are not so heavy as amid the great firs of the Thompson and the Fraser; but in a dry season the swamps are an impenetrable tangle of brittle reeds, underbrush of a thousand years and deep humus that burns like a peat bed. Fortunately rains put out this fire and prevented a repetition of the holocaust of a few years back, when the mining area was swept clean, but not before the flames had destroyed as much pulp wood as Canada exports in a year

The Idaho fires of about twelve years ago and the Northern Minnesota fires of twenty years ago are sinister reminders of how powerless any human agency is to combat a forest fire once the flames gain headway. The case is well known in one mining region, where a band of fire wardens and miners had been forced to flee for refuge to a flooded mine tunnel. The bodies were found literally boiled alive.

I simply give this as an example of the inescapable destruction of a forest fire which gets out of control. I used to think from lurid pictures of forest-fire fighters lying asleep amid picks and shovels which were a feature of the press a few years ago all that was necessary was a sufficient number of fire wardens, picks and shovels, then a fire guard and a back fire – and the flame demon was conquered. Watch the firebrands tossed and carried for ten to twenty miles and you will change your mind about the simplicity of conquering the flame demon.

There was no personal danger to us in Jasper Park that morning, for a deep lake lay in front of us, and an area of several hundred acres

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THE LION AND THE UNIFORM

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

ORIFICE R. LATIMER, portly president of the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., stood at the window of his private office and gazed moodily across the modest but busy lot. The mahogany countenance of the chief executive was lined with worry and his eyes were focused bitterly upon a long and elegant gentleman who strutted from set to set, voicing adverse criticism in caustic words.

This gentleman imparted to President Latimer a distinct and poignant pain. When he answered at all it was to the name of Eustace Gribble, and he took pains to inform all and sundry that his home was in Chicago, and furthermore that he considered Birmingham a decidedly second-rate city.

Eustace was the period at the end of President Latimer's announcement of expansion. For six months the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., had been delighting movie fans of all colors and sexes throughout the country with its two-reel comedies, and the distributors had recently renewed their contract for an additional two years at a considerable increase in the per negative price. Immediately thereafter President Latimer, following a brief consultation with J. Cæsar Clump, his director, had engaged Eustace Gribble to supplement the Midnight's growing list of twinkling stars.

The contract that Eustace demanded and obtained was written in figures which four months previously might have bankrupted the infant firm. He arrived in Birmingham with three trunks, a Malacca cane, a large store of intolerant conceit and a vast contempt for any city smaller than Chicago. Also he brought with him a considerable reputation as a colored musical-comedy comedian. He had played the Loop in an all-colored show and had visited Broadway briefly in the same capacity. He announced frequently and earnestly that he was the swellest cullud actor which ever smeared grease paint on a colorado-maduro expression, and let it be distinctly understood that he knew more about acting than the entire Midnight organization could ever hope to learn.

From the very first he was—in theatrical parlance—a flop. He was unwilling to take direction and entirely too argumentative. He patronized his fellow actors and incurred their hatred, whereupon they crabbed his scenes with keen professional dexterity. He bred discord on a lot where harmony meant profit and his histrionic work was decidedly below par. But he swaggered in the face of the anathema which was hurled upon him and defied Midnight to smash his contract.

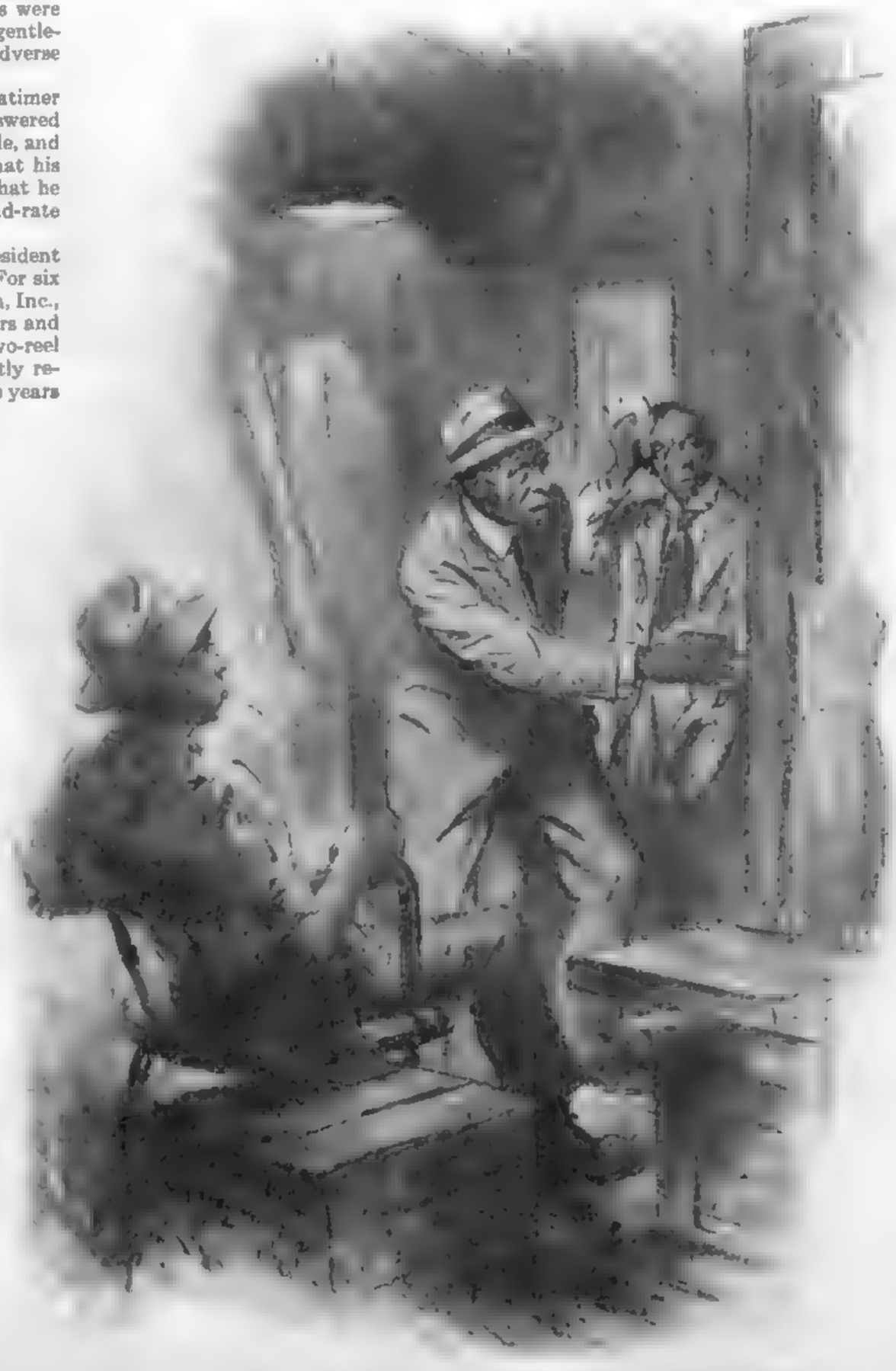
"I get my salary for one year," he proclaimed, "and there isn't anything can keep me from it except refusing to participate what I'm told. Believe me, gentlemen, I'm not refusing."

Nor did he. But when they told him to do something which made no particular appeal, he fluffed it in such an obvious manner that in self-defense they altered direction so it would be more to his liking. He was generally and devoutly despised.

Eustace, however, knew several things about himself which he wisely withheld from his employers. At the time of his signing he had verged very close upon financial insolvency, and the seventy-five dollars a week they were paying him represented more cash than he had earned in any seven-day period in all his lurid life.

Unfortunately for him, he was a too firm convert to the theory of swank. He deluded himself into the belief that others looked up to him because of his high-and-mighty ways. And so he gave his natural ego full rein and scoffed at the open animosity of everyone else of importance.

Indifferent to the plans or opinions of others, he neither knew nor cared that at the very moment he was explaining to an electrician how a new scene should be lighted, the door of President Latimer's office was flung violently back and the goggled and puttied J. Cæsar Clump burst in upon his chief. The slender little director throbbed with excitement. His dark-brown face shone delightedly as he leaped across the room and pounded one skinny fist upon the fleshy back of the unhappy magnate.



"Nice Lion," He Complimented "Eustace Gribble Wouldn't Let Any Lion Suffer if He Could Help It"

"Orifice," he exulted, "Ise got it!"

"You has got it," groaned Mr. Latimer, "an' I is gittin' it."

"Ain't it the truth? Reckon you has been flingin' yo' eyes on that no-'count, wuthless slice of tripe named Eustace Gribble, ain't you?"

"That's the one thing I ain't been doin' nothin' else but." Latimer's voice was freighted with bitterness. "Ev'y time I looks at that man I gits sorrier an' sorrier that I is so fat."

"How come?"

"'Cause if I was leaner I could kick myse'f."

"'Bout hirin' him to star fo' us?"

"Uh-huh."

"Shuh!" Clump spoke soothingly. "You ain't got no cause to worry 'bout that feller."

"Ain't got no cause! Man, you says words, but they don't talk no sense. 'Tain't just the seventy-five a week us has got to pay him fo' a year. It's the fac' that he's raisin' hell all over the lot. Yonder he is, gittin' our best 'lectrician sore as a boil, an' Welford Potts an' Opus Randall bofe is th'eatenin' to quit if we don't do somethin'. I'll bet he costs us two hund'ed dollars a week."

"Well," suggested J. Cæsar suavely, "le's us git rid of him."

"Fumadiddles! Ain't he got a contrac' with us?"

"Yeh—temporary."

"Temporary my foots! That contrac' las's as long as he don't refuse to play no part which we sets him to, an' he ain't refused none yet."

"But," murmured the elated J. Cæsar, "he will!"

"Will which?"

"Refuse a part."

Hope flashed briefly in the president's eyes.

"You has got a suggestion?"

"Man, Ise plumb suggestive today. But I has got to handle this my own se'f, an' I asks you, is you willin' that I should have a free hand?"

"You can have anything that's free."

"Fine! Now s'posin' you gits the comp'ny in confe'ence. I craves to make a 'nouncement."

The presidential summons was sent out and ten minutes later there commenced trooping into the golden-oak office the chief dignitaries of the lot. First and foremost was Opus Randall, rotund and cumbersome; Welford Potts, his dandified and slender co-star; Excelsior Nix, the broad-mouthed child wonder whose radiant personality was becoming known from Portland to Portland; and the immaculate Florian Slappey, his screen mentor. There was Evergreen Tapp, local recruit to ingénue work; and Enoch, her long-drawn-out husband, who was by way of ascending to eccentric stardom. Then came Eddie Fizz, assistant director; and Iodinah Jones, who played bits. These were followed by the chief electrician, the head carpenter, the master mechanic, the art director, the cutter, the cameraman. They seated themselves about the four walls of the room and waited expectantly, for this was a larger conference than usual and presaged important disclosures.

President Latimer sat at his desk and gazed with kindly affection upon the assembled cast—an excellent outfit. J. Cæsar Clump, radiating triumph, lounged on Latimer's desk and swung one shiny leg easily as he drummed with his well-manicured finger nails on the desk top and awaited the arrival of the honor guest.

At length he came—tall and elegant and with a sneering twist to his lips. Eustace Gribble fancied himself infinitely better than these others, and made his opinion unmistakable. A murmur of general distaste ran around the room as he slouched forward to the desk, which he tapped insolently with his cane.

"I have arrived!" he announced.

Latimer swept him with a narrow-lidded glance of profound disgust.

"Well now," he remarked, "ain't it just too sweet of you to cease fum doin' nothin' an' come to our li'l' meetin'?"

Eustace detected the sarcasm and was blandly indifferent. His contract placed him above worry.

"Moving-picture presidents are a fearful nuisance," he observed languidly.

A gasp went up. Orifice Latimer's face purpled, and when he would have leaped upon the man, J. Cæsar Clump intervened.

"Sh-h-h, Brother Latimer. Don't go gittin' our finest an' most expensive star mad."

Latimer's mouth opened and closed like the jaw of a fish. Then, at a warning wink from Mr. Clump, he subsided. As for Eustace, that gentleman swept the room with his supercilious glance and remarked idly that it certainly was degrading to have to associate with such hoi polloi. He was glad to see, he said, that Mr. Clump, alone among them, had sufficient sense to appreciate his high estate.

Clump bowed acknowledgment and called the meeting to order. He moved to the front of the desk and addressed

them at length, starting with the day when the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., was launched and detailing its history down to the present moment.

"Us has growed an' growed an' growed," he proclaimed. "We is bein' shown in one hund'ed an' forty-two first-run houses th'oughout the length an' breadth of this fair land. The names of Opus Randall an' Welford Potts an' li'l' Excelsior Nix is becomin' common in milliums of American homes.

"We have just signed distribution contrac's fo' two additional years after our first year is ended. We are going to git bigger prices an' so we is gwine spen' mo' money in makin' our pitchers. We is closin' out the doubtful era an' enterin' upon one which is gwine be a heap mo' prosperouser. An' ladies an' gemmun, brethern an' sistern, we stahts off on this new deal with one asset which is the biggest an' bestest an' brightest any comp'ny in the country has got. Folks, us faces this new period holdin' under contrac' that king of all cullud motion-pitcher actors"—he gestured magnificently—"Mistuh Eustace Gribble!"

There was an audible hush, followed by a scraping of feet. Jaws dropped and eyes popped. Somebody hissed as Eustace rose and bowed his indorsement.

"I compliment you, Mr. Clump, on recognizing your best asset."

"Right you is, Brother Gribble; right you is. I is a heap of things, but I ain't blind. An' what I has got us all assembled in solemn concave for is to 'nounce the fust story us shoots under our policy of expansion. In that pitcher, Mistuh Gribble, you is gwine be starred."

Eustace flushed with delight. He began to realize that he had never before thoroughly appreciated the manifold good qualities of the dynamic little director. Why, he had more than suspected that Clump did not like him! Yet here he was getting his due at the hands of that very individual. He paused to regret the several occasions when he had publicly insulted J. Cæsar and the greater number of times he had caused that gentleman's work to be more arduous than it should.

"This new pitcher," announced J. Cæsar Clump, "is gwine be grand an' also magnificent. It's gwine be filled with screamin' comedy, ambitious antics an' convulsive contortions. Us is all gwine have parts in it. An' best of all, it's gwine be a coschume pitcher."

"What you mean," asked a voice from the rear—"a coschume pitcher?"

"That means us all wears uniforms," explained the director. "Coschume pitchers is all the rage now, an' they is makin' milliums of dollars. So us comes along an' does a burlesque, see? There ain't nothin' we ain't gwine do. In this pitcher us is gwine have a hero an' a heroine an' a villyun an' ev'ything—even wile animals."

"Says which?"

"Wile animals. That is," he amended hastily, "we is gwine have one wile animal."

"What genus of animal?" Eustace asked the question, his precise voice trembling slightly. He was leaning forward in his seat and his lean face was marked by premonition. J. Cæsar Clump smiled sweetly.

"A lion," he answered.

"Wh-where do you propose to obtain a lion at?"

"Ain't preposin' to obtain him. He is a'ready obtone."

An idea penetrated Eustace's consciousness; it occurred to him that he was being ganged.

"And what, if I may request, has the king of the jungles to do with this picture?"

Cæsar shrugged.

"Nothin' special. He just gives us a li'l' class an' backgroun'. You see, in the las' stupenjous scene him an' the gladiator fights."

"Which gladiator?"

"The hero gladiator which says he is willin' to fight that lion with a sword to keep his gal from bein' et up. 'Co'se, does he kill the lion, the gal won't be et; but does he fail, why he gits et hisse'f. But of course, the way the pitcher is wrote, the lion gits kilt."

"Is—is this an educated lion?" questioned Eustace earnestly.

"A which?"

"An educated lion? You see, I was wondering if he had read the scenario."

The director laughed applaudingly.

"You is the humorestest feller, Brother Gribble, thinkin' us hiahs readin' lions."

"I know; but who is going to elucidate to that emperor of beasts that he is to die when the hero gets in the aroma with him?"

"Oh, I tells him that. Lions understan' pretty good. 'Co'se, the gladiator has got to poke him a few times with the sword. You see, Brother Gribble, this lion ain't so terrible wile. We has rented him offen a circus which is winterin' heah in Bumminham, an' his keeper says he ain't really et no human bein's fo' two or th'ee yeahs."

Eustace had risen. His face was grave and set and much of his hauteur had vanished. Suspicion was slowly crystallizing into certainty, and that certainty was substantiated at sight of the grinning faces of the assembled members.

Behind the golden-oak desk the pudgy face of President Orifice R. Latimer was beaming. He longed to embrace his director. He visioned Eustace refusing the rôle and thus automatically terminating the obnoxious contract. His voice came softly across the room.

"An' what part is Mistuh Gribble gwine play?" he inquired of J. Cæsar.

"Him?" Mr. Clump swung on his chief and winked solemnly. "Why, him bein' our finest, best an' mos' expensivest star, an' also the wonderfulest actor, he's gwine play the heroical gladiator!"

A deep throaty chuckle came from the lips of Opus Randall. Someone else in the room laughed outright. There was an air of general jubilation, in which, however, Mr. Eustace Gribble failed to participate. His brow was corrugated with lines of worry. He saw through the whole Machiavellian scheme.

"But, Mr. Clump, suppose that lion eats me up."

"Shuh! Eustace, I woul'n't go worryin' 'bout that. This lion is awful pretickeler 'bout his eatments."

"Yes, but he might be unusually hungry on that particular diem."

"Don't you go botherin' yo' han'some haid 'bout that. Us attends to all details."

Eustace entertained a haunting suspicion that J. Cæsar spoke with unnecessary enthusiasm. He made one final gesture of defiance.

"I positively refuse to combat with a lion!"

J. Cæsar leaned forward earnestly.

"You whiches?"

"I refuse."

The director simulated agony.

"Goodness goshness Miss Agnes, Brother Gribble, 'tain't possible! Don't you know that does you refuse to play any part us commands, yo' contrac' becomes terminated?"

"Yes, but ——"

"An' sholy you ain't plannin' to severe yo' connection with this buddin' an' flourishin' firm just because us requests that you becomes a lion-slayin' hero?"

It was all crystal clear to Eustace. He decided to hold his peace temporarily. Thought of canceling the luscious contract with Midnight was abhorrent, and he yearned to show these grinning ebony faces that he was the great man he assumed to be. Wherefore he bowed in apparent acquiescence and moved from the room with only a trifle less grandeur than he had exhibited upon his entrance. At a gesture from the director the others followed, and as the door closed behind the last of them Orifice R. Latimer collapsed upon his desk in a paroxysm of mirth.

Meanwhile, outside, Florian Slappey moved to the side of the pariah Eustace. Florian dropped a commiserating hand on the arm of the miserable star.

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He Wasn't So Very Much of a Lion, But He Looked Imposing as He Stood at the Arena Entrance Wondering What It Was All About

THE STORY OF IRVING BERLIN

By Alexander Woollcott

IT WAS in the early part of 1904 that Nigger Mike Salter opened his famous saloon and dance hall at Number 12 Pell Street and engaged Irving Berlin as singing waiter. In a pretentious moment he named it the Pelham Café. But it was not so known on the blotters at police headquarters. It was not so known in the gaudier journals when the tearful sorority would seek to lend a dash of local color to some tale of white slavery. It was not spoken of as the Pelham Café in the jargon of the thieves and opium peddlers who rubbed shoulders with the sightseers in the narrow street where it stood. It was not so named in the hidden notebooks of the Columbia students, where it was prominently mentioned as an excellent laboratory for those extra-curriculum studies in sociology not required by the faculty. Everyone called it Nigger Mike's.

Nigger Mike's stood in the heart of Chinatown. There, on a spot which had once been given over to a brewery, a small suspect colony of yellow men had been accumulating for more than forty years. It began when one Ah Ken, back before the Civil War, bought himself a frame house on Mott Street, married a formidable Irishwoman, opened up a cigar stand in Park Row and drew unto himself neighbors from among the Chinese drifting into the port of New York. By 1904 there must have been more than a thousand Chinamen stowed away layer on layer in the grimy honeycomb of tenements in the triangle between Pell and Mott streets and the Bowery. But this resident population was as nothing to the swarm that came from towns and cities all about when industrious Chinamen would close their laundries and come to New York for a spree. Ugly tales of smuggling and murder and debauchery kept the surrounding city nervous. By the time the outrages committed in the scuffles of the tong rivalries had dribbled into our bewildered courts, and hours of baffling testimony given by unintelligible witnesses of a most innocent aspect had reduced our judges and juries to the verge of mild hysteria, the unearthed vengeances of Chinatown seemed ever so quaint—even comical. But to the young police reporters stumbling up black stairways, to find some pretty sixteen-year-old Chinese girl lying crumpled on a disordered floor with her throat slit—well, somehow to them it all seemed less amusing.

Thus did the Pelham Café stand in a tangle of old streets that had come down in the world. Already the character of Chinatown has changed and is changing. Another kind of life is slipping in there. But then, for that matter, it was not so many years before that pleasant farms stretched all about that spot. Why, it was but a stone's throw from Nigger Mike's to the site of Colonel Rutgers' orchard, where, on a fine September morning, they hanged to the branch of a blossoming apple tree a young New England school-teacher named Nathan Hale.

Mike's Passion for Voting

THIS Nigger Mike, who seems likely to be longest remembered because it was his bright idea to engage Irving Berlin as a singing waiter, was no negro, but a Russian Jew of good stock, whose swarthy skin had earned him the vivid nickname which stuck to him for better, for worse all his troubled days in the land. He was a ward heeler of a type that is passing. He trafficked in influence and he would spend tireless days pottering about to loose some no-account from the clutches of the police. When any of the pickpockets and second-story men who had influential friends among the Pelham's patrons would run afoul of the law in some remote community, the captive would send an underground courier to Nigger Mike, trusting implicitly in his misbegotten neighborliness.

Immediately he would go to work for the defense, and it was his favorite trick to unearth some beldame in Cherry Hill, clothe her in the traditional costume of neat but humble toil and rehearse her patiently in her rôle. That rôle involved her visiting the troublesome jurisdiction and weeping disconsolately until her alleged son would be confided to her maternal care by some sentimental sheriff. These tactics were usually effective unless, as sometimes happened, Nigger Mike became confused and tried to work the release of some visible coreligionist of his by the maternal tears of an Irishwoman whose brogue fairly shook the astonished court room.

Mike was an amiable enough employer except when the drink was in him. To be sure, he might grow irritable at dawn, when the cash in the till would be short and he would have forgotten his own nonchalant raids made on it in some moment of generosity earlier in the convivial night. It was Sulky, the barkeep, who finally threatened to walk out for good and all unless Mike's own chuckle-headed borrowings from his own till were written down in the book, as the custom of the country required in the case of loans made to favored patrons.

Of course Mike was busy as a bee at election time, and he did more than buzz. Indeed, it was a passion for the suffrage which proved his undoing and closed his place for good—unquestionably for good. It was one November when Tammany's landslide was so inevitable that none of the faithful needed to lift a finger in aid. But for old time's sake Mike, so they said, went loyally around town voting away for dear life in every precinct. This constancy was such that an irritated grand jury grew curious and spoke unfavorably of one Salter's civic habits. So, for many years, Pell Street heard from Nigger Mike only through the medium of laboriously composed letters all bearing the postmark of the Dominion of Canada. Thus no sins of its own, but just the misdirected devotion of its loyal but impractical proprietor, brought an end to the Pelham Café.

It is the way of New York to look back on any past decade in its history with a kind of pleasurable shudder, in the manner of a respectable man spreading an impression that in his youth he was a pretty desperate character. In this fashion the reminiscences of the Chinatown of twenty years ago hint at dark misdeeds compared with which its often humdrum story is quite commonplace. So there has grown up a legend that the Pelham Café was a dreadful dive, where sinister crimes were brewed and murder stalked in the gray hours before day. As a matter of fact, it was a cautious, orderly saloon, comically anxious for the good opinion of the police, and as a rule about as sinister and eventful as a village post office.

The biographer of Irving Berlin must struggle with a temptation to hint that he served his apprenticeship in one of the deepest hell holes of a depraved past, and the temptation is all the stronger because there are so many good people who would believe it. For that was their understanding at the time. In as much as the Pelham Café counted heavily on the tourist trade, its sagacious proprietor rather encouraged the legend that his back room was a sort of thieves' headquarters, a pickpockets' round table, a coffee house for the lawless.

Irving Berlin's First Song

Sightseers' Thrills

INEVITABLY, in response to this legend, the great of this and other lands came tiptoeing naughtily and anonymously to Nigger Mike's. They would stay long enough to buy a round of drinks, they would seek to cover their lack of ease by tipping the lyric waiter on a scale to which he was distinctly not accustomed, and then would go their ways under the delusion that they had seen life at mighty close range. A thinly disguised duchess would come fluttering to Pell Street and hurry home to write in her diary that she had sat that night at the very next table to a well-known burglar. My, what fun! It would have been cruel of the singing waiter to have whispered in her ear that her burglar was just a clerk in need of a shave.

Gamblers there would be, of course, drowning in inexpensive beer their latest resentment against the intrusive police. Pickpockets came, too, to spend the pleasant profits of a familiar ritual which combined the tactics of football interference with the more delicate tricks of sleight of hand, and which, when earnestly practiced in the aisle of a crowded trolley car, would yield the price of many a drink at Nigger Mike's. Not that such profits were flaunted. Indeed you—or the inquisitive police—might have searched these gentry in vain for any evidence of unearned increment. But in the need and heat of a crap game down the street they themselves would suddenly reveal veritable caches of gold tucked away in their shoes or hat bands or sewed into their innocent lapels. Here vulgar display of wealth, however, would be made only by the gaudier folk from uptown, and it was part of the singing waiter's business to detect what type of customer liked to have his emptied wine bottles accumulate on the table so that all the world might see what a sport he was—what a sport and what a spender.

Women came and went, forlorn women to whom life in their middle years had offered nothing brighter than an embarrassing domesticity with the little yellow men who dwelt on the edge of the Bowery. Indeed, such a woman found the back room of the Pelham a kindly refuge. For we all have to be snobbish about something, and it was Nigger Mike's fastidious rule that no Chinamen should pass farther than the outer bar of the Pelham Café. Toward dawn such a slattern would vanish into some cubby-hole in one of the surrounding buildings and be seen no more until another night. She would be giving way then to the younger and jauntier girl from the sidewalks of Fourteenth Street who thought of the Pelham Café as no hunting ground but rather as a friendly, comfortable haven where she might spend her own richly earned holiday hour. Toward three or four in the morning she would call it a night and adjourn to Nigger Mike's for a little beer in company of some lad she really liked—some lad after her own heart and, as often as not, also after her own earnings.

She in turn would give way of a Saturday evening to the respectable householders of the neighborhood, who would repair to the Pelham Café to dance as now Riverside Drive goes to the Club Alabam. And it was on the Pelham's

floor, with Chuck Connors leading the way, that the fox trot was born

Of course it was not impossible for a palpitant sight-seer really to see a burglar in the flesh at Number 12. There was always the chance that some loan from the till, duly recorded in the damp but accurate ledger which Sulky kept behind the glasses under the bar, might finance an expedition calculated to interest the constabulary of Glen Cove or New Rochelle. But in the motley pageant of humanity that shuffled slowly and interminably under the flaring lights of Nigger Mike's, burglars were few and far between and gunmen were nervously shunted off to the more lawless resorts along the Bowery. In that pageant you might see the weak and cruel mouth of Gyp the Blood or the gleaming head of the bald Jack Rose, which later shone from the witness stand in those trials that followed the murder of Herman Rosenthal. But you were quite as likely to see the interested eye of Prince Louis of Battenberg or the attentive ear of some novelist in search of local color. Indeed, the sight-seers usually outnumbered the local talent, and the grand folk who journeyed eagerly from Fifth Avenue to Nigger Mike's, seeking glimpses of the seamy side of life, were usually in the predicament of those American tourists who retreat to some quaint village in France or Spain only to find its narrow streets clogged with not strikingly picturesque visitors from Red Bank, New Jersey, Utica, New York, and Kansas City, Missouri. It was among such folk mostly that Berlin moved, with a tray in his hand and a song on his lips, while Nick played at the piano in the back room and Sulky poured the drinks in front.

Thus it has often happened that Irving Berlin, sitting at some dinner table in London or New York, has suddenly—and silently—recognized in his host or the guest across the way some former gay blade to whom he had been wont to bear drinks in the old days off the Bowery. Sometimes it has been his privilege to express out of a full heart an admiration first formed back in his apprenticeship as a minstrel. The song he wrote when Governor Smith, of New York, was first proposed for the presidency, the song which caught up the magic lilt of East Side, West Side, All Around the Town, was an act of devotion to one he first knew when young Smith had just been elected to the assembly from the district in which Berlin was a shabby troubadour.

The Prince's Tip Refused

IT MIGHT amuse, and possibly afflict, Harry Lauder to know that he once lavished a ten-cent tip on a waiter who, as it turned out, could have got along well enough without any such nest egg. Yet it was as a waiter who had declined a tip that Irving Berlin first came to public notice beyond the limits of his own Chinatown. The aforesaid Prince Louis of Battenberg was being shown the seamy side of New York, and the news that so extensively advertised a visitor would be coming to Pell Street threw Nigger Mike's into quite a flutter. Mike, in a burst of grandeur and confusion, insisted that the drinks be on the house. Wherefore, when the prince tried to go in for a bit of largesse to the waiter, that nervous functionary backed away respectfully, not being used to princes and fearful lest he ruin his country's reputation for hospitality. Of course there was a reporter in the prince's party, and the spectacle of a New York waiter declining a tip struck him as possessing all the elements of a news story. Thus it befell that next day Irving Berlin made his first appearance in the public prints.

12 Pell Street, Originally Nigger Mike's Dance Hall and Saloon

The reporter who thus exploited him was a ruddy and impressive lad named Swope, who has since made himself heard even above the din of our noisiest city and who is today the editor of the New York World. By such incidents, and there were many of them, Nigger Mike's, like the rest of Chinatown, grew even more self-conscious. The behavior of that squalid community became as studied as that of Mr. Belasco on a first night. The deep streams of a transplanted Shanghai ran steady and invisible and unaltered. But ways and means were found to keep a certain amount of hocus-pocus going *épater les bourgeois*. Shops and restaurants, especially established and decorated and peopled for sight-seers, did a thriving trade, and entirely law-abiding and worthy dummies lounged through them, trying conscientiously to look as much like abandoned characters as possible.

Busses trundled the wide-eyed yokelry from Madison Square to the Bowery and the obliging man with the megaphone, while seeming to conduct them casually through the iniquities of Chinatown, was really following a trail carefully blazed from one prepared bit of scenery to another. The glimpses of Chinatown vouchsafed to such herded visitors were just about as artless and spontaneous as the glimpses of American home life afforded by the groups in the department-store windows. It was local color as convincing as the latter-day complexions. If you kept watch you could actually see it being put on.

The Sights of Chinatown

FOR instance, the man with the megaphone seemed first to stumble and then look with heart-wrung compassion on Chinatown Gertie. Yet behind the scenes Gertie and he were in cahoots. A frowzy slattern, she dwelt year in and year out in suffocating quarters above Nigger Mike's, occupying a windowless room just large enough to hold her bed, her pipe and her other kimono. It was one small cell in the tiers of such pigeonholes which rose above the bars and cafés at the street levels. The guide to Chinatown would lead the tourists past her door, then think to turn back and peer in that he might see if by any chance some dulled opium addict were visible there. Yes, by great good luck, here was some poor outcast woman, a lost soul drugging and drowsing her shattered life away.

The visitors gasped by a kind of contagion and the megaphone man would become so affected by this pitiable sight that, as if by some uncontrollable impulse, he would reach into his big-hearted pocket and toss a half dollar onto Gertie's somewhat soiled counterpane. The awe-struck tourists could do no less than follow suit, and by the time the last of them had stumbled down the stairway and out into the light of Pell Street, there would be quite a heap of coins for Chinatown Gertie. Of course she could not keep them all. She was in honor bound to split her receipts with the megaphone man every Saturday night, a ceremony sometimes rendered violent by his hints that she was not making a complete division and by her audible conviction that he was a rotten bad actor whose expressed sympathy with her was so badly performed that it hardly paid a lady to have her privacy intruded upon.

It was really Gertie who, without in the least intending it, brought about a great cleansing of the building in which Nigger Mike was the ground-floor tenant. It happened at Christmastime. The city was powdered with snow, and holly wreaths hung in a million windows. An improbable Santa Claus with a merry bell gathered pennies at every corner for the Christmas dinners of the poor. The sidewalks were crowded here and there with evergreens cut in the hills and dragged across the bridges to help New York out in its annual clumsy and pathetic effort to recapture the atmosphere of a day when there were such things as hearths and each family had its own chimney. There was Christmas in the air.

PHOTO. BY PACH BROS., N. Y. C.

The Song Writer, From a Photograph Taken About 1916

It was quite too much for Chinatown Gertie. She bought herself a small scraggly tree from a grocer in the Bowery, decked it with frills of colored paper and lighted here and there among its meager branches a rakish

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VAMPING TILL READY

"Be Quick, I'm Hungry"

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

OH, MY dear Rosa, you can't conceive of what a relief it is to be at home again after that horrible affair at Rosemere! Poor darling Estelle, what she suffered! And how I suffered with her! You can't realize how a mother suffers for her daughter, Rosa, particularly a married daughter. But there, I must not blame you, because, after all, it is not your fault that you never married. But considering that you didn't, Rosa, you are really very fortunate that poor dear William left me so amply provided for, and that I can give you such a home as this, where you have every comfort and absolutely nothing to do. I recall that when poor dear William was ambassador to Carmania under President McKinley he often used to say that he wished we were back here; the palace at Roninia was so much smaller; and besides, he missed the iron stags on the lawn.

Oh, you needn't thank me again, my dear! When I took you in twenty years ago I felt it to be only my sisterly duty, and I have never changed my attitude. I only speak of it because one is so apt to forget one's blessings. Are you perfectly comfortable in that chair, Rosa? Splendid! Now if you don't mind closing that window behind me, I'll tell you all about the shocking affair. Thank you, Rosa. And, oh, my dear, so sorry to get you up again, but just hand me my smelling salts. They are over on the escritoire—no, I believe I laid them on the whatnot. Dear me, they are growing rather faint. Remind me, Rosa, to order more the very first time I drive into Boston.

Well, my dear Rosa, to begin with, it is my opinion that none of this dreadful experience would have occurred had we known in the first place what George P. Drake's middle name was. He kept it a secret from everyone, including Estelle, even after they became engaged. When they were married, I presume that he told her. I know the late ambassador never kept anything from me. Of course, you can't appreciate that, Rosa, never having married; but such is usually the case, especially at first. Well, as I was saying, if I had known what the P in George's name stood for, I would have been prepared, since of course a man called Percy might be capable of anything.

Now you are aware, Rosa, that for ten years George had been a model husband to Estelle. He had given her everything in the world she wanted—jewels, that fine house on Long Island, and all that, and he unquestionably slaved to do it. I really don't know any woman who has had more of the material things of life than Estelle. She had no children, and he allowed her to spend about half the year in Europe or Palm Beach, and altogether it seemed to be an ideal marriage in every way.

But, my dear Rosa, George was not our sort—not the kind of man she had been meeting in Europe—or even like a son of one of our own set, as I believe I told you at the time, Rosa. But Estelle wouldn't listen to me. She said George was a real man, and that she loved him just because he was unlike the rest. Why, my dear, he isn't even a Harvard man! I believe he graduated from some small Midwestern college, and he is entirely self-made, and you know what that means. . . . Rosa, I believe I will have the window open again—not too much now! That's better. And close the door, please.

Well, as I was saying, although George is not bad looking, stud, these middle-class men lack in the small essential details. For example, his clothes were always ready-made, and he looked, as you of course know, just like any other clean, busy, ordinary man.

Nothing in the least distinguished about him except his great love for Estelle.

Of course, that is something you don't know anything about, Rosa, never having married. But I do; and visiting them so much, why of course I could not fail to observe how complete his devotion to her was. . . . Just hand me that handkerchief, please.

Well, as I was saying, George lived just for her and for his work, and the first intimation I had that all was not well between them was at the very beginning of this last visit of mine, when I happened to overhear a conversation between them. Of course you know, Rosa, I would not dream of eavesdropping, but the situation was unavoidable. I chanced to be seated behind a group of plants in the sun parlor late one afternoon, and when George and Estelle came in I did not make my presence known, because I perceived at once that they wished to be alone. And after their first words, it would have been far more painful for all of us had I appeared. So I remained where I was, in silence, feeling that while I could not help overhearing every word, that did not really matter, since of course, I would not dream of telling anyone. . . . Rosa, I think the window had better be put down a little farther—about half an inch.

Well, my dear, George was the first to speak.

"Estelle, I have asked you to come in here because I have something very important to talk to you about," he said.

"Yes?" said Estelle languidly.

"You have been to tea with the count again," said George.

"Well, what of it?" said Estelle. "It was in a public place. I assure you, George, that my relations with that poor young man, whom you delight to abuse, are as innocent as ——"

"My dearest," said George, "I'm not questioning that. Heaven forbid that you should ever say such a thing seriously! But the count himself is not innocent. He's a little rotter. Why, I'll bet he even let you pay for the tea!"

"I decline to answer such an absurd charge!" said Estelle.

"Aha! I knew he did!" said George.

"As for his being a rotter, as you call him," Estelle went on calmly, her manner under these trying circumstances absolutely perfect, "all I can say is that he is a gentleman of taste and good manners—better manners than some of his critics perhaps. This is the second time you have made a fuss about my going around with him. Have you some definite charge to bring against him? What crime has he committed?"

"Oh, damnation take him!" exclaimed George. "I don't know a thing about him, and I don't have to. I only have to look at him. The cake eater!"

"Just because he dresses extremely well and has an unusually shining head of hair, you condemn him as worthless," said she. "Well, he knows the very smartest people in Paris!"

"They are not so smart as they think they are, if they allow him to play around with them," said George crudely. "And that DuBois man is just as bad. I understand that you and Mrs. Post had dinner in town last night with DuBois and the count. Is that so?"

"Certainly," said Estelle. "One must dine somewhere; and you were not at home, old thing."

"I had an emergency board meeting, and you know it," George told her. "I've no objection to your dining out without me, of course. It seems to be a pretty general custom in this neighborhood. But I do object to the sort of men you pick as escorts, my dear. Lizards, cake eaters—you have them all over the place! You even import them from Europe—and I've had about enough of it!"

"Georgie," said my poor darling daughter, "now be sensible, do! DuBois is an awfully clever chap, and has helped me enormously in redecorating the house. He's as nice as can be. What I mean is, he thinks of the little things that are so important in a woman's life—his manner, the small attentions. I'm not in the least in love with any of these men, but I must admit I think them perfectly charming."

There was a little pause after that, my dear Rosa, during which you can imagine my feelings. . . . Where did I put my handkerchief? Oh, I've dropped it. Just pick it up, will you? Thank you, Rosa. Well, as I was saying, there was a little pause, and then that brute of a husband of my daughter's spoke again.

"Estelle," said he, "I wonder if you realize what a man feels like to find that while he is working night and day to give his wife everything she wants, she is playing around with tailors' manikins who couldn't earn thirty dollars a week. What is it these alleged men give you that I can't?"

"Oh, you simply don't understand!" she said impatiently.

"But I must!" replied George. "See here, Estelle, this is getting to be a serious matter, and it has got to be settled between us. Tell me, do you honestly prefer the type of man that DuBois and the count represent, to my type?"

"I most certainly do!" said Estelle. "Not but that you are a dear, good, generous soul, George; but you are that awful creature, the famous American husband. You all think your women can be satisfied with material things, whereas we really are not.

"We have had more time to acquire the things of the spirit than you have, and so naturally the cultivated American woman is intrigued by the foreign man—or by his American counterpart."

Wasn't that a beautiful speech, Rosa? My daughter certainly makes me proud of the way I brought her up. You can't understand my feeling, of course, never having married; but I assure you I wished most sincerely that the late ambassador could have heard her at that moment. Well, as I was saying, George didn't seem to appreciate the profound truth which Estelle had just given utterance to. Instead, he walked up and down for a few moments, apparently struggling to gain control of himself.

"Estelle," he said at last, "would you like to be married to a man of that type?"

"Indeed I would!" said she.

"Have you the faintest notion of what he would be like when you knew him intimately—when you saw him every day, and when the eyes of the world were not on him?"

"I think it would be adorable!" said Estelle. "And so do most women in this country. Among the lower classes, they take it out by storming the motion-picture houses whenever a popular male star of this very type we have been speaking of is being shown. Why, Georgie, there isn't a woman I know of who wouldn't adore such a husband!"

"And you yourself would prefer one to a man who tries to be regular?" said George. "You didn't use to feel that way, Estelle."

"I was pretty unsophisticated," she replied. "Besides, you've left me alone a good deal lately. For instance, will you be at home tonight?"

"Well, no; not until late," said George. "I've got to meet a man in town about that Goldfields deal."

Estelle gave a mocking laugh.

"There!" she cried. "Business again!"

"But it's all for you, dear," George replied distressedly. "How in the world do you think you could have your trips to Europe, and all that, if I didn't earn the money? And incidentally, has it ever occurred to you that I get mighty lonesome while you are away? But never mind that. I suppose you'll be playing mah-jongg this evening with some of your favorite interior decorators."

"Yes," said Estelle.

Then Rosa, my dear, the most terrible thing happened. George's face took on a dreadful black look, and he seized Estelle by both her wrists. Really I should have fainted, except for fear of missing something. He looked straight into her eyes and the muscles of his face worked for a moment before he could speak.

"Estelle," he said, "do you seriously prefer those men—those parlor snakes? Tell me the truth—tell me!"

"I—I do!" said she, a trifle hysterically. "They at least don't resort to these cave-man methods. Let me go, George. Thanks awfully. And by the way, when shall I see you again?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said George quite sullenly.

"Well, remember, we are giving a large dinner day after tomorrow," said she, moving away from him, "Eight o'clock. Do turn up, please."

"All right," said George.

The late ambassador used always to tell me that in diplomacy certain methods of obtaining information which society does not ordinarily countenance are perfectly admissible. Of course, I accepted poor dear William's statement literally, and have never forgotten his words. If you

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"I Suppose You Expect Me to End in the Gutter. But I Won't, George Drake. I'm Through!"

THE HOUSE WITHOUT A KEY

"Between Us We Ought to be Able to Keep This Young Woman Entertained," Jennison Had Said. Well, John Quincy Reflected, His Portion of the Entertainment Promised to be Small

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

IV

IT WAS another of those mornings on which the fog maybe did not come. Roger and his guests were in the limousine again; it seemed to John Quincy that they had left it only a few minutes before. So it must have seemed to the chauffeur, too, as, sleepy-eyed, he hurried them toward the water front.

"By the way, John Quincy," Roger said, "you'll want to change your money before you go aboard."

John Quincy gathered his wandering thoughts.

"Oh, yes, of course," he answered. Roger smiled.

"Just what sort of money would you like to change it for?" he inquired.

"Why ——" began John Quincy. He stopped. "Why, I always thought ——"

"Don't pay any attention to Roger," Barbara laughed. "He's spoofing you." She was fresh and blooming; a little matter like three A. M. made no difference to her. "Only about one person out of a thousand in this country knows that Hawaii is a part of the United States, and the fact annoys us deeply over in the islands. Dear old Roger was trying to get you in wrong with me by enrolling you among the nine hundred and ninety-nine."

"Almost did it, too," chuckled Roger.

"Nonsense!" said Barbara. "John Quincy is too intelligent. He's not like that congressman who wrote a letter to 'the American Consul at Honolulu.'"

"Did one of them do that?" smiled John Quincy.

"He certainly did. We almost gave up the struggle after that. Then there was the senator who came out on a junket and began a speech with 'When I get home to my country ——' Someone in the audience shouted, 'You're there now, you big stiff!' It wasn't elegant, of course, but it expressed our feeling perfectly. Oh, we're touchy, John Quincy."

"Don't blame you a bit," he told her. "I'll be very careful what I say."

They had reached the Embarcadero, and the car halted before one of the piers. The chauffeur descended and began to gather up the baggage. Roger and John Quincy took a share of it and they traversed the pier shed to the gangplank.

"Get along to your office, Roger," Barbara said.

"No hurry," he answered. "I'll go aboard with you of course."

Amid the confusion of the deck a party of girls swept down on Barbara; pretty, lively girls of the California brand. John Quincy learned with some regret that they were there only to see Barbara off. A big broad-shouldered man in white pushed his way through the crowd.

"Hello there!" he called to Barbara.

"Hello, Harry," she answered. "You know Roger, don't you? John Quincy, this is an old friend of mine, Harry Jennison."

Mr. Jennison was extremely good-looking, his face was deeply tanned by the island sun, his hair blond and wavy, his gray eyes amused and cynical. Altogether he was the type of man women look at twice and never forget. John Quincy felt himself at once supplanted in the eyes of Barbara's friends. Jennison seized the boy's hand in a firm grip.

"Sailing too, Mr. Winterslip?" he inquired. "That's good. Between us we ought to be able to keep this young woman entertained."

The shore call sounded and the confusion increased. Along the deck came a little old lady, followed by a Chinese woman servant. They walked briskly and the crowd gave way before them.

"Hello, this is luck!" cried Roger. "Madame Maynard, just a moment. I want you to meet a cousin of mine from Boston." He introduced John Quincy. "I give him into your charge. Couldn't find a better guide, philosopher and friend for him if I combed the islands."

The old lady glanced at John Quincy. Her black eyes snapped.

"Another Winterslip, eh?" she said. "Hawaii's all cluttered up with them now. Well, the more the merrier. I know your aunt."

"Stick close to her, John Quincy," Roger admonished. She shook her head

"I'm a million years old," she protested. "The boys don't stick so close any more. They like 'em younger. However, I'll keep my eye on him—my good eye. Well, Roger, run over sometime." And she moved away.

"A grand soul," said Roger, smiling after her. "You'll like her. Old missionary family, and her word's law over there."

"Who's this Jennison?" asked John Quincy.

"Him?" Roger glanced over to where Mr. Jennison stood, the center of an admiring feminine group. "Oh, he's Dan's lawyer; one of the leading citizens of Honolulu, I believe. John J. Adonis himself, isn't he?" An officer appeared, herding the reluctant throng toward the gangplank. "I'll have to leave you, John Quincy. A pleasant journey. When you come through on your way home give me a few more days to try to convince you on my San Francisco offer." John Quincy laughed.

"You've been mighty kind."

"Not at all." Roger shook his hand warmly. "Take care of yourself over there. Hawaii's a little too much like heaven to be altogether safe. So long, my boy, so long."

He moved away. John Quincy saw him kiss Barbara affectionately and with her friends join the slow procession ashore.

The young man from Boston stepped to the rail. Several hundred voices were calling admonitions, promises, farewells. With that holiday spirit so alien to John Quincy's experience, those ashore were throwing confetti. The streamers grew in number, making a tangle of color, a last frail bond with the land. The gangplank was taken up, clumsily the President Tyler began to draw away from the pier. On the topmost deck a band was playing Aloha Oe, the sweetest, most melancholy song of good-by ever written. John Quincy was amazed to feel a lump rising in his throat.

The frail, gay-colored bond was breaking now. A thin veined hand at John Quincy's side waved a handkerchief. He turned to find Mrs. Maynard. There were tears on her cheeks.

"Silly old woman," she said. "Sailed away from this town a hundred and twenty-eight times, actual count—I keep a diary. Cried every time. What about? I don't know."

The ship was well out in the harbor now. Barbara came along, Jennison trailing her. The girl's eyes were wet.

"An emotional lot, we islanders," said the old lady. She put her arm about the girl's slim waist. "Here's another one of 'em. Living way off the way we do, any good-by at all—it saddens us."

She and Barbara moved on down the deck. Jennison stopped. His eyes were quite dry.

"First trip out?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes," replied John Quincy.

"Hope you'll like us," Jennison said. "Not Massachusetts, of course; but we'll do our best to make you feel at home. It's a way we have with strangers."

"I'm sure I shall have a bully time," John Quincy remarked. But he felt somewhat depressed. Three thousand miles from Beacon Street—and moving on! He waved to someone he fancied might be Roger on the pier and went to find his stateroom.

He learned that he was to share his cabin with two missionaries. One was a tall, gloomy old man with a lemon-colored face—an honored veteran of the foreign field named Upton. The other was a ruddy-cheeked boy whose martyrdom was still before him. John Quincy suggested drawing lots for a choice of berths, but even this mild form of

gambling appeared distasteful to these emissaries of the church.

"You boys take the berths," said Upton. "Leave me the couch. I don't sleep well anyhow." His tone was that of one who prefers to suffer.

John Quincy politely objected. After further discussion it was settled that he was to have the upper berth, the old man the lower and the boy the couch. The Reverend Mr. Upton seemed disappointed. He had played the rôle of martyr so long he resented seeing anyone else in the part.

The Pacific was behaving in a most unfriendly manner, tossing the great ship about as though it were a piece of driftwood. John Quincy decided to dispense with lunch, and spent the afternoon reading in his berth. By evening he felt better, and under the watchful and somewhat disapproving eyes of the missionaries, arrayed himself carefully for dinner.

His name being Winterslip, he had been invited to sit at the captain's table. He found Mrs. Maynard, serene and twinkling, at the captain's right, Barbara at his left and Jennison at Barbara's side. It appeared that, oddly enough, there was an aristocracy of the islands; and John Quincy, though he thought it quaint there should be such distinctions in an outpost like Hawaii, took his proper place as a matter of course.

Mrs. Maynard chatted brightly of her many trips over this route. Suddenly she turned to Barbara.

"How does it happen, my dear," she asked, "that you're not on the college boat?"

"All booked up," Barbara explained.

"Nonsense!" said the frank old lady. "You could have got on. But then"—she looked meaningly toward Jennison—"I presume this ship was not without its attraction."

The girl flushed slightly and made no reply.

"Just what," John Quincy inquired, "is the college boat?"

"So many children from Hawaii at school on the mainland," the old lady explained, "that every June around this time they practically fill a ship. We call it the college boat. This year it's the Matsonia. She left San Francisco today at noon."

"I've got a lot of friends aboard her," Barbara said. "I do wish we could beat her in. Captain, what are the chances?"

"Well, that depends," replied the captain cautiously.

"She isn't due until Tuesday morning," Barbara persisted. "Wouldn't it be a lark if you could land us the night before? As a favor to me, captain."

"When you look at me like that," smiled the officer, "I can only say that I'll make a supreme effort. I'm just as eager as you to make port on Monday. It would mean I could get off to the Orient that much sooner."

"Then it's settled," Barbara beamed.

"It's settled that we'll try," he said. "Of course, if I speed up there's always the chance I may arrive off Honolulu after sundown and be compelled to lay by until morning. That would be torture for you."

"I'll risk it," Barbara smiled. "Wouldn't dad be pleased if I should burst upon his vision Monday evening?"

"My dear girl," the captain said gallantly, "any man would be pleased to have you burst upon his vision any time."

There was, John Quincy reflected, much in what the captain said. Up to that moment there had been little of the romantic in his relations with girls; he was accustomed to look upon them merely as tennis or golf opponents or a fourth at bridge. Barbara would demand a different classification. There was an enticing gleam in her blue eyes, a hint of the eternal feminine in everything she did or said, and John Quincy was no wooden man. He was glad that when he left the dinner table she accompanied him.

They went on deck and stood by the rail. Night had fallen, there was no moon, and it seemed to John Quincy that the Pacific was the blackest, angriest ocean he had ever seen. He stood gazing at it gloomily.

"Homesick, John Quincy?" Barbara asked. One of his hands was resting on the rail. She laid her own upon it. He nodded.

"It's a funny thing. I've been abroad a lot, but I never felt like this. When the ship left port this morning I nearly wept."

"It's not so very funny," she said gently. "This is an alien world you're entering now. Not Boston, John Quincy, nor any other old civilized place. Not the kind of place where the mind rules. Out here it's the heart that charts our course. People you're fond of do the wildest, most unreasonable things, simply because their minds are sleeping and their hearts are beating fast. Just—just remember, please, John Quincy."

There was an odd note of wistfulness in her voice. Suddenly at their side appeared the white-clad figure of Harry Jennison.

"Coming for a stroll, Barbara?" he inquired.

For a moment she did not reply. Then she nodded.

"Yes," she said; and called over her shoulder as she went, "Cheer up, John Quincy."

He watched her go, reluctantly. She might have stayed to assuage his loneliness. But there she walked along the dim deck, close to Jennison's side.

After a time he sought the smoking room. It was deserted, but on one of the tables lay a copy of the Boston Transcript. Delighted, John Quincy pounced upon it, as Robinson Crusoe might have pounced on news from home.

The issue was ten days old, but no matter. He turned at once to the financial pages. There it was, like the face of a well-beloved friend, the record of one day's trading on the stock exchange. And up in one corner, the advertisement of his own banking house, offering an issue of preferred stock in a Berkshire cotton mill. He read eagerly, but with an odd detached feeling. He was gone, gone from that world, away out here on a black ocean bound for picture-book islands; islands where, not so long ago, brown tribes had battled, brown kings ruled. There seemed no link with that world back home; those gay-colored streamers of confetti breaking so readily had been a symbol. He was adrift. What sort of port would claim him in the end?

(Continued on Page 108)

"But There on That Bright Morning Under the Palm I Consigned to God the Soul of a Man Who Had So Much to Answer For"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 31, 1925

Caveat Emptor

THE current flood of foreign securities being offered to investors makes timely a word of caution to those who are considering the purchase of European stocks and bonds. During the past few months the great banking houses have brought out several sound and well-secured foreign issues. In some instances an entire offering has been three or four times oversubscribed within a few hours of the time the subscription books were opened, and the new securities have almost at once sold on the New York Curb Market a number of points higher than the price of issue.

Subscribers who were acquainted with the equities behind what they were buying, or those who, in their ignorance, made a lucky guess, reaped quick and easy profits. It is not impossible that their success will be repeated in other issues that will be put upon the market within the next few weeks.

Bond houses are not in the least sorry to see their clients pick up easy money. There is no more powerful encourager of future transactions; and stories of recent winnings are the best possible form of advertising for coming flotations.

Unless we misread every indication American investors are on the verge of lending stupendous sums to Europe, sums that will break all records and shatter all precedents. High-grade foreign securities have been so easy to sell, when the intricate art has been mastered and the proper resources are not wanting, that houses of issue are likely to multiply like Belgian hares, and the newer ones may not be so careful of the quality of their offerings as those which have long and honorable records to maintain by earnest solicitude for the interests of their clients.

It is not unreasonable to suppose that the average quality of European investments offered to our people may, for a time, have a downward rather than an upward tendency; for many a goat is bound to horn in among the sheep. It seems equally probable that the sounder issues of recent months will be further strengthened by the gradual rehabilitation of the Continental nations, provided always that no untoward events hinder the return of European prosperity. Many American investors are likely to profit handsomely by their venture into foreign fields; but a considerable group is almost certain to gain nothing but costly experience.

Some of the losses will be chargeable to bond houses which are by no means crooked, but which are quite too eager to take chances with other people's money if they can see a safe profit for themselves. The optimism of sellers often makes pessimists of credulous buyers, and this is nowhere truer than in the security business.

One of the most conservative investment bankers in America was lately asked about the standing of a certain Wall Street house some of whose underwritings have proved far from profitable to its customers. "They are as straight as a string," he replied. "They never knowingly misrepresent the securities they bring out; but for all that, the motto of the house is Caveat Emptor."

Entirely too many investment houses appear to display this attitude toward their inexperienced clients. It is all very well to say, Let the buyer beware, when he knows as much about securities as the seller; but the great mass of small investors do not pretend to be on any such plane of financial wisdom; and they cannot long afford to do business with houses which shift upon their clients all responsibility for the issues they market. When a large house is bringing out fifty or a hundred new issues a year, it is all in the day's work if four or five of them go sour—this being the term applied to bonds which default on their interest – decline severely in price or lose the active market which was created for them when they were first being sold to the public. But it is not all in the day's work to those small investors who have bought the sour bonds and who, after the manner of their tribe, have failed to diversify as they should.

If the desire for large returns, irrespective of safety, goes too far and the craze for foreign investments is not held within sane and proper limits, the European list is sure to be liberally sprinkled with these sour bonds and there will be a large company of sad and sorry American investors who will regret to their dying day that they ever allowed their hard-earned dollars to cross the Atlantic.

Not every investor has an equally good chance of making money in a given field. It is not at all unlikely that our prosperous citizens of foreign birth may venture into the European field and do well if they confine their investments to governments and districts they know all about and concerning which they are constantly receiving advices from old-country relatives.

The average native-born American has no such advantages, and his chances of selecting securities well and wisely are not nearly so large.

After all, is the game worth the candle when a local telephone company or gas company is glad to pay six per cent for funds with which to finance extensions and replacements? Why send to Ruritania American-earned cash that will work almost as profitably and quite as safely within ten or twenty miles of home, in the hands of men whose records can be learned over the telephone and whose management can be checked annually, or perhaps quarterly, by means of printed reports that can be had for the asking? Or why ignore the demands for local mortgage money when it can be so easily and so safely put out at interest? Why overlook local industries? Some of the best managed and most prosperous manufacturing concerns in the country have plants in small cities or towns; and those who live near them often have valuable opportunities to observe unwonted activity long before increased output is reflected in rising stock prices on the exchanges.

Of course there are sections of Wall Street opinion which have little patience with this old-fashioned bias in favor of home investments. Such views as these are often sneered at as provincial. No doubt they are; and yet, perhaps the majority of our readers would rather be called provincial and keep their money than be called cosmopolitan after they have kissed it good-by.

America must inevitably be responsible for a large share of the financing that Europe will require during the years to come. It is right that she should be. It is also fitting that the bulk of the funds that are to go overseas should come from investors who have a peculiar grasp and knowledge of Continental affairs. The day is bound to come when foreign investment will be, to a large degree, standardized, and will be surrounded by the safeguards of long familiarity, exact knowledge and abundant data, much as it has been in London for a generation or two; but that day has not yet arrived.

The Real Creditors

THE situation that has existed between France and America since Armistice Day called for the boldness, frankness, clear thinking and all the powers of persuasion that are part and parcel of inspired leadership. In that leadership France has been lacking. She has had some able and clever men at her Ministry of Finance; but none of them has been sufficiently great to pilot her safely through the rocky channels of domestic finance and at the same time secure the adoption of a definite program for the funding and gradual payment of her external war debts.

Ever since the armistice there has been a steady propaganda by a section of the press and some of the politicians in favor of cancellation. This, of course, has made more difficult the task that is before the leaders of the debtor nations.

A few months ago, when the newspapers were publishing the income tax returns paid by rich Americans, the French press rang with exclamations of wonderment over the drastic character of our taxes; but we did not find French editors pointing out that a considerable share of our tax burden is chargeable to the backwardness of France and other nations in paying debt interest and in funding the principal of these obligations.

No reasonable man blames the French Government for not rushing headlong into a debt-funding program in the year 1920 or 1921. France had every right to feel out the situation with the utmost care and, by making various unofficial and tentative proposals, become acquainted with the temper of American public opinion. That task has been done and the world knows that the American people are firmly opposed to any cancellation whatsoever excepting only that which may be effected by a moratorium or by an interest rate lower than would be warrantable in a purely commercial transaction in which special consideration had no part.

It is well that we refresh our memories of our book account with France. Our advances to her after the Armistice amounted to a substantial part of the total debt. She has paid us interest upon this sum. In 1917 and 1918 our advances totaled more than $2,933,000,000. During the six years which have passed since the latter debt was contracted, she has not paid us a dollar of principal nor a cent of interest. And yet that interest has been paid in full and on the dot. Readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST paid a considerable portion of it and other Americans paid the rest.

Frenchmen visualize their American creditor as the Uncle Sam of the European cartoonists, a spare and angular old gentleman wallowing in an ocean of gold coins and loudly calling for more. The cartoonists never depict their real creditors. They never draw the little people who made sacrifices during the war to feed France and to keep the tri-color flying by buying Liberty Bonds. They do not picture the American millions who mortgaged their wages months ahead and skimped and saved and went without so they could buy more bonds. And yet these are the real creditors of France.

Behold the vicious circle from which there seems to be no immediate escape: First we bought Liberty Bonds wherewith to finance our European Allies. Twice a year the Government must pay the coupons on these bonds. In order to raise the interest money it imposes upon the American owners of these bonds heavy taxes; and then it remits a portion of the tax in the form of bond interest. The whole thing is childish in its simplicity; and yet not one American in three has any clear realization that he is paying out of his own pocket the foreign interest charges that our late Allies are not paying.

We have nothing but sympathy for the rank and file of the French people; but they must learn, as Americans and English have learned, that if they really desire to pay for their dead horses, they must go deep down into their own pockets to do it. And we have every confidence that as they get the facts, instead of the old cancellation propaganda, they will be unitedly behind acceptable proposals to fund the debt.

THE DULL SEASON

By Kenneth L. Roberts

THE gloomy and somnolent interior of the main lounging or nap room of the Metropolitan Club, sacred Washington retreat of diplomats, society leaders, cabinet officers, legislators and slightly querulous scions of the proudest families of the South, presented a startling contrast to the crashing tumult of Seventeenth Street, throbbing with the guttural curses of automobilists vainly seeking parking spaces, and crawling with automobiles and sight-seeing busses carrying honeymooners and schoolgirls on the first leg of the journey from the chaotic mansard roofs of the State, War and Navy Building, sometimes known as the Squirrel Cage, to the N. W. or Nice Widows section of the Capital City.

A few motionless figures sat here and there in the room, throwing off the same dusty and deeply rooted emanation or aura that used to characterize the representation in the Eden Musée of the family of the murderer Holcomb just before Holcomb playfully polished them off with a meat cleaver.

A stranger, unexpectedly encountering these motionless figures, might have wondered whether life had not become extinct in them, had it not been for the slight movement of the newspaper that covered the face of a figure that reclined on a deep leather-covered couch.

The heavy breathing of this recumbent gentleman caused his newspaper shield to slip farther and farther off center, until, with a dry rustle, it slipped entirely from his face and fell with a thud to the floor.

Awakened by the unexpected burst of sound, the slumberer rose hastily to a sitting position, revealing the amiable countenance and the observant eyes of David Augustus Flack, former Minister to Bessarabia, former State Department representative in various countries of Europe, and author of that remarkable contribution to the cause of popular government, Eleven Hundred Reasons for Not Being a Congressman.

"You must pardon me," said Mr. Flack with a boyish smile, "I was merely resting my eyes for a moment in order to while away, as you might say, the prevailing dullness. Some people will try to tell you that the present short session of Congress will cause the largest amount of dullness ever seen in Washington since the Johnstown Flood; but the truth of the matter is that the only persons who are going to find it dull are the newspaper editors who would like to have their correspondents send them two columns of daily testimony from bootleggers and con men who appear before senatorial investigating committees.

"Congress is working too hard to avoid work to be dull. It had been through a difficult campaign when it convened, and was therefore obliged to knock off for a Christmas recess almost as soon as it had learned its way around the Capitol again; and since its members were obliged to travel so far at Christmastime, they tired themselves out and have been obliged to declare little week-end holidays for rest and recuperation ever since. Furthermore, since its members figure that it isn't much use to do anything on account of a new Congress taking its seats so soon, they don't bother to do much of anything except struggle to pass a bill or two over the President's veto, and vote to toss away a few score of millions of dollars. They're just as quiet and dull and harmless as a lot of poison gas."

Mr. Flack ran his finger around the inside edge of his collar and looked nervously around the room in search of a waiter; but on encountering the reproachful gaze of two or three club members who had been aroused from their lethargy by the musical rumble of his voice, he sank back on the couch and resumed his discourse.

"If anybody puts on a wise look and observes that it's dull in Washington during the short session just ask him to name what it is that's dull," said he. "The same old Washington bootleggers are doing a bigger and better business than ever before, and at the same old stands they have occupied for a number of years.

"I can't imagine what it is that people think is going to be dull about Washington. It certainly isn't the walking; for whenever a Washington resident sets his foot out of doors he's in grave danger of having an automobile climb up his back and bite off the top of his head. The automobile casualties in Washington have come so close to one a minute that Congress has held long and learned debates over the troublesome situation in an attempt to find out why this should be so. It never seems to occur to Congress that the lighting of Washington's streets after dark is considerably less brilliant than that of suffering Vienna at the time of its direst misery just after

(Continued on Page 129)

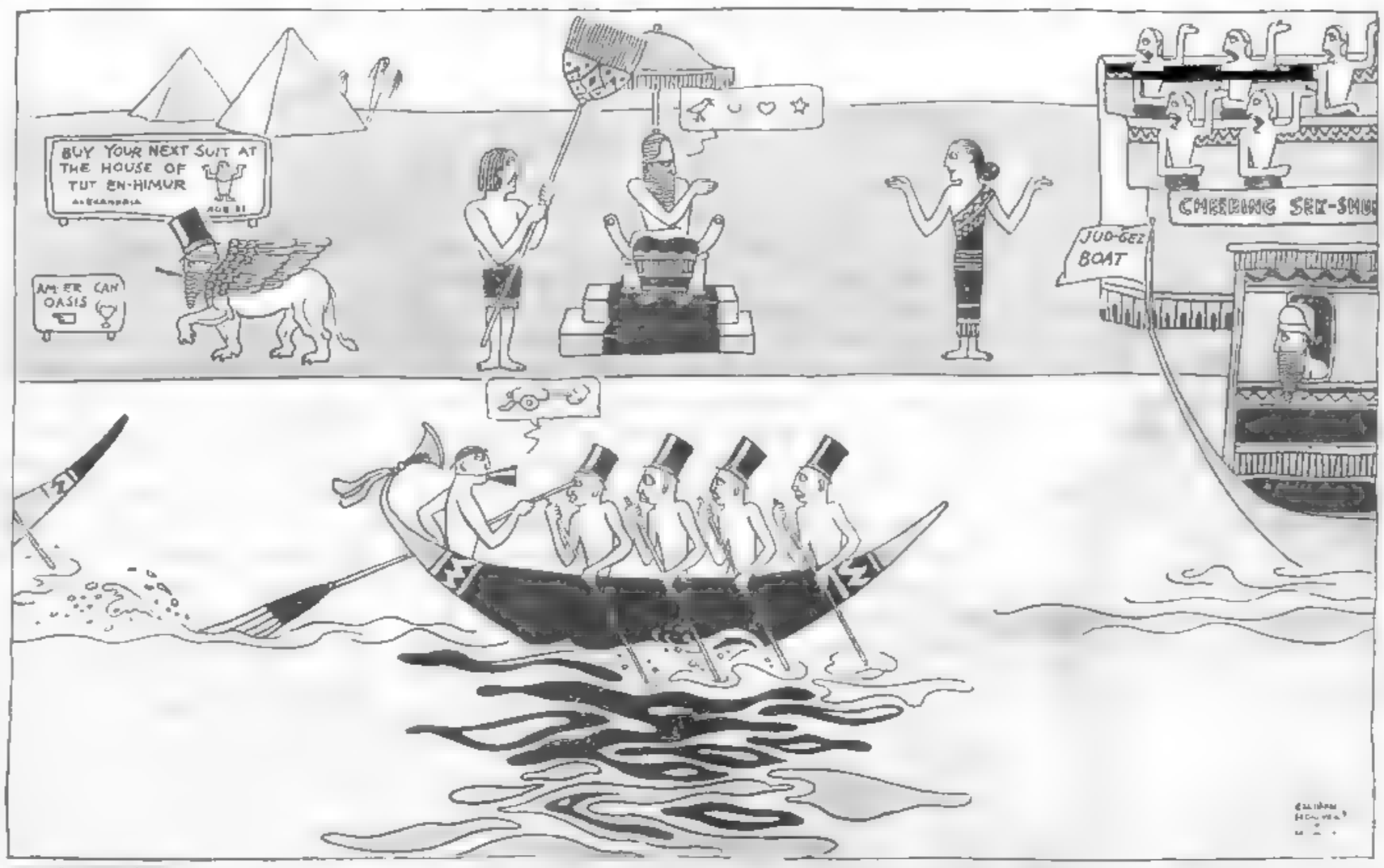
JUST IN TIME

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Science Vindicated

THE scientists inform us that
The lean man likes the girl who's fat,
The blonde for dark men sets her net,
And preachers like the gay soubrette
Because the opposites attract;
It may be applesauce or fact.
This much I know, in my own case
I'm rumored to be hard of face,
To have a heart as tough as flint
And in my eye a steely glint.
I'm hard as nails; hard-headed, too;
Hard-fisted; drive hard bargains through;
Have been hard-up, but now I flash,
Through much hard work, some nice hard cash.
And yet I like my eggs soft boiled;
By soft, sweet words I'm quickly spoiled.
I like soft shirts; soft feather beds;
Soft music and soft girly heads;
Soft shoes, soft drinks, soft hats, soft light—
I guess the scientists are right.

—Wallace M. Bayliss.



An Intimate Outline of History. No. 9—Rameses II Organizes Regatta Day on the Nile.

Little Red Riding Hood

(As George Agnew Chamberlain Would Write It)

MR. TRUMPER BROMLEIGH, good old Trumper, could not see the wood for the trees. He was strolling along, in a deep mauve study, whacking the underbrush with his stick.

Before him, he realized, was a girl. With an effort he suppressed an expression of anger.

"No girl of her type," he said to himself, "should wear that shade of red."

Quickening his steps he overtook the girl, paused and kicked her on the right shin.

"Do you know, I think you are eccentric," she remarked.

"Why?" asked Trumper, rubbing his toe.

"If you had kicked me on both shins I should have been forced to say you were rude, but as it is I am confident you are merely eccentric."

Trumper walked along with her a little way through the wood. He kept wondering if he should ask her why she wore a red hood with the red gown. Suddenly he whirled and demanded her name.

"Little Red Riding Hood," the girl replied, with a curtsy.

"Gosh, what a riding habit!" Trumper exclaimed. "And you are on your way to the riding academy, I suppose."

"No," she answered, "I am going to the home of my grandmother to take her some cottage pudding."

"You only think you are," said Trumper. "You are coming to my studio and do exactly what I tell you to do. You are going to be paid fifty dollars a week and no questions asked. Here is my card."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

As Ben Ames Williams Would Write It

NORTH of Fraternity, about three miles, is a pine woods. Nobody knows how long the trees have stood there, whispering among themselves about the comings and goings of the Fraternity folk. One man remembers that when he was a lad he heard his grandfather tell how his grandfather had played under those same trees; and they were as tall and imposing then as they are now. As Con Foundit hesitated at the edge of the grove he noticed a flicker of red, deep in the wood. Instantly his heart was in his mouth, as they say in Fraternity. Always he had feared that some night, while he slept, a fire would start and be beyond control before he discovered it. Gasping for breath he crashed through the dense second growth, shouting as he struggled to make his way.

Then he realized that what he saw was not fire. It was the sun shining on the red dress of a young girl.

"You plumb had me scared out of a year's growth," he wheezed as he caught up with her.

"But I am only Little Red Riding Hood," the girl said, her eyes big with surprise, "and I never frightened anybody—not even a woodland creature."

"My mistake," Con admitted as he fumbled with his hat. "Looks a little like rain."

(Continued on Page 85)

DRAWN BY ART YOUNG

By All Means

When the Girls Entertained the Glee Club Overnight. Sizz "We Had to Put Dad on the Porch." "He Looks Terribly Uncomfortable!" "What's the Diff—Nobody'll See Him"

Eat the best-liked beans
in the United States

Campbells'

they're Slow-cooked
and Digestible

The beans with the famous
Tomato Sauce!

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

The Buccaneers of the Bahamas

By KENYON GAMBIER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

VIII

A WANING midnight moon rose just as Commodore Sladen's launch bumped her nose gently into the mainmast of the wrecked yacht. At slow speed he criss-crossed from stem to stern over the submerged hull with only six inches to spare, peering down through the incredibly clear water. He saw no open hatchway through which a weighted parcel could be secretly, silently dropped, but the door of the covered companionway leading to the engine room swung wide.

"The deck will be just about clear at low tide," he called out.

"Yaas, bossman, berry easy raised, dis wreck."

"It will never be raised," the commodore said. "There's a hole in the bottom. I can hear the water sucking in. Catch her rail with the boat hook. I'll make sure."

This placed the launch athwartship, the cockpit close to the companionway and himself screened from the engineer in the bow by the little deck house. He leaned far over, swung the weighted sack which he had secretly prepared as far inside the door as he could and lowered it by a piece of string.

"Let go," he called out. The launch floated slowly off with the ebbing tide. "Too bad, too bad," he said. "On an even keel, her deck free at low tide, easily raised. Too bad! Full speed, now."

He steered southeast, heading for Hole in the Wall, where he had invented an errand.

"Keel's ground to bits and the hull ripped from stem to stern." This usually silent self-contained commodore seemed to be talking to himself, but his colored engineer heard. "She'll break up inside twenty-four hours," he soliloquized. "I shan't have anything more to do with her. Hi, there! Come and take the wheel."

He lay down, content with the simple perfection of his arrangements. Four sticks of dynamite would explode at half-past two; he would be far away; no one could suspect him; no expert would inspect the wreck. He would teach these impudent young people not to cross his projects nor to intervene in his life. He went to sleep quite satisfied with his day.

His boat had hardly got beyond sight and hearing when the Seminole arrived at the wreck. Rosamond awoke with the cessation of noise and vibration and hopped out of her berth. She scampered to the cockpit and looked with eager eyes at the graceful tapering masts sticking up straight from the water.

She heard the splash as her boatman flung out the anchor.

"Oh, Cory, can't you get nearer?" she called, but softly, that she might not wake her aunt.

"S'pose she turn over, miss, an' de mast meet us, where we is?"

"Lower the dinghy," Rosamond ordered.

Some Bahaman colored men look like pirates who drink blood; they are, however, simple and overgrown children who obey nearly all white instructions without comment or thought. Coriolanus lowered the dinghy, saw the girl push off, and lay down again in the bow to sleep.

Exultant Rosamond made fast to the projecting bowsprit, rolled up her pajamas, and trod proudly the deck of her lordly yacht. She walked in a few inches of water, but saw in imagination the vessel riding the waves. She was on guard now; nothing had happened; nothing could happen. Even her untrained eye told her that the deck was free at low tide; Jimmie Duane, wonderful Jimmie Duane, would raise the hull without much trouble. The top of the companionway was above water now. She sat on it and peered down into the dark depths, listening with premonitory triumph to the sinister sound of the swirling waters. They would be pumped out in two or three days and it would be dry and clean and safe down that dark hole.

She looked out over the sea, silvered beneath the late-rising waning moon, and fought the sense of isolation that nearly drove her to swift return to her sleeping aunt. This conquered, she sat motionless, thinking of Jimmie Duane and wondering what kind of girl had won him. She drew a vivid mental picture of a tall, dark, slender girl who pounced on adventure and clutched it and played with it and was always quietly successful in everything she undertook. She gravely shook her head as she decided that this girl was not worthy of him, and then she laughed at the absurdity of her thoughts. She glanced up and saw a light to the south. It could hardly be Jimmie Duane so soon.

She flew to her dinghy, intending to retreat to the Seminole, but the dinghy offered a safe refuge. She lay peeping over the gunwale for a long half hour. When the vessel approached, no word, no hail came, and no sound except the plash of the anchor. Then she heard the sound of oars and the sharp rap of four bells. She lowered her head until she felt safe in peering along the deck. She could just recognize Jimmie Duane in his bathing suit. He bent behind the companionway as she called out. No answer came. She mounted the now almost dry deck and ran aft, wondering that he should crouch and not answer. But he was not crouching; he was not there.

She peered down, uttering a frightened squeak. His head was bobbing just beneath the surface and looked to her frightened eyes like a floating sponge. She dropped to the deck and drew him up by the collar. She leaned back, bracing her feet, tugging. He came over the sill with a jerk. She let the water run out of his mouth; then rolled his arms but could not flex them above his head, for one held a parcel, held it immovably in a clenched fist. She pressed a knee on his chest, then relaxed it, working slowly with this improvised pump. He gasped, came slowly, with pain, to some measure of jerky breath and loosened his hand. She bent over to push the parcel aside but recoiled as she heard a measured, muffled ticking. She leaped to her feet, placed the parcel on the thwart of his dinghy, unfastened the boat and gave a mighty push. Then she fell on her knees and held his head as he lay prone. She turned her eyes from his white face to the wavering dinghy. It paused on the edge of a wavelet. It seemed to her to be endowed with life, to be straining to come back, to be charged with sinister and malevolent intention. It advanced, retreated, hovering, seeming to struggle, trembling on the smooth water.

"Where is it?" gasped Jimmie, trying to sit up.

"Safe," she lied, holding down his head. She clenched her teeth as she controlled outward evidence of the shivers that ran down her spine. Then suddenly sucked in a current, the dinghy silently, slowly moved away.

A hail came from Marty Bunton. "Dinghy adrift! Look out! Catch her!"

"It's all right. Let her go." Jimmie's intended shout came out in a ridiculous whisper. Rosamond piped up, and her voice rang across the moonlit water. The lonely little boat was left to drift to suicide.

Jimmie sat up, rubbing a big lump on his head. "I bumped it coming up," he said. "It knocked me out."

Rosamond went to pieces. Her momentary breakdown took the way of anger. "You dived down, knowing what was there," she cried shrilly; "you took a risk like that. A child would have had more sense." She was shaking like a little boat in crisscross rapids. "What did you risk your life for? For this old wreck that cost you nothing? You—you! Madness. And I—well, I thought you had some sense."

Jimmie, leaning against the little companion house, looked the dripping pajama-clad girl up and down. He saw that she was shivering.

"Where's your boat?" he asked, rising dizzily. He leaned heavily on her shoulder as he swayed along the deck.

"Look!" He pointed. The fated dinghy came into bright view as it drifted across the path of rippled light which led to them from the moon. They saw a sudden flash, heard the sound of the explosion.

"Idiot!" stormed the excited girl. "To dive after that!"

Jimmie chuckled. "I saved the yacht."

"At the risk of your life."

"Which you saved. Here, let me pull."

She would not. Standing, she handled the cumbrous sea oars. "Auntie asleep?" he asked. She laughed; another expression of nervous tension. "Is she cross when you wake her? I must hunt barrels, and I can't go without a dinghy. You and she must go with me and I'll borrow this boat."

"No," she denied. "You must rest."

"So I can when we're off. If I wait, the barrels will break apart or drift ashore somewhere and I shall never find them."

(Continued on Page 28)

"I Told You," He Whispered, "I Take What I Want"

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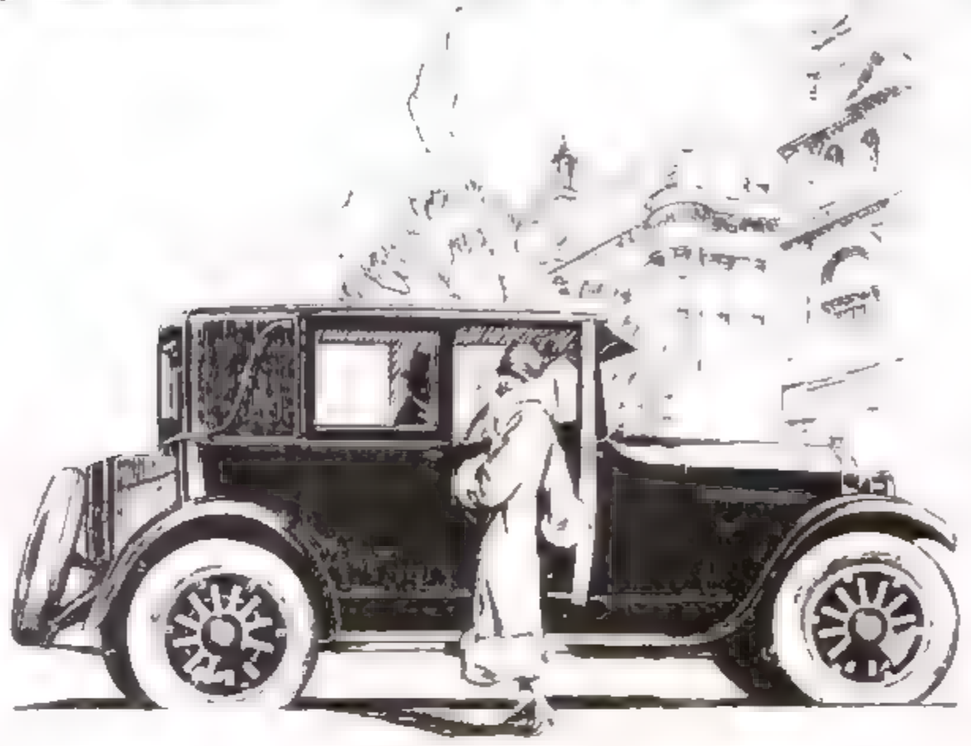

Three doors of standard sedan width. Easy and convenient for passengers to enter and leave both front and rear seats. Seating space, and leg space, for the comfortable accommodation of five passengers. The trunk at the rear is long and wide and deep. Its unusual luggage capacity is a great advantage in touring Balloon tires, Duco finish in Hupmobile blue or beige, nickel radiator; nickel and enamel head and cowl lamps. Complete equipment.

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Three Standard Doors

A Car to be Proud of

(Continued from Page 26)

Rosamond slipped aboard the Seminole to the sound of the snores of Coriolanus, dried herself, touched her aunt on the shoulder. "We change ships here, auntie," she announced. "Dreadful hour, but you must keep to time, you know."

Before the day was fully awake the Rosamond was flying south and Jimmie had been introduced to this singular aunt who had been so willing to start off on an adventure and then had slept through the real thrill, as Rosamond afterward put it. A dazed Jimmie and a sleepy aunt glanced at each other with languid curiosity and did not really meet until the late afternoon, when a loud whoop from Rosamond, on lookout in the bow, proclaimed the distant presence of the writhing twisting line of barrels. Jimmie, rested, alert, overjoyed that the lashings had not parted, forgot the bump on his head, and took the sea monster in tow. Then they had supper.

Mrs. Josepha Newcombe was an attractive widow of forty years, prematurely white haired, with an unwrinkled skin richly tanned by sun baths on a porch. An early victim of asthma, she had always sat on a porch, where she had lived a mental life of intense and thrilling adventure and romance. If she did anything with energy she choked; and so she read with passionate ardor stories of gold seekers, pirates, treasure hunters and strong brave young heroes who performed always successful feats of valor. As she read she lived the life of these rovers and sea kings, and if they failed in any undertaking she flung down the book and planned in detail what she would have done and precisely how she would have succeeded. She was a wild and hardy armchair adventurer who expected an impossible tale from Rosamond every time her niece returned from shopping. She was never hustled and she never hurried; she followed the sunshine north and south; and her breathing did not trouble her for days together. At these times she was a happy lazy-minded dreamer. When the air was specially moist she became a placid sufferer.

She was disappointed in Jimmie. He had forgotten his razor and had not shaved for thirty-six hours; he wore no collar; and he was not bland or debonair; she made contrasts. He was a young man—nothing more than that—and she smiled at the peg on which her niece had hung a fairy tale of Prince Charming, the all-powerful.

She did most of the talking, accepting Rosamond's absent-minded nods and mechanical assents without noting them, but nettled at the silence of Jimmie Duane. He thought that he was calculating the lifting power of empty barrels lashed to a hull at low tide; but he could not concentrate on that problem. What he unconsciously strove to solve was the reason of the changed manner of Rosamond. Her frank and boyish camaraderie had not come back. When he looked a question she did not evade his glance; her cool eyes casually met his and turned away without a flicker of the lids. He could not tell how or why she had fenced herself in, but he could feel the barricade.

He wanted to be in uproarious spirits; to express the exultation which had bubbled higher and higher through the day. He felt himself silently corked up by the strong invisible hand of a joyous daring kid who always contrived to be on the spot and did precisely the right thing at the critical moment. By mistake she had gone to sleep in his boat and so had enabled him to salve the Rosamond. By accident she was on the wreck and had saved his life. Yet she not only declined to recognize any special tie or intimate understanding but sat there behaving like a polite stranger. He wondered that so slight a girl could so greatly depress an atmosphere, but he saw that her aunt was unaffected and that he alone was aware of the cloud. Could she be still upset over the incident of the night? A chance comment of her aunt gave him the opportunity to test this.

"No, Mrs. Newcombe," he said. "It's guessing does it, guessing what the other fellow will do. In war, especially, but in peace too. For instance, suppose a man wanted secretly to blow up a vessel. The owner suspected. The fellow planted a bomb. The owner dived and took it away. Nothing in that. The owner knew the man had to make his get-away and prove his alibi; so when he dived he knew he had at least half an hour to the good."

"Quite true," Aunt Josepha agreed. "It's what I always say. There's no adventure these days, and not a scrap of romance. Oh, how I should have loved to live in the days when you galloped five minutes ahead of the king's men, leaped to a shallop, got a round shot that brought down your top-hamper, and rowed to safety through a secret opening in the reef."

Jimmie caught a side glance, lightning-shot, contemptuous, flung from niece to aunt, saw lips trembling to speech, then tightly pressed. She was afraid to speak, he thought. He was sure that he had the clew now; she feared her aunt. He got quite bright over this clever discovery and laughed with his eyes when he addressed her as Miss Fair; but her glance did not respond. Never mind, it would be all right after supper, when he would be at the wheel and she would be by his side in a deck chair.

That hour did not come. Not for a moment was she alone with him, and her final good night was casual and indifferent. Jimmie steered toward the North Star with vexation, and when Marty Bunton asked about the missing dinghy and mentioned a distant sound of an explosion Jimmie gave him a curt answer.

In the morning he cut off the engine and took a header into the clear water. He floated on his back and inspected the long line of barrels as they bobbed slowly past. One was working loose and he managed to get astride of it and repair damages. He was nearly abreast of the boat when he had finished and a careless movement tipped the barrel and he was sprawled into the water as from a bucking broncho. He heard a shout of laughter and saw Rosamond disappearing from the deck. She did not stay even for a morning greeting.

At breakfast he caught her alone, for her aunt had not risen. Her shining curly hair, her trim freshness pleased his eyes; her cheerful twisted smile convinced him that she was again the boyish unconscious pal; but he was disillusioned within the moment; he felt the barrier. He tried all he knew through the meal to bring back the happy-go-lucky good fellowship. In the end he bluntly demanded to know what the matter was.

She eyed him frankly, questioning, with brows uplifted.

"You know," he accused, nettled. "You have changed."

"Changed? I?" She drooped her lids, reflecting. She said she was sorry; but what ought she to be sorry for?

"We were friends," he said hotly. "We understood each other."

"And don't we now?" she asked, as though astonished. "Do I seem ungrateful? I ——"

"Gratitude!" he cut in angrily. "Who's talking about that?" He studied her almost rudely, wondering how this small slight girl could so easily keep him at arm's length. She flushed under his gaze, but her eyes did not flinch. "You pulled me out just in time," he said. "I'm the one to talk of gratitude, not you—but I won't. I didn't take any very big risk. Are you still mad about that? We—you and I together—we have done big things. We've beat the winds and the waves, and princes and potentates, as the legal papers say, and pirates and blackguards too. We've done more, Rosamond. We've beaten my father. That takes some doing, I can tell you. And after crowding up all these doings into two or three days of our bright young lives, where do I come in? I don't come in at all. I'm turned down. My partner—she is half owner of my two boats, and she looks at me through eyes that were human yesterday and today tinted glass."

He paused, breathless, staring angrily across at her. "Got you!" he exclaimed suddenly with exultation as she ducked her head to hide the change in those eyes of glass. "Now, let's ——"

"Pardon," she said, jumping up, "auntie's calling." She rushed out of the little saloon.

Jimmie vigorously cursed this aunt below his breath, then wrote a long letter to Roderica. He had forgotten Rosamond before he had finished the first page, for he did not mention her name. When he had finished he felt a cheerful relief in being engaged to a girl who knew enough about herself and the world to know when she acted like a friend and when she did not. Irresponsible kids were a nuisance. He went on deck asking himself whether her aunt had really called; he had heard nothing.

At lunch Rosamond appeared with a great round pair of almost purple spectacles astride a nose not built by Nature to carry such a bridge. The glare of the water, she explained, had troubled her. It seemed to Jimmie that he

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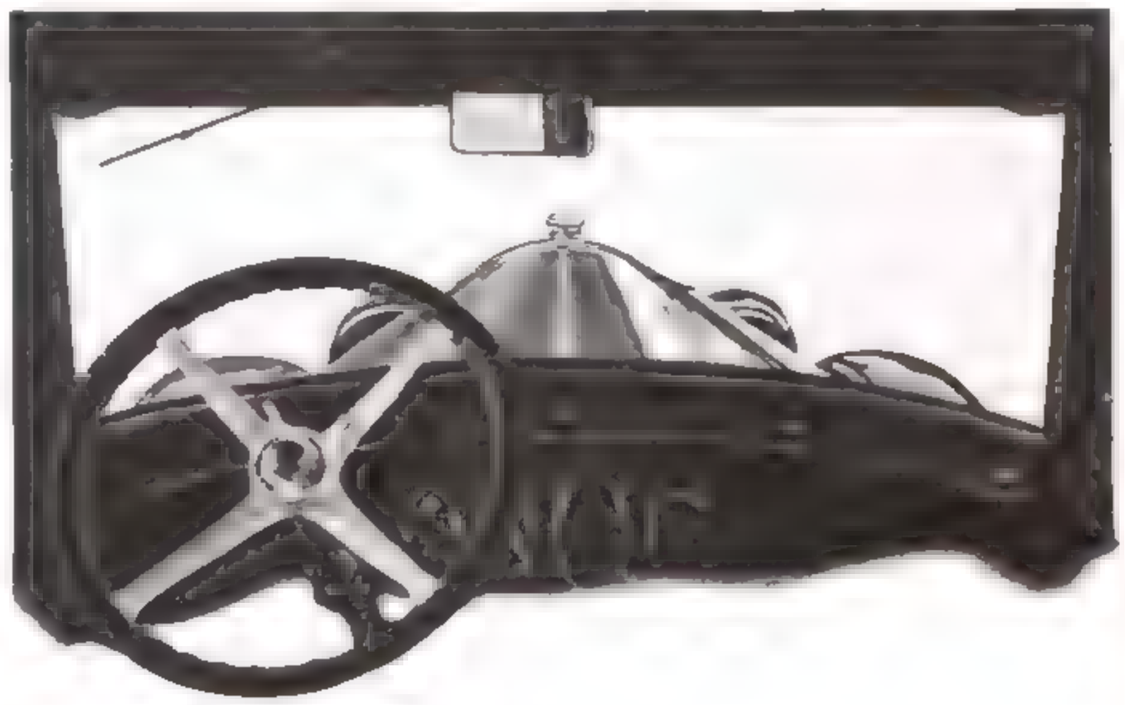
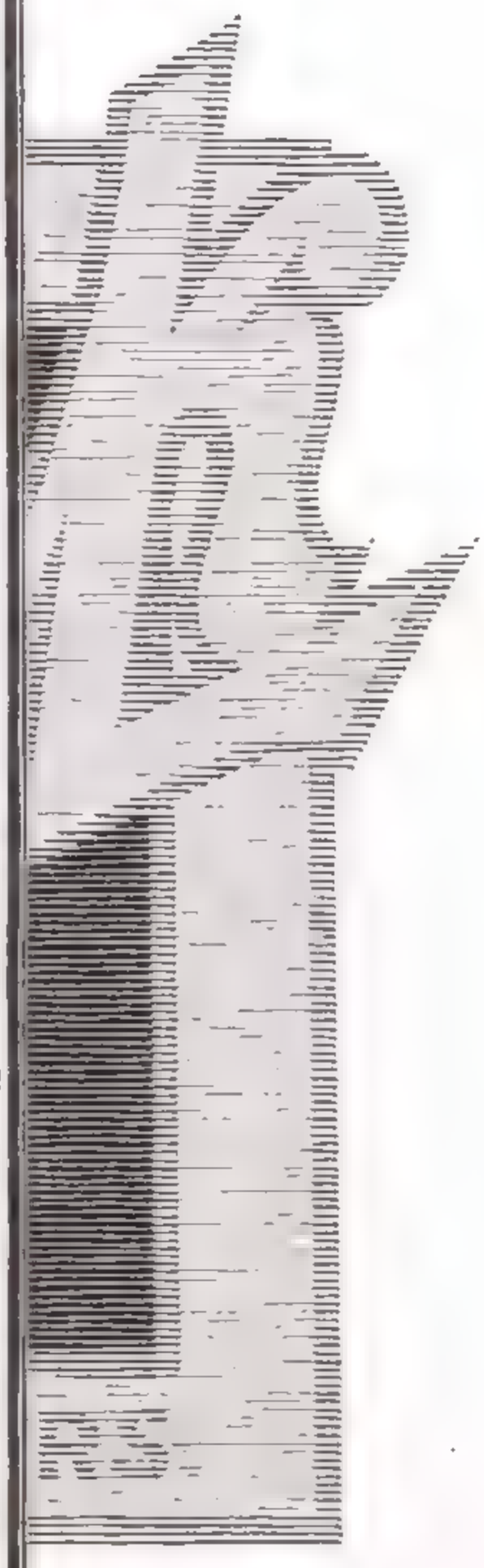
"That Young Duane," Mrs. Newcombe Said, "Is Just the Kind to Hate a Gentleman With the Grand Manner."
"Don't You Believe It?" Rosamond Asked Incredulously





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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT
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(Continued from Page 28)

had looked at her in the morning through a railing, but that now she was walled in. Once when she ducked her head the glasses slipped and he saw that the need of shadowed light was no pretense; her lids were red. Her manner was pleasant, her words commonplace, her laugh flat. Not an ounce of ginger left in her, was Jimmie's regretful verdict. His hope of a great lark in which a yacht was to be lifted with gayety and laughter disappeared. He had a job on hand; just that, nothing more. He approached the wreck without yelling that it was in sight, anchored his barrels and set off for Hole in the Wall without explanations. At the little settlement he bought a boat at a price which taught him that the ingenuous colored man knows when you must have it.

Rosamond and her aunt strolled. A colored man touched his cap, smiling broadly. "Dat was great runnin' up de Nassau harbor," he said; "dat was gran' march like de banners was flyin' and de police ban' playin'." Rosamond's casual inquiry brought startling information. He had come up with the commodore, had stayed behind on a job, and a local man had replaced him.

"How long did you stay at the wreck?" asked Rosamond in a most casual way. She got the whole story in two minutes.

"She gone to pieces," said the colored man. "De commodore he say so. He know all about dem points."

He wondered to receive ten shillings, gave her his name, Melatiah Armbrister, and said he lived in Market Street, South, Nassau, "round de corner from the silk and cotton tree."

"The commodore?" her aunt repeated as they went back to the shore. "That courtly grandee you have told me about?" She wove a story, but in her version the stately don was hero and an ill-shaven silent youth the villain. When she had finished she exclaimed complacently, "See what I can do. I have only to see three masts sticking up, and there's your story."

Rosamond complimented her aunt with unaccustomed and unsuspected sarcasm. If her aunt knew the real story of that night, she thought, she would not recognize real courage; the hero was not shaved. On the yacht Rosamond eyed Jimmie through dark glasses, but not through glass eyes; but he did not know that. She thought of his unconscious head on her lap, then of his girl up north. She told him calmly of her discovered proof of the commodore's presence at the yacht and announced that she and her aunt were returning immediately to Nassau. Her job was finished, she said, and a storm might come up. She sailed away to the south in a fit of blues as deep as the color of the ocean water. Jimmie, on the deck of his boat, never even turned to wave a good-by.

"Interesting but uneventful," her aunt said.

"Yes," Rosamond agreed.

"That young man is tiresome."

Rosamond again agreed.

IX

WITHIN an hour of his return to Nassau, Commodore Sladen heard of the departure of the Seminole and the Rosamond, and he was secretly intensely anxious. He calculated the time, and found it almost an even chance that the boy and the girl, or one of them, might be blown up. A boatload of spongers or turtlers or fishermen—that would not have mattered; he had taken that risk with indifference; a formal casual inquiry that would discover nothing might or might not have followed. But if anything happened to the son of James Duane or the friends of that son, the matter would be sifted to the bottom. Nothing could be absolutely proved against him; Sladen did not fear official results, but if that bulldog Duane was convinced, he would bite. That meant personal danger and destruction of a business association that promised great gains. Against personal risks Sladen was seasoned; but such was the ascendancy established by the force of Duane's character that Sladen made some quiet preparations for instant flight.

He was in constant touch with Duane and plans were perfected for shipping whisky on a scale hitherto unknown in the islands. He made several casual references to his trip to Hole in the Wall. He pressed his alibi, explained that he had made a rush trip to see if whisky could be conveniently sent from there, and once contrived in the presence of Duane to talk about the wreck with the man he had brought from Hole in the Wall. This man had never been to the wreck and said so, and it did not come out that he had not been with Sladen on the outward journey. Thus the commodore did all he could, without overdoing it; and he hung about the wharves when any vessel from the north came in.

Most of his talks with Duane were carried on under pretense of fishing from his launch, and in these hours of anxiety lines were dropped on the reef near the bar. They were thus alone together, bending absorbed heads over figures, the commodore fighting for rye ninety proof, Duane refusing to consider it. "They'll get the rye one hundred proof, just as it used to come out when one hundred per cent men distilled," he said.

"They will not," the commodore denied. "The go-between will break it down all kinds of ways. Why shouldn't we do it and have the profit?"

"You forget," said the other, "I distribute through my own crowd."

"All right," Sladen agreed, knowing that no go-between could be trusted.

They glanced up, to see the Seminole coming in, not forty yards away. "My boy's skipper," said Duane, grinning. "Seen my son?" he roared.

"He's at Gorda Cay, lifting a wreck," came back in Rosamond's voice.

She was shocked, alarmed; Jimmie's father fishing comfortably with the man who had come within minutes of blowing his son to pieces; she was almost moved to a shouted warning.

The commodore lifted his cap.

"How distinguished," murmured Mrs. Newcombe as she bowed in return.

"Everything all right?" Duane roared.

Rosamond nodded, then blazed out at her aunt as she had never before. "Why bow to that loathly horror!" she exploded. "You don't know him!"

"Don't let yourself get too conventional, Rosie dear," Aunt Josepha said placidly. "I have a name for him—The Last of the Buccaneers. He could be stern and ruthless, I dare say, but he would always be what he may be in the grand manner."

"He is a sneaking, low murderer," was the vehement answer.

"His code cannot be ours," was the complacent, admiring comment; "he is a survival, and we must think of him as such. He reminds me of Captain Henry Morgan. They said he could not capture Porto Bello, 'so strong and great a city.' He answered, 'If our number is small our hearts are great.'"

Rosamond knew now; her aunt was reading a sentimental yarn about this ruthless Welshman.

"Wouldn't it be fascinating," said Aunt Josepha as she landed, "if the commodore were to put Nassau to ransom?" She glanced about the pleasant little square with a knowing air. "It would be easy," she opined as she climbed into a rickety little cab.

Rosamond sniffed angrily. She made such inquiries that afternoon as a girl visitor might, and learned at least this much—that the commodore and Duane were nearly always together. She saw them again as she drove home, talking earnestly, their heads together. Duane was looking the other way; the commodore's hat swept off as he made a grave bow. He had no doubt this time; he got a direct cut.

She could not know that this troubled him. He had believed that his time fuse had failed, and that his dynamite lay undiscovered in the engine room; but the lofty contempt of this ridiculous girl, laughable under usual conditions, must have had a cause. But how trace the explosive to him?

"Yes," he said to Duane, "that's right; thirteen reputed quarts to three American gallons—confounded nuisance these Imperial gallons you have to think of in a British colony."

Then he hailed a sleepy colored driver, who took him straight ahead in a crazy little cab; and so he followed Rosamond without even the knowledge of his coachman. He saw her get out at a cottage by the waterside, carrying an armful of parcels. By the time he was abreast she had entered the gate. Beneath palms and between ruby masses of bougainvillea he saw her aunt on the porch. Off came the cap again as he saluted with dignified fervor of admiration.

If he had shouted out that he was passing solely in the hope of seeing her she could not have understood more clearly. Her response was a restrained bow, but her face carried all that distance the thrill that deliciously brought tremors even to her finger tips and excitement to her eyes. He reflected, "Well, what harm? None; and perhaps something learned." And so he decided to call. He thought it lucky that the little spitfire came out and drove away. "She has forgotten the pepper," he said to himself.

As he entered the porch he could not guess that he was no mere man to the exultant and palpitant lady; he was the embodied romance for which she had been waiting since girlhood. She was not alarmed, for he came rather as a character in a play than as a human being; she had rehearsed this scene innumerable times.

She feared him; she could not adore where she could not fear; but it was to be her glory to tame him. Even asthma yielded to the high tension of her nerves, for she did not cough once.

He had dared to come, he said, to plead to her for the wreck. He needed it, and why should a young girl want it? But his amber eyes seemed all the while to tell her that his plea was a mere excuse for getting to know her. She heard only vaguely, conscious of admiration for the ingenuity of his approach. It made everything proper. His courtly interest, expressed in deft questions, led to a rose-colored recital of her trip to the wreck, which became an adventure in retrospect. It was clear to him within five minutes that she knew nothing of dynamite, and if she did not, none else could; she must have heard, in that small party.

"Pardon," he said, "have you any influence over your little sister?"

She flushed pink with pleasure as she corrected his mistake. "My niece," she answered, "is a practical child. She does not understand many things, but she knows more about business than I do. Please tell me again." She thought that she gave minute attention; in reality she inventoried him. His dead black hair, his olive skin patrician, she called that particular shade of olive—his strong white teeth, the grave, continuous admiration of his eyes, subjugated her. She would not promise the yacht, lest he go; but when he rose she presented it to him. She would have given him the house if he had asked for it, though she had only rented it for the season. When he kissed her hand in grave homage she tingled to her toes.

Rosamond, returning a little later, was surprised at her aunt's animation. "This climate is doing you a lot of good," she said. "I've been everywhere. The town is out of baking powder."

"What's this about the wreck, Rosie? How is it yours? You didn't tell me."

"But I did, auntie. I told you all about it."

"Well, you didn't make it clear."

"You are simply hopeless about such things. It was all a jolly lark anyway. I was pretending." Her tone became more serious. She looked out at the palms. "It belongs to Mr. Jimmie Duane."

"Then," said her aunt, "he must give it back to Commodore Sladen."

Rosamond wheeled, frowning. "What's that?" she demanded curtly.

Her aunt eyed her with an unaccustomed directness, feeling a sensation of superiority. "I have promised it to the commodore," she announced.

"Oh! He's been here? On this porch? He dared? And you let him?" Rosamond, white-faced, looked about as though the place had been polluted.

"You should try not to be so narrow," Mrs. Newcombe admonished. "I am modern and I must be the judge of my friends."

"Friends!" Rosamond yelled in a thin high alto of consternation.

She poured out the story of the explosive. She told it dramatically, so worked up was she, as she walked up and down the porch in short steps with swift half turns. Finished, she stood before her aunt, her head bent forward, waiting for the cry of indignation which would greet a recital of this dastard act. In consternation she saw a placid shaking of her aunt's head and a smile of languid amusement.

"That young Duane," the latter said, "is just the kind to hate a gentleman with the grand manner."

"Don't you believe it?" Rosamond asked incredulously. She was alarmed. "Remember, we have proved he was there. The man at Abaco proved he was there."

"Proved him innocent," her aunt said triumphantly. "How can you drop bombs from a small boat and the other man not know? You must remember, Rosie, I have studied these things. I've read lots about bombs. What can a child like you know? I dare say that young man with the dirty chin ——."

"Put it there himself, and then dived after it at the risk of his life," Rosamond broke in with a shrill laugh.

"Ah, you begin to see light!" Aunt Josepha exclaimed. She paused in the exultation of a fresh idea. "Was there any risk to run? Of course if he put it there himself he could have loaded it with sand, couldn't he? Or ——"

"Sugar or tea," Rosamond interposed savagely. "The dinghy blew up, remember."

"So it did." A pause; then: "That's nothing. Anyway, he was there and the other wasn't. His motive?"

Rosamond glared while she watched her aunt compose this ridiculous serial.

"Insurance!" triumphantly came ringing out.

"Insure a wreck under the water!" Rosamond flamed. "Can you insure the ashes after the fire?"

"Perhaps not." Mrs. Newcombe eyed her niece with a bright, reflective smile. "I have it! How about being a hero—a hero in your eyes? He wanted to impress you. That's it; that's it!" She flung back her head proudly. "And hasn't he succeeded? You won't listen to reason, Rosie dear, be careful. You know him now." She lifted a warning finger and smiled as her niece wheeled and ran into the house.

Rosamond, greatly troubled, sat on her porch overlooking the water. How did they control people with just brains enough to make people think they had some brains? She did not know that millions have failed to solve this problem. Her distress was deepened by the profound melancholy which comes with the lovely subtropic sunsets. Not consciously seeing, she eyed the crimson sky, the radiant water, the few darting boats, the waspish launches. She imaged in mental pictures the results of her aunt's folly. She saw the malignant Dago—she repeated that

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SWIFT

A vital nation-wide service

No village too small

In Swift & Company's code of service, Flag Center, Ill., is quite as important as Boston, Mass.

Refrigerator cars carrying the finest meats, Premium Hams and Bacon, Brookfield Butter and Eggs, etc., make scheduled stops at thousands of small towns, once or twice, or even three times each week.

Retail meat dealers simply give their orders to our salesmen. Orders are transmitted to our plants where cars are loaded promptly and sent out on regular trains.

When goods are unloaded at local stations, draymen deliver them to retailers. Swift & Company has arranged that in advance.

This direct distribution to retailers is performed by our "car route" organization. It widens the market for farmers' live stock and makes it possible for the smallest towns and villages to get the same variety and quality of products that are supplied to the largest cities.

Wherever the rails reach, Swift service extends.

Swift & Company

Founded 1868

Owned by more than 46,000 shareholders

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HOW I FOUND MYSELF

THE LIFE-INSURANCE MAN

Reported by Chester T. Crowell

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

I KNOW you don't wish me to pretend to be a modest little violet, so I am going to crack down with the blunt statement that I made good at everything I tackled—and right there was my principal trouble. Anyone could come along and interest me in his proposition; I'd plunge in and make a living at it; then it was difficult to turn loose. I am inclined to envy the man who is fortunate enough to fail promptly when attempting work he doesn't care for or that yields less than satisfies him. That sort of man gets his lesson promptly and with heavy emphasis. I had to fight myself in order to come out of the mazes of fictitious success.

My boyhood was spent in a setting of unreal success, and discovering the fraud cost me quite a few years. I will have to explain a little about that, because it is a phase of American history now almost forgotten except in the localities where it was enacted. I was born and reared in a little town on the Ohio River that depended upon boat traffic. Some of those towns have since disappeared; others gradually ceased growing. Our little town is still there, but it doesn't amount to much. It progressed backward for some years during my boyhood, but finally reached the proportions which its immediate trade territory justified and managed to hold its place on the map. However, when I was a boy that town was a thriving trade center and none of us dreamed that the railroads would eventually put it into the discard. The railroads were not new to us; we just failed to see what their development was doing to river traffic and consequently to our community.

My grandfather built the first four-story building in the town; it was a hotel near the boat landing. Later, my father established a very large livery stable, which was the pride and boast of three or four counties. That was before the day of the automobile, of course. A projecting corner of our lowland pasture came down to the river and furnished part of the site of this town. Both my father and grandfather took great interest in its development, and believed, with apparently good reason, that they were laying the foundation for a large family fortune in promoting the community's welfare. I grew up with that impression and outlook. From time to time my father would invest money in other little enterprises that grew up there. He was forty-six years of age when I was born, so I knew him as an elderly, prosperous and respected business man and landowner. One of his last efforts for the town was the organization of a national bank, which is still there.

A Race on a Treadmill

THE fact that he was primarily a booster and optimist devoted to the community in which he lived, threw a certain glamour over his enterprises that won my enthusiastic interest. Patriotism, to me, meant looking after that town just as much as loving my country. My father—without realizing it—was a remarkable teacher as well as a practical man. When he died I assumed control of the estate with the full confidence of my mother, my five sisters and his business associates. I was twenty years of age.

The full effect of what had been going on in the railroad world now began to be felt for the first time. Boat traffic had been declining for years, but now it was threatening to cease altogether. Another village about fourteen miles away on the main line of railroad was enjoying a boom and becoming a wholesale center. Looking back at all this, I marvel that we didn't see the inevitable just as clearly as the sunlight; but we didn't. One does not readily give up after many years of steady growth.

The nation was prosperous, our state was developing, and all around us were the tangible evidences of this healthy condition—except in our own town. It was a situation that has since become associated in my recollection with the chariot race in Ben-Hur. Do you recall how the horses' hoofs pounded and thundered on the stage and the chariot wheels whirled? But there was a treadmill arrangement of some kind so that the chariots moved forward very slowly; one went into the lead inch by inch while we cheered. That was the sort of a race our town was running; we were the same people; apparently we had the same materials to work with, but we had landed on a treadmill. We expended our energy just as freely as before and went forward by inches. Finally we ceased going forward. Although we faced in the same direction, the stage machinery had been reversed and we were going offstage backward.

One by one the little establishments in which my father had an interest failed or moved away—most of them moved away. Our properties just frazzled out. Eventually I had nothing left but the farm and the cash received in payment for the livery stable. The purchaser moved it to the booming railroad town. However, my mother and sisters had a good home and money in the bank, which left me free to try conclusions with the world single-handed. With my mother safely provided for, it seemed to me that I was very fortunate in being able to choose a course unhampered. That is about all a young man in this country needs to ask for, so I looked about eagerly, without regrets or alarm, feeling certain that I should be able to rebuild the family fortunes. Our neighbors did not regard me as a failure, for all of us were by this time coming to realize where the trouble really lay. I was free to look about and make a choice, and that is what I thought at the time I did, but I really didn't. Instead of taking stock of my capacities, talents, desires and opportunities, I was just as impatient to be earning money as any young man in the town who had to contribute his share to the family income.

From Shoes to Groceries

I RECALL that for a week or more I was trying to decide whether to go elsewhere or ally myself with some local business likely to weather the changed conditions. Before I had reached a conclusion an intimate friend of school days returned to visit his mother and we spent an afternoon together. He was a young man worthy of all confidence; and just at that time I regarded his business foresight as remarkable, for he had diagnosed our civic malady nearly two years earlier than I. His patrimony also had melted away very much as my own had done. However, he had promptly accepted the inevitable and gone away to Cincinnati. There he became a clerk in a shoe store and learned the business. At that time there were very few shoe stores; shoes were regarded as part of the stock of a dry-goods store. I told him that I was scanning the horizon hopefully, trying to decide upon a course, and he at once proposed that we establish an up-to-date shoe store in the town. He pointed out that the place was certainly not going to disappear entirely and said he thought it offered an excellent opportunity. I had the necessary money and credit to enter into partnership with him and I liked the idea of having him as an associate. He was young, honest, energetic, and had a wealth of common sense. We opened the shoe store and it did well from the first day. Within a month I was a fairly good salesman and thoroughly interested in the business. My versatility was at work and for a few months it seemed to me that the future was again perfectly clear. In fact, I might have remained under that impression for several years but for an amusing incident.

One day when I went to the bank to sign a note the vice president showed me some figures he had compiled about our trade territory; the number of people in it and their occupations. While he talked I made a rapid mental calculation about as follows:

"If every one of those persons buys one pair of shoes a year from our store, and we collect every cent due us, we shall each net about $2000. Out of that we can save very little and the business apparently cannot grow, because this territory is not growing." My friend, the vice president, was quite a booster. He chattered merrily on about his statistics while I pretended to listen; as a matter of fact, I was making up my mind to get out of the shoe store.

My partner didn't have the cash to buy my half of the business, so we made an arrangement by which he would pay installments into the bank. I wanted to find something with larger possibilities, but I had not the remotest idea at the time what I was really looking for. I simply felt cramped, and expressed this hazy impression by saying that the close confinement of the shoe store was having a bad effect upon my health.

Having extricated myself from the retail establishment, I was delighted to be free, and resumed trying to decide what I wanted; but without success. In this frame of mind, it was again very easy for me to accept the first offer that came along, and that is what I did.

One of the best-managed businesses in our town was a butcher shop, and the owner of it was another good friend of mine. As soon as he learned that I was foot-loose he told me that he had an excellent idea for expanding his business. In one hour he succeeded in arousing my enthusiasm. In those days the country people would usually slaughter their own beeves. The result was that they had too much meat for a short time and not enough during the intervals. Moreover, the wastefulness of such methods was apparent to everyone. My butcher friend purposed to canvass the countryside as far as a one-horse cart could conveniently travel daily along each road and make contracts with the farmers to turn their beeves over to him in return for credit on his books. He would operate a fleet of one-horse carts and the farmers could buy meat from them daily. No cash would change hands, but the arrangement would be much better for the farmers, and he could collect his profit in the form of cash sales in the town.

As soon as this plan was worked out he purposed to make and sell soap as well as to salvage other by-products. You see, he really had the germ of the idea from which the great packing industry was then growing. I liked this plan and went out as his agent. The farmers gladly signed agreements and we built up a considerable business. In due time a small soap factory was established and again I went forth as salesman, this time to open a market for soap.

The record I made in that business is a matter of personal pride, but the business was limited to our trade territory in precisely the same manner as the shoe store. We couldn't have more customers than resided in our vicinity and the earnings were not satisfactory. Our soap was very good, but no better than the output of other factories, nor was it cheaper. I was still proceeding up the same old blind alley, so I quit.

Why I didn't leave that little town is more than I can understand; the explanation probably would relate to sentiment. My father's affection for the place and enthusiasm about its future had made a very deep impression. I felt bound to serve it.

Unfortunately for me, I was not of an inventive turn of mind. I never thought of establishing a business of my own. With freedom again restored, I had no clearer idea than before about what I wanted to do.

There was one small wholesale grocery store in the town and its trade territory extended farther than that of any retail establishment. I think it was the only local business then showing steady annual growth. The manager knew what I had done for the soap factory and was eager to have me join his force of three drummers—that was the word we then used. I was pleased by his high estimate of my ability and accepted the offer. I made another success, but this time I saw more clearly than ever before what was the trouble with our town. We were sidetracked and hemmed in by main-line towns.

The Salesman's Happy Life

THAT wholesale establishment was remarkably well managed, otherwise it would have been sharing the fate of our other local businesses. It could go on as long as the competition remained sluggish or stupid, but just as soon as we faced equal ability we would be defeated by our geographical position. I decided to leave, and soon did so.

Nevertheless, that was a very pleasant experience. Early every morning I drove out in a light rig behind a spirited horse, feeling like a king. It was a new world with every dawn, and any man who speeds along the highways while the dew or frost is still fresh feels as if he were possessor of all he surveys. Nowadays when I look out the window of a Pullman car and see the automobiles on main highways I always think I can pick out the ones occupied by salesmen, and I envy them. It is a life full of satisfaction, except for persons who have been bitten by that peculiarly American bug that demands huge proportions. I had not thought of building a business of my own; but looking back at those days, I can see that as soon as I had found the outer boundaries of any business with which I became connected I was through with it. In fact, I felt choked.

Another comment on that experience, and I shall proceed with the story. Retail grocery stores in this country must at one time have been about the worst-managed businesses on earth. That's taking in lots of territory, but I believe the statement will stand examination. When a man couldn't do anything else he considered himself a born grocer. If there were any means for obtaining the statistics I should like to match the grocers' bad accounts for any decade between 1880 and 1910 against the largest fortune ever amassed in this country. I think the former figure would prove the larger by quite a margin.

Experience had finally convinced me that I was a salesman; I could sell anything that had merit. One of the principal reasons why a man is slow to discover his natural talent is that he supposes everyone has the same ability until he discovers they haven't it. I had been under the

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FISHER BODIES

Coachwork qualities and standards differ greatly. But there is never a question in the salesroom when the car body bears the Fisher emblem. For buyers today accept this mark as the pledge of the world's foremost coach-makers that the body so named represents the very highest value to be had at the price.

FISHER BODY CORPORATION, DETROIT
CLEVELAND WALKERVILLE, ONT. ST. LOUIS

BODY BY FISHER

(Continued from Page 32)

impression that anyone on earth could sell groceries until the records showed conclusively that I sold more than any one of the other salesmen. I fail to see even now why anyone couldn't have started that butcher's perfectly feasible and sensible plan on the road to success, but anyone couldn't. More men would have failed at that than would have succeeded. I had to get out and try it, meanwhile observing other men, before it dawned upon me that I had a special and rare type of talent.

We know very little about salesmanship even now, in spite of all the study that has been devoted to it. One of its essential component elements, however, is faith that the other fellow has the money with which to buy. You would be astonished to know how many men have difficulty in convincing themselves that the public has the money to purchase what is offered. For this reason I try to get men who are accustomed to large earnings; it is easier for them to believe that other men have money. You take a man who has been earning $5000 a year and start him as salesman for a business that is entirely new to him, and I will make my little bet that his earnings will come very close to $5000 a year. He is accustomed to that figure and he will go out and get it. I don't understand those things, but so it is.

I was discussing salesmanship one day with a very successful follower of that profession and questioned him about the elements of success. He was a man who totally lacked introspective or analytical faculties; he just looked at me with a dumb expression and said, "I had to; my wife insisted upon it."

Success After Failure

WITHIN the last ten years I have had before me the records of more than 100,000 men who have sold life insurance and I have studied those records to the best of my ability, trying to discover some general laws about salesmanship. Just to show you how little we can find out, I want to digress a moment to give you a few facts on this baffling subject.

Men with less than a grammar-school education generally fail. Men with a high-school education achieve nearly all the successes, large and average. Men with college education show about the same average as those with less than grammar-school education. As to ages, twenty-five to forty-five will include most of the men who make good; but there is something mysterious about the fiftieth year, for an astonishingly large number of men take a new start at fifty and achieve success. There is a French-Canadian in Montreal, now seventy-nine years old, who began selling industrial insurance at the age of fifty, after his own business had failed. He has made a record of one sale a day for a quarter of a century. I do not know of his equal in the world; I am not offering him as a genius, but as a success. Married men do better than single men by quite a margin. Those with one or two children do still better. But the record for men with large families is incredibly bad. I have not the remotest idea why this is.

"What Makes You Think You Can Sell Life Insurance?"

Men who have changed jobs several times do better than those who have not, but when the changes reach eight or ten there is a high probability of failure. Previous selling experience seems not to be important, judging from my statistics. There is a fairly general impression that men with independent incomes do not show the same energy as less favored men, but my statistics show a very high average of success for men with such incomes. That is just about all I have been able to get out of the statistics.

To resume my own story, I decided that I must sell my ability in a larger market. That meant to go to a city. Cincinnati was at that time a relatively larger city than it now is. I have forgotten its exact rank, but I mean to say that it was nearer first place then than now. It has not gone backward by any means, but other cities have plunged ahead sensationally. At the time I went to Cincinnati I felt just about as a young man does nowadays when he sets sail for New York or Chicago. I was going to a great metropolis with definite ambitions.

Once having arrived, however, I again yielded to the advice of impatience and took the very first thing that offered, instead of surveying the field slowly and carefully. Young men usually make that mistake. Also I have noticed that a great many salesmen seem to lack the contemplative qualities. I had gone to Cincinnati to look for something of large proportions and what I accepted was probably the least promising or important work I had ever encountered.

I became acquainted, in the hotel lobby, with a young man who was canvassing for a firm that made gaudy enlargements in color of photographs. He said he was earning from $60 to $100 a week. I could scarcely wait to get to the office with him. It sounded to me like a bonanza. During the afternoon he introduced me to the manager and I became a canvasser at once.

She Wanted a Picture More Than Anyone I Had Met in a Month

Canvassing for Chromos

THE art of photography, as you know, has advanced rather rapidly within recent years; but at that time the pictures in albums were, for the most part, good comedy. Consequently there was a large and not entirely senseless demand for our wares. The artists employed by our firm performed remarkable feats in making human likenesses from those old pictures. I earned more than $100 a week from the start.

The most unpleasant part of the task was wallowing in the sticky sentimentality of the customers; photographs are, of course, symbols of sentiment. I must tell you just one story about that experience and then proceed with my narrative. I knocked, one afternoon, at the door of a pretty white cottage on the edge of a village and was admitted to the parlor by a tiny but beautiful woman, with a perfect baby stare and charming manners. As I talked, a tear would come into her eyes from time to time even while she was smiling cordially. She would brush it away. When I exhibited my samples she called her three children; they were as pretty as I have ever seen. Mother and children sat down on the floor together and had a good time admiring the pictures, and especially the samples of frames. I judged the ages of the children to be about three, four and five. There were two girls and a boy. Finally we reached the dotted line and the lady hesitated, though she wanted a picture more than anyone I had met in a month.

While she was debating the matter and still dabbing at a tear, there was a knock at the side door. She opened the door and stepped out onto a small porch, talking there with a man for perhaps two minutes. It was evident the man brought good news, for on her return she signed at once for two pictures, one of her husband and another of herself and her husband. I learned later that the caller was a charitable old priest who had brought her fifteen dollars. Her husband had deserted her and left the town about two weeks before; the little family was very close to starvation. Without knowing it at the time, I carried away more than half the poor woman's money. Such is life.

I discovered that this business was a ceaseless grind with neither top nor bottom. If I worked hard I could make a little more than $100 a week, but if I lost a day or two

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GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Warning!

There is only one "Congoleum" and it is identified by the Gold Seal pasted on every pattern. "Congoleum" is a registered trade-mark and the exclusive property of Congoleum-Nairn Inc. If you want "Congoleum" ask for it by name and look for the Gold Seal.

floor as shown
Pattern No. 548

"My, but this Congoleum Rug dresses up the old floor"

Who can resist the colorful charm of this *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rug? And how delightfully it harmonizes with the quaint furnishings of this remodeled farm interior.

Gold-Seal Congoleum Rugs *must* be good. Otherwise they wouldn't be the most popular floor-covering in America. And women certainly like the patterns. They are so artistic, so attractive, so easily cleaned, too. Dirt and spilled things cannot grind into their smooth, napless surface. Just a few easy strokes with a damp mop and your rugs are clean and bright as when new.

The wide variety of designs makes it easy to find an appropriate pattern and coloring for every room in the house.

You'll appreciate the ease with which they can be laid. They'll hug the floor without any fastening—never kick up at the edges.

Note These Very Low Prices

6	x 9	ft.	$ 9.00	Patterns No. 486 and 408, illustrated, are made in all sizes. The other patterns are made in the five large sizes only.	1½	x 3	ft. $ .90
7½	x 9	ft.	11.25		3	x 3	ft. 1.80
9	x 9	ft.	13.50		3	x 4½	ft. 2.70
9	x 10½	ft.	15.75		3	x 6	ft. 3.60
9	x 12	ft.	18.00				

Congoleum By-the-Yard. The same durable, easily-cleaned, guaranteed material, but made without borders for use over the entire floor.

Two yard width —**85c** per square yard
Three yard width—**95c** per square yard

Owing to freight rates, all prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago San Francisco Dallas
Kansas City Cleveland Minneapolis Atlanta Pittsburgh
New Orleans London Paris Rio de Janeiro
In Canada—Congoleum Canada Limited, Montreal

Pattern No. 544

Pattern No. 408

Pattern No. 538

Pattern No. 550

Pattern No. 552

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM *Art-Rugs*

"*Things Every Woman Should Know About Congoleum Rugs*," an interesting new folder by Anne Lewis Pierce, shows all the patterns in their full colors. A free copy will gladly be sent you upon request.

A CITY WORKER

Meeting the Traveler at the City's Gates As Told by Herself to John Mappelbeck

DID you read about the eighty-two-year-old Grand Army veteran who ran away from home last summer and came to the Democratic Convention? Well, he was one of my runaways.

Some people at that age start out because they are bewildered or in a reminiscent daze, but not he. Just as chipper as you please, and knowing exactly where he wanted to go, and why. He did lose things absent-mindedly—one day his cane, the next his eyeglasses, and finally himself—but you couldn't lose him in a political discussion. You see, he had been born in New York, and served in a New York regiment during the war, but hadn't lived in the city since the 1850's. A Democrat all his life, and a worker in politics, he'd never seen a big political convention. He wanted to see this one, and the Brooklyn Bridge, and hunt up people in New York he had known nearly seventy years ago. So he just ran away from his boarding house in a Middle-Western town where he lived on his pension, and took a train without saying anything to anybody, and landed here with a few dollars.

His money was quickly spent. Then I found him, weary, broke, and lost in the city crowd. He was a little disappointed in me because I couldn't remember people and places as they had been when he was a boy, nearly fifty years before I was born! But his story was published by the newspapers, and somebody got him a seat for a session of the convention, and somebody else took him across the Brooklyn Bridge in an automobile, and somebody else entertained him at a Broadway show. Then his relatives telegraphed money for his railroad fare and we put him on a train for home. He was a dear, and had a perfectly wonderful time.

Oh, my, yes! We are always on the lookout for the old runaways. They slip out the back gate as often as the boys and girls, and usually head for a big city, drawn by the glamour. Young people and old people run away for the same reasons. Living in a small town, life is dull, and they want to see some of the excitement that they read about in newspapers and magazines. Young people run away from home because they feel misunderstood, the grown folks do not seem to realize that they are becoming men and women, and continue treating them as children. Old folks are often treated as children, too, just because they are old. Relatives regard them as in their second childhood, and interfere in their personal affairs in ways that reflect upon old folks' judgment, and very often there is money or property to cause complications. They resent this, and in most cases you can't blame them. Away they go, bound for independence and adventure, sneaking off on a train with the craft of Indians, and turning up here in one of the New York railroad terminals, to be found, taken care of, and sent back home.

Harum-Scarum Girls of Eighty

THE old girl of eighty can be just as harum-scarum as the young girl of fourteen bound for Hollywood and the movies. There was Grandma Smith, who slipped into one of the big railroad terminals on an inbound train, and nearly slipped out on another in her confusion before the railroad police found her. Grandma Smith was over eighty, and had never been anywhere in her life except a New England hill township. All her children and grandchildren had moved away, except her youngest boy Joel. He wanted to sell the old farm and go, too, and she resented that. A very tired and bewildered old lady when we took her in hand, but she would flash up in a second when she thought of Joel, her youngest, getting out of hand. Joel was only fifty-eight years old!

If your job, like mine, was meeting travelers at the gates of New York City, it would get you out of bed before breakfast, and you might not see the same bed again until sixteen hours later. Because you would find travelers in every imaginable kind of predicament, and some you could never imagine, and must stay with each case until it is completely disposed of.

There are more than fifty of us, and besides at the two great terminals, Grand Central and Pennsylvania, we are stationed at the railroad ferries downtown, and meet incoming immigrants at Ellis Island, as well as all the ocean and coastwise steamers. Most of us are women, but several men, speaking more than twenty languages between them, deal with immigrants at the barge office, and a colored woman attends to the trainloads arriving from the South. Last year we assisted 110,000 travelers, of fifty-five nationalities, of whom 45,000 were helped at the railroad terminals and nearly 40,000 at steamship piers.

In summer my day begins at 7:30 daylight-saving time, which corresponds to 6:30 railroad time in winter. Opening my desk in one corner of the big concourse, I am ready for whatever may be thrown up, stranded by the great ebb-and-flow tides of the city. Last year more than 325,000,000 railroad passengers came in or went out of New York, but about two-thirds of these were commuters, leaving some 115,000,000 long-distance travelers who may be counted as strangers. So we deal with about one person in every 2300, while the rest pass on their way normally. They know where they want to go, have their tickets, aren't penniless or in trouble. We see little of them and they see nothing of us. But that one bewildered, hurt, lost, penniless or erring individual who drops out of the passing throng justifies, when you learn his or her predicament, the work done by the travelers' aid societies that find and help him all over the United States.

How do we do it? Well, in the first place our New York society is in touch with similar societies all over the country, and with other organizations like the Red Cross. When I open my desk in the morning there are nearly always telegrams or letters from other organizations asking us to meet such-and-such travelers, giving descriptions and trains. They are women traveling with children, people too old to look after themselves, children under ten years traveling alone, people who speak no English, or who are cripples, invalids or weak mentally. The ones we expect are of many kinds, and must not be missed, because failure to meet them usually means tragedy.

How Moses Found Sydney

THEN there are the ones we don't expect, ranging all the way from travelers who have lost the addresses of relatives or friends they have come to find, down to runaways, and even criminals. The latter are taken in hand by the terminal police, an excellent force maintained by the railroad company, and the officers often bring us people in trouble. Again, people in difficulty seek us out, knowing that assistance is available. Finally, we watch the throng coming off or going to the train, and keep an eye on the waiting room, and when necessary approach and talk with people who seem to need help.

Somewhere I once read a story about a Hoosier who lived in George Ade's Indiana country town, and went to Chicago, where Mr. Ade was the only person he knew. It never occurred to him to get Ade's address before leaving home; it seldom does to such folks. So he walked around the streets, expecting to run across him, just as he would at home. After a couple of hours, not finding Ade, but seeing the fire engines dash by, he ran after them, feeling sure that George would be at the fire.

We have just hundreds and hundreds of folks like that. Boarding a train in some little place where everybody knows everybody else, they come confidently to New York in search of relatives and friends, not knowing where they live, expecting to step off the train and meet them in the crowd that has come down to see the train come in. My little old Grand Army veteran expected to see a friend who lived in a certain Brooklyn street seventy years ago, and was quite disappointed when we were unable to find any trace of his family.

We had a comical case some months ago in a twelve-year-old colored boy, Mose Washington, who got off the train looking for his brother Sydney. He knew that his brother had come to New York, but hadn't the slightest clew to an address. Many of the negroes now coming from the South have this small-town idea, just getting off the train and asking for their relatives or friends, and thinking they'll find them at once, because they have lived in little towns or in the country all their lives and have never traveled before. Moses was taken in hand by the society, and we spent several days trying to find his relatives, unsuccessfully.

One morning he walked out into the street, and meeting a colored man, asked, with small-town innocence, "Do you know where Sydney Washington lives?"

"Yo' don't mean Sydney Washington that works in the Liberty Building?" answered the stranger, and after some comparisons of height, weight, complexion, and so on, he gave Mose an address that led him to his brother.

The wonders of New York! But that doesn't happen very often.

A middle-aged woman asked us to help find her daughter. She had the daughter's name, and knew that she lived at Number 1212, but didn't know what street! Greater New York has nearly four thousand miles of streets, to say nothing of the suburbs. We set out to investigate Number 1212 in every street, and finally, after four days of telephoning and inquiry, found the old lady's daughter at 1212 Blank Street, in the Bronx.

An elderly man turned up looking for a brother he had not seen or heard from in thirty-three years, when they had lived in Brooklyn. We consulted the old city directories, beginning with 1891, found that the brother had really lived at the address given in that year, followed him through the directories whenever he moved, and eventually located him. There was a great reunion!

But people of this kind are not really in trouble. Just lost, and sometimes broke, but usually cheerful, and maybe quite exhilarated by the attention they are receiving—the first time in their lives that they have been in the spotlight.

Real trouble is very different, and you must be on the watch for it. It can be detected by sight if you have had experience, because people in suffering, fear, sorrow or remorse are in a peculiar state of mind.

If you were not in France yourself, surely you remember the newspaper accounts of the refugees who were driven out of their homes by the advancing armies—how they saved a pitiful handful of possessions, often the most unlikely things, and wandered dully along the roads, like people under the influence of a narcotic. Individuals in trouble are under the same influence. Some psychic shock deadens their feelings, dulls their minds and throws them into a daze. They are absolutely incapable of looking after themselves, and often can't do anything to help those who are trying to help them. It is a state of mind not understood by the passing city crowd, busy with its own affairs. Again and again we find cases where persons in trouble have wandered for hours through the city streets and no one has noticed them, or they have been taken for beggars, foreigners or half-wits. But it is our business to look for them, and by the trained eye of the social worker they are as easily singled out as by the psychologist or physician.

You must be alert, for behind the casual inquiry may lurk an impending tragedy. "How can I get to the Fall River boat?" a young woman asked one of our workers in the Grand Central terminal. Nothing unusual in that; telling her what Subway and street car to take would be an easy matter. We have no authority to interfere in people's affairs, and want none. But there was something in this woman that made our worker think quickly, ask her to sit down and make a few inquiries. And out came her story.

Unusual Cases

SHE was a young married woman who had reached the city by boat that morning with her husband. He told her they were going to another city by railroad, and left her in the waiting room while he went to get the tickets, and disappeared. It was a case of desertion, and the young wife realized it after waiting all day. Had she embarked on the boat in her despondency, there is every probability that she would have made away with herself. Taken in hand by a sympathetic worker, who communicated with her relatives, she was sent home safely.

You must have read of a very sad case that occurred a couple of years ago. It was reported in newspapers all over the country. An old couple, a Western farmer and his wife, arrived in New York to take the steamer for a visit to their native land. Coming to the United States many years ago, they had gone straight West, and always lived in the same little farming community. The city stunned them before they got out of the terminal. One of the railroad police noticed the odd bewildered couple. He brought them to the station master, who found out where they wanted to go, one of the North River piers, and asking them to sit down for a few minutes, he went to secure a guide who could take them in charge until they were safely aboard their ship.

When the station master came back they had disappeared. There is a Subway entrance leading from the concourse. They wandered into that, trying to find the steamer themselves, and reached the train platform. The old lady stepped into a car. Before her husband could follow the door slammed shut in his face. Neither of them knew what to do. Neither knew enough English to be understood. The old man wandered out into the street and was found in a daze several hours later. The old lady was found crying in the train, and so shocked and exhausted

(Continued on Page 54)

Can we add years to our lives – increase our strength and vitality – overcome our most dreaded diseases by what we eat ?

"Yes," say the foremost authorities in the world today!

Read these startling statements made by one of the greatest food experts in the United States:

"Old age diseases—breaking down of the heart, hardening of the arteries, diseases of the kidneys, nervous and digestive disorders—are developing in younger people with each succeeding decade.

"Death from these diseases has increased 100 per cent in 30 years.

"They are the causes of inaccuracy, lack of efficiency, lack of success.

"There can be no longer any doubt that our food is one of the most important factors contributing to this condition."

IN your choice of food lies the difference between real health and that dangerous condition of low vitality that leads to trouble.

The crucial difference between inefficiency—and driving power. Between fatigue—and vigor

An important point

Food may satisfy our appetites—may contain plenty of nourishment—yet may clog our digestive system and turn to poisonous waste.

The longer food takes to digest, the more likely this is to happen.

Success today depends, more than ever before, upon VITALITY *—and the chief source of vitality is your daily food.*

This important point is one of the explanations of the unusual value of Grape-Nuts as a food.

In Grape-Nuts you get the rich nourishment of whole wheat and barley in its most digestible form. Your system absorbs it without strain and without delay.

Slow baked for 22 hours, Grape-Nuts has been turned into a substance which the body most readily uses for strength and vigor. There is no long process of digestion that taxes your nervous forces and wears down your body machinery.

On the contrary, Grape-Nuts actually hastens the digestion of various other foods—foods which eaten alone, would take much longer to turn into nourishment.

This is why Grape-Nuts gives you the physical endurance, the mental efficiency—the actual exhilaration—that comes from a body that is nourished without being clogged up.

Ideal for breakfast or lunch

Grape-Nuts is ideal for breakfast or lunch—because at these times your food must be easy to digest. Grape-Nuts puts no strain on your body when you need all your force and vitality for work—yet it supplies you with the utmost in nourishment to meet the tasks of the day.

Make this experiment. Try substituting Grape-Nuts for the principal dish which you now eat at one or both of these meals—and notice the result!

If you have never tried Grape-Nuts you will find the taste deliciously different. Its crisp, crunchy kernels—its rich, full flavor—will stimulate your appetite and add a zest to the whole meal. Served with milk or cream, it gives you all the essentials of a well-balanced ration.

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The Doctor tells you that these foods are vital because by chewing them you start digestion in the mouth, where it should start—and avoid countless digestive troubles.

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Send for this thoroughly practical little book that tells you just how to prepare the wood and apply the various finishes. It's full of workable suggestions and well worth the 15 cents we are asking for it.

Send for samples of Valspar and Valspar in colors

THIS is the famous Valspar Coupon, of which over half a billion have been printed. It will bring you liberal samples of Valspar and Valspar in Colors at *half the regular price*. Hundreds of thousands of people have already taken advantage of this offer and now are inveterate Valspar "fans."

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Valspar-Enamels combine all of Valspar's waterproof, wear-proof and weather-proof qualities with beautiful, opaque colors. They are applied just like paint, they cover the surface with a solid color just like paint—and they have the added advantages of Valspar's brilliant lustre and durability. (They may be rubbed down to a beautiful dull finish, if desired.)

Valspar-Enamels are used on all kinds of wood and metal work and come in Red—*light and deep*, Blue—*light, medium and deep*, Green—*medium and deep*, Ivory, Bright Yellow, Vermilion, Gray and Brown. Also White, Black, Gold, Bronze, Aluminum and Flat Black.

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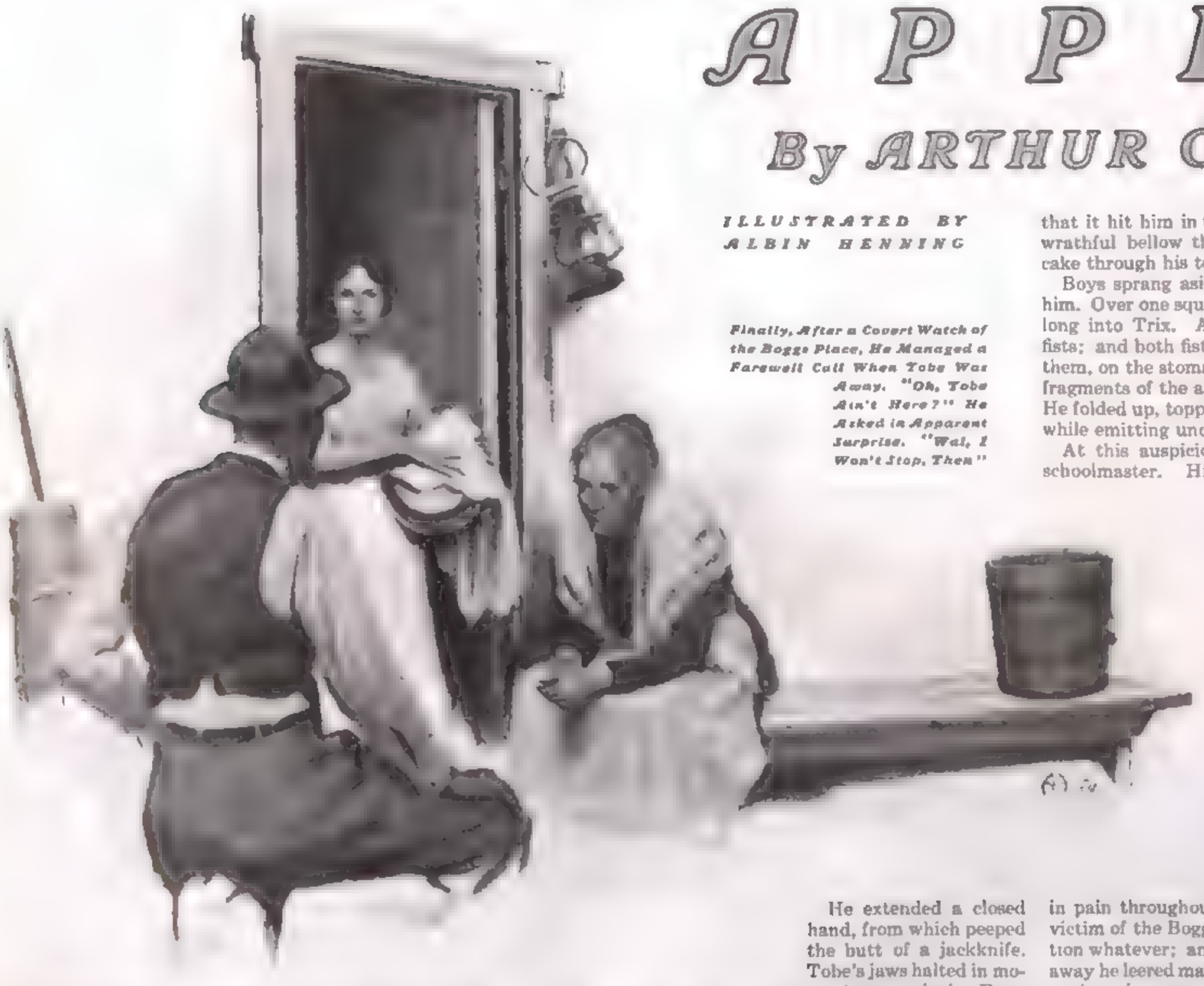
APPLES

By ARTHUR O. FRIEL

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING



Finally, After a Covert Watch of the Boggs Place, He Managed a Farewell Call When Tobe Was Away. "Oh, Tobe Ain't Here?" He Asked in Apparent Surprise. "Wal, I Won't Stop, Then"

TOBE BOGGS was a boy, doggedly acquiring his three R's in the backwoods school of The Traps, when Trix Hovey outsmarted him. Tobias Boggs was a man grown, and married, when Christopher Hovey tried it again.

It was a bleak noon in gray November when Tobe first found himself tricked. His battered dinner pail that day held, besides the usual frugal lunch, a ripe red apple, so large and luscious that the mere sight of it provoked greedy waterings in the mouths of all his mates. Trix Hovey in particular swallowed with covetous craving as he eyed that rosy fruit; for, in addition to the normal voracity of a lanky and not overfed youngster, he possessed an inordinate fondness for those round pomes. Moreover, it was an off year for the gnarled trees which bore them, and good ones were scarce. Trix felt that he must have that apple at almost any price.

He was not quite so lustful, however, as to attempt to take it by force. Although half a head taller than Tobe, he had considerable respect for the younger lad's fists, which were known to possess the knack of hitting where they would hurt. Besides, he was quite aware that aggression would result in prompt discipline by the wiry old schoolmaster, whose well-worn harness strap was ever ready—indeed, eager—for duty. Last but not least, he would undoubtedly lose the apple. Wherefore he adopted the safer course of wheedling, promising, bargaining.

Cajolery and vague pledges, however, got him nowhere. The other boys were just as glib at coaxing as he; and Tobe, with every intention of eating the juicy dessert himself, was obdurate to all.

"I dug it outen the barril my own self, an' I brung it here to eat, an' I'll eat it," he decreed, between mouthfuls of cold corn cake. "If 'twas yourn, ye wouldn't gimme none of it."

"Aw, yas, Tobie, I would; ye know I would ——" began the chorus.

"When did any o' ye gimme anything?" demanded the obstinate owner. At that, glum silence descended. Not one could recall any generosity on his own part. So Tobe, with a scornful "Umph," resumed bolting his dry provender, meanwhile holding a tight grip on the toothsome fruit.

Then into the black eyes of Trix Hovey—eyes set a little too close together—stole a cunning gleam. He dug into a pants pocket.

"By gorry, Tobie, I jest gotta have that apple!" he blurted. "Lookit, I'll—I'll swap ye knives. Gimme yer ol' knife an' the apple to boot. 'Tain't fair, but I'll do it jest the same. Here ye go!"

He extended a closed hand, from which peeped the butt of a jackknife. Tobe's jaws halted in momentary paralysis. For a fortnight he had envied Trix that treasure—a cheap thing with only one blade, but new and shiny. His own knife was ancient and battered, with blade worn narrow and thin—a cast-off from his father. The offer seemed too good to be true.

Suspiciously he stared at Trix, at the knife haft, at Trix again. There could be no question as to the reality of the knife; its yellow, varnished wood still shone with newness. But Trix was tricky; hence his nickname. Besides, his own mouth was all made up to enjoy that apple; and there were no more such apples at home. For a moment he wavered. Then, shutting his teeth hard against the reproaches of his clamorous palate, he produced his own knife, put it into the fist clenching the fruit, and reached his empty palm for the price.

Both Trix's hands shot forward, one clutching, one releasing. Tobe retained his grasp on his own property until he felt the other's drop into his fingers. Then he relaxed his hold. Instantly Trix leaped away in triumph. A huge bite—another.

Then, cheeks bulging, he yelled mockingly: "Yah-hah, Tobie! Tastes awful good, Tobie! Cut yer name onto the door rock, Tobie! It's an awful good blade; it'll cut rock jest as good as anything!"

Tobe, swift to examine his new acquisition, had already discovered the sarcastic truth of this declaration. The tool would cut stone as well as anything, because it would cut nothing. The blade was gone; broken off bodily, leaving only a blunt, utterly useless heel. Now he remembered that Trix had not exhibited the thing for a day or so. And for this empty shell he, Tobe, had bartered a serviceable implement and that precious apple.

A screech of laughter from the other boys jangled on his angry brain. Their sharp eyes had detected the hoax almost as quickly as his own; and now with vengeful glee they jeered loud and long. Amid their yelping ridicule came a derisive doggerel chanted by Trix, whose tongue now was reveling in the succulence of the fruit: "Little Tobie Bawggs! Go home an' milk the hawgs!"

To which somebody with more originality added: "Little Tobie Boggs took his knife an' shaved the dogs!"

And still another, in the same mocking chant, whooped advice to whittle down some logs. It was an old game, of course, this riming of names, and they had all the variations at their tongues' ends. So he was bidden do everything from stabbing frogs to skinning pollywogs with his pointless, edgeless weapon.

For a few minutes he endured the chaffing manfully, albeit with eyes snapping. But when Trix, emboldened by his passive attitude, flung the limp core of the apple so that it hit him in the face—that was too much. With a wrathful bellow that blew crumbs of unswallowed corn cake through his teeth, he charged like a lunging bullock.

Boys sprang aside or dropped to the ground to evade him. Over one squirming body Tobe tripped, falling headlong into Trix. As he went down he struck with both fists; and both fists landed, with his whole weight behind them, on the stomach wherein now reposed the macerated fragments of the apple. From Trix broke a gasping snort. He folded up, toppled sidewise, and writhed jerkily, meanwhile emitting uncouth noises.

At this auspicious moment appeared Ol' Scotty, the schoolmaster. His gray eyes glinted and his straggly whiskers bristled. He asked no questions. The case was plain enough to his despotic mind. There was Trix, wheezing and gurgling from the effects of a knockdown by Tobe. There was Tobe, red with rage, but unmarked by any blow from Trix. Tobe, of course, was the aggressor. Wherefore the unlucky lad found himself yanked up by the coat collar and propelled into the dingy box of a schoolhouse.

"Ye young limb!" Whack! "Fightin' ag'in, hey?" Smack! "I'll learn ye!" Whop! Whung! Spat!

The strap welted the youngster's body from ankles to neck. He voiced no sound. Gritting his teeth, covering up as best he could, he took it with the stoicism of the hill-born. Then he stumbled to his seat and sat in pain throughout the afternoon. Trix, as the innocent victim of the Boggs brat's savage temper, drew no castigation whatever; and whenever Ol' Scotty's head was turned away he leered maliciously. For all that, he squirmed about at times in a way which brought a thin smile to Tobe's set lips. It was evident that the apple, or the stomach blows, or both, were creating in his interior those acute twinges which the plain-spoken mountaineers call bellyache.

Thus ended the first chapter. With the easy forgetfulness of boyhood, all but the two most concerned let the incident fade quickly from mind. Trix and Tobe retained it longer in memory, but left matters as they were; the former because he had no desire to be again torpedoed amidships, the latter because he was too proud to squawk. For a while a marked coolness existed between trickster and dupe, but this gradually subsided. By the time the school term ended both youngsters had tacitly buried the hatchet. And when, within a year, the Hovey family moved to another region and Trix vanished with them, Tobe muttered "Good riddance to bad rubbish" and relegated the whole affair to the realm of bygones.

The years rolled away, bringing their changes. Tobe grew into young manhood, buried his father, cared for his mother, hoed his corn; laid down the hoe to go out with Uncle Sam's volunteers and shoot Spaniards in Cuba; returned and resumed hoeing. At length he took unto himself a wife: a fair-faced, demure girl named Mercy, whose gentle nature formed a fit complement to his own ruggedness.

She was a good manager, was Mercy. Capable housekeeper, excellent cook, expert needleworker, she managed her new home with quiet efficiency. Tactful and observant, she also managed her man and her somewhat crotchety mother-in-law with the same unobtrusive skill. For his part, Tobe was intensely fond of his bride and, in his undemonstrative way, exceedingly good to her. So she was very happy; and, as sometimes happens, Mercy the wife grew even more attractive than she had been as Mercy the maid. Her girlish slimness gave way to the alluring curves of full womanhood. Her cheeks bloomed with richer color, her blue eyes glowed with the joy of health and content. Her ready smile was warm and bright as spring sunshine. All in all, she was a vision to hold the gaze of men older and colder than her husband; and more than one such man, after calling at the Boggs place, sighed or swore hopelessly as he went home to his own faded or shrewish spouse.

Tobe himself, though ungallant as all his hard-bitted breed, felt moved one day to tell her that she was pretty as apple blossoms—a feat in felicitation which surprised them both, and which earned him a delighted kiss. The simile really was rather apt, for she had a delicacy of coloring not unlike that of the blushing blooms of Maytime. Thereafter he often called her Blossom. And Blossom she was when Hovey reappeared.

He now was Chris, not Trix. With the passing of more than a decade he had outgrown the sobriquet of boyhood. Too, he was metamorphosed physically. The gawky, shambling youngster of other years, beak faced, sallow and frowzy haired, had vanished. The Chris of today was tall, lithe, full featured, ruddy, sleek crowned His step was an easy glide, almost pantherish. His black-orbed gaze was bold, sometimes ardent. His erstwhile unruly locks, black as a crow's wing, now lay slick and shining under bear's-grease pomatum. His dress, judged by hill standards, was that of a dandy A rather handsome dog was the new Chris, and not at all ignorant of the fact. The only noticeable defect was the unchangeable set of his eyes too close together.

The Boggs household was at supper when, with a perfunctory knock, the newcomer walked in, unbidden. For a minute he stood still, grinning into their astonished faces.

Then he drawled, "'Lo, Tobe. How's things?"

Tobe stared a few seconds longer, swallowed a half-chewed mouthful of pork and 'taters, and arose.

"Wal, by mighty, if 'tain't Trix Hovey! How come ye "

"Chris Hovey, not Trix," corrected the intruder. "Trix, he kind o' died 'fore I growed up, Tobe—same's the little Tobie Bawggs I knowed. This here Tobe that I'm a-lookin' at now, he'd make 'bout three—mebbe four—o' them Tobies that used to was. Howdy, Mis' Bawggs. Ye don't look a day older'n when I see ye last." At which broad flattery Tobe's mother simpered. The black eyes then rested on Mercy as if observing her for the first time. As a matter of fact, they had spied her instantly on his entrance. Very quick to see women were those narrow eyes.

"M' wife," nodded Tobe. "Set up an' jine us."

The invitation was inevitable in the hills, and Chris accepted it as a matter of course. In fact, his arrival had been timed with that intention. Now he ate hugely, and did not fail to exclaim over the excellence of the cooking; a tribute which, of course, could not fail to warm the heart of the cook.

"By gorry, Tobe, ye're a lucky feller," he proclaimed as he sat back at last. "Prosp'rous-lookin' place, good crops, house neat as a pin, an' the best cook I ever did see. Any more gals like her round here? If there is I might settle down."

He smiled directly at Mercy, who laughed, but blushed a little too. Tobe chuckled pridefully.

"Nope; or nowheres else either. They don't make 'em like her but oncet a hundred years. But where ye been all the time?"

"Oh, up an' down an' round an' round. Lumberin' over Big Injun way, an' trappin' some into the north kentry, an' bargin' onto the Hudson, an'—kind o' driftin', like. Jest took the notion to tramp it back through here an' see the ol' Traps ag'in. So here I be."

"Uh-huh." Tobe filled a pipe, and they talked on. Mercy cleared the table. Old Mrs. Boggs sat and listened, both ears wide. When the dishes were done Mercy also sat down, knitting a sock. On her the visitor's gaze rested often.

As was natural, the conversation dealt mainly with the events of recent years. School days were too dim in memory to call for reminiscence, and if either of them remembered the apple fight neither mentioned it. Chris told a few tales of things seen and done in his wanderings, and Tobe reciprocated with an incident or two from his army experience.

"Did ye kill any Dagoes yerself?" the visitor quizzed.

"Wal," the veteran grudgingly conceded, "I guess mebbe I hit one or two. They was so thick sometimes I couldn't miss 'em all."

At that his mother cut in with some asperity.

"He kilt thutteen Spanishers that he knows about, an' wounded more'n that!"

Chris looked startled, Tobe sheepish.

"Wal, ye see, they made a kind of a sharpshooter outen me," he diffidently explained. "I kind o' bushwhacked 'em like. 'Twas all into the day's work, as the feller says Uh—aw, the war's over. Le's forgit it. Stoppin' round here long?"

Chris did not answer at once. He still stared at the slayer of thirteen men. Then, recalling himself, he said, "I dunno. I jest come in today an' made a little camp down by the crick. I'll kind o' look round, mebbe, an' see if I find somethin' I want to do."

"Need work?"

"Aw, no. Got money enough to keep me awhile. Wal, it's gittin' late, an' I guess I'll travel over to my blankets. See ye later, folks. G'night."

"'Night."

With catlike tread and swift side glance at Mercy, the caller passed out. Mercy's eyes followed him with frank interest, as did those of her husband and mother-in-law.

"Wal!" ejaculated the old woman, when he was gone. "Did ye ever see sech a change into a human critter! He used to be the awk'ardest, homeliest brat ye ever see, without no manners at all. An' now! Han'some as a picter, an' what a nice way with him!"

"Mighty good-lookin'," agreed Tobe. "An' a good gift o' gab."

"I don't jest like his eyes," quietly said Mercy.

"Eyes! Ain't nothin' the matter with his eyes!" snapped the older woman. "Kind o' squinty, mebbe, but he can't help that."

"All right, mother," smiled the girl. "Le's git to bed."

Down in his little wikiup beside the creek the owner of those narrow eyes lay for a long time sleepless, his lids drawn to slits. From time to time he swallowed. Once more he was apple hungry, and once more the apple was held by Tobe Boggs. Tobe was sort of slow and easy-going, and a clever feller like Chris could outsmart him if he played his game right. But when Tobe did git mad

Amid the shadows hovering about his camp ghostly figures took shape—thirteen Spaniards, neatly drilled through head or breast. In hissing, gurgling tones like those of the flowing water they sardonically jeered, "Ah yes, señor, snatch the apple, by all means. Then you may join our merry company."

Whereat Chris twitched his shoulders as if cold and shut his eyes tight After a time he fell asleep.

In the next few days he made several protracted calls on the Boggses. He had the grace not to arrive always at mealtime, and the sagacity not to manifest any marked interest in Mercy. His rôle was that of an old acquaintance, dropping in casually to pass an idle hour; and he carried it off well. Bantering old Mis' Boggs, joking with Tobe, subtly complimenting Mercy, he made good use of his acquired gift o' gab to establish himself on a friendly footing. And all the time he was unobtrusively exhibiting his good looks, his well-fitting clothes and his best manners for the benefit of the unsophisticated little lady who had become the apple of his eye.

He made progress. Tobe found him very entertaining; the older woman was frankly captivated by him; and the younger one, though demure and ever busy at something, glanced often at him while he talked. All three of them came to look forward to his visit as a welcome variation in the regular routine of life. It did not occur to them, however, to invite him to stay in their house instead of at his rough camp. He was no kin of theirs, and the Boggs house, though comfortable, was small

"Found anything ye feel like doin' for work?" Tobe asked one evening.

"Nope," admitted Chris. "I ain't a-lookin' for work. I been thinkin', though, I might try a little trappin' if I stay round long enough Signs look like an early fall this year. Any fur round here now?"

"Ought to be plenty. Fellers ain't been a-trappin' much o' late years; only ol' Hopper Jack, over onto Peters Kill. Ye 'member him, o' course."

"That ol' Injun? Is he still a-livin'?"

"Yup. Them Injuns never die, seems like. He's a-trappin' 'long the kill an' makin' a good thing outen it Ye want to keep offen his grounds if ye lay out a line."

"Why? 'Tain't his land, is it? He never owned nothin'."

"No-o-o," drawled Tobe. "But he's got squatter right, ye might say, 'cause he's been doin' it so long An' he'd git p'ison mean if ye crowded him. He can shoot, the ol' feller can. None o' the boys bother him."

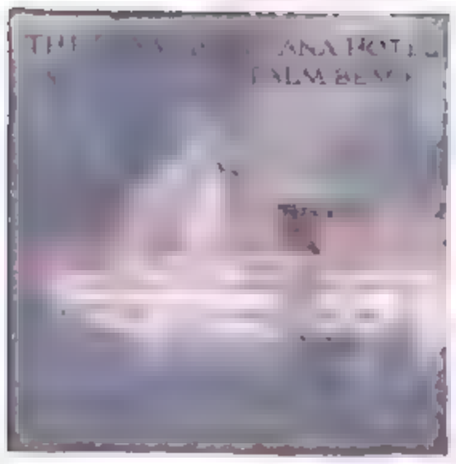
"Huh! You fellers let an ol' skeezicks like him run ye offen that crick? I'd like to see him try it onto me!"

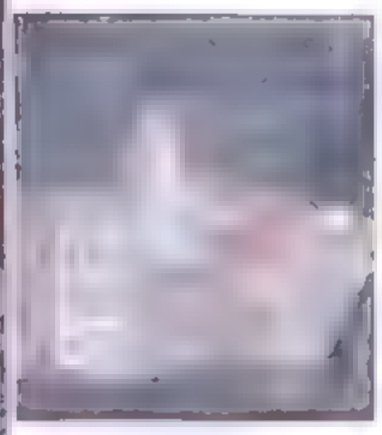
"Wa-al, 'tain't jest that, Chris. Peters Kill's kind o' his grounds, ye might say, like I told ye. An' he's a pore ol' feller that can't do no stiddy work, an' the money he makes outen skins is about all he lives by. Gorry, I dunno how

(Continued on Page 48

His Thin Lips Writhed Back From His Scattered Teeth in a Pang Grin of Jated Vengeance

FLORIDA





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THE GOLDEN WANDERER

By Herbert Ravenel Sass

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

IN THE thick woods of chestnut and oak at the foot of Slanting Pasture, wood thrushes, rose-breasted grosbeaks and blue-headed vireos were singing, each heedless of all the rest. Abruptly their music lulled. A low humming sound, which seemed to come from all directions at once, filled the air. Low as the sound was, thrush, grosbeak and vireo fell silent. A sudden stillness hung over the high upland pasture, sparkling with dew and starred with innumerable daisies—a hush heavy with expectation, laden with peril.

Possibly some finer sense than that of hearing had warned the singing birds along the forest's edge. Not until the bird chorus had lulled did the bearded, blue-shirted mountaineer, hidden in a coppice of alder near the middle of the pasture, detect that vibrant hum. At the same moment a bunch of twenty sheep grazing fifty yards to the right of the coppice caught the sound and huddled. One of their number left the flock, ran forward a few paces, then stopped, staring stupidly.

In the brief interval which had elapsed the humming sound had sharpened to a hiss. A great dark shape was falling from the sky like a huge arrowhead—a big brown bird, its wings half closed, its curved beak pointing downward, its feathered legs, armed with long hooked talons, thrust straight beneath it. The hiss became a loud rustling noise like the rushing of wind; and in another half second the golden eagle, suddenly checking her descent in a smother of buffeting wings, struck her grappling hooks into her prey.

The blue-shirted mountaineer in the alder coppice swore vehemently as he jumped to his feet. Of the three young lambs in Slanting Pasture, the eagle had chosen the one farthest from the hunter's ambush and least conveniently placed for his present purpose, which was, briefly stated, to kill the daring freebooter that had been raiding his flock. For an hour he had been awaiting his chance, and now that it had come it was not so sure a thing as he had hoped for, since the raider had selected a victim behind the alder thicket and not in front of it, and was thus hidden from him at the moment most favorable for a shot. It took the man only a fraction of a minute to dart around the edge of the thicket; yet by that time the eagle, alarmed by a movement of the alders, had already risen forty feet above the ground.

High above Slanting Pasture, a black speck moved across the pale-blue face of the sky. For ten minutes this speck had been swinging there, describing wide circles and long ellipses; and for seven minutes of that ten it had looked down upon another bird of the same species soaring and circling at a lesser altitude. Then, of a sudden, the lower bird had plunged, rushing down through the hissing air straight for the green surface of Slanting Pasture, where, as usual, a flock of white sheep were grazing.

The male eagle knew that his mate had spotted her victim. Instantly he half closed his wings and slid swiftly down a steep incline, descending several hundred feet before he checked his fall with a sudden stiffening of widely extended pinions. With fierce, eager eyes he watched the familiar drama—a drama which these two tyrants of the air had reenacted again and again in this same spot during the past several weeks. Even at that great height his eyes could distinguish every detail of the scene spread beneath him. Before his mate fell upon it, he saw the lamb at which she was aiming and knew that its fate was sealed.

Suddenly his gaze shifted to an alder thicket near the middle of the pasture. A man had emerged from this thicket and was darting around its rim. The soaring eagle's muscles tightened; his head swung lower as his dark eyes, fiercer than ever now, measured the distance between his mate, just rising from the ground, and the unlooked-for intruder who had burst from his ambush in the alders.

The big bird knew what was coming, knew the menace of the rifle which the man had whipped to his shoulder, knew that another moment would decide the outcome. He saw the flash of the rifle, saw his mate collapse in the air and pitch heavily downward. For ten minutes after the man had carried her body away toward his cabin below the pasture the male eagle continued to sail round and round in great circles. Then he turned his bill northward toward the high summits of the Smokies, and, driving forward swiftly with powerful beats of his pinions, vanished behind a dense white cloud drifting down the long valley from the upper peaks.

Then Somehow They Righted Themselves, and Bill to Bill and Claw to Claw, Came Down Rather Slowly, Lunging and Parrying, Turning Round and Round, Their Pinions Churning the Air

Some two weeks later, an hour after sunrise, a bald eagle passed over a saddle of the highest ridge of the Smokies, traveling eastward. Though of full size, he was evidently a young bird, for he wore the uniform dark-gray livery characteristic of the bald eagle in its second year, before the head and tail have acquired the white plumage which denotes maturity. A squirrel hunter, resting for a few minutes on a flat sunny rock near the summit of the ridge, saw the big bird pass over well beyond rifle range and shook his fist at it. In the dark plumage of youth the bald eagle is virtually indistinguishable from the golden eagle at a little distance. The squirrel hunter took this bird to be one of the pair of golden eagles which for many years had nested somewhere amid the high peaks of the Smokies and had levied tribute not only upon the wild creatures of the upland forests but also upon the little flocks and herds of the mountain farms.

Keener eyes than those of the squirrel hunter were deceived. A male golden eagle, sunning himself on a narrow ledge of a southward-facing precipice, suddenly dropped off into the abyss. For twenty feet or so he dropped, his wings half open. Then, spreading his pinions to the utmost, he planed outward from the face of the cliff, shot upward with the impetus thus gained, and swinging around a half circle, set a straight and slightly ascending course to the eastward. A mile or more away, and perhaps a hundred yards higher, the bald eagle which had just passed over the ridge between the peaks pursued his journey, his long, wide wings steadily and strongly smiting the air. On that dark form, cleaving the thin atmosphere high above the wooded ridges and valleys slanting down from the upper Smokies, the deep-set eyes of the golden eagle were fixed with an eagerness almost terrible in its intensity.

If the bald eagle was aware from the outset of the grim pursuer speeding in his wake, he gave no sign of apprehension or even of interest. He, too, was a king in his own right; and young though he was, he knew his own powers and acknowledged no overlord among all the tribes of the air. With the other eagles of his own kind he had lived in peace. The big, booted, ring-tailed eagles of the mountain country he had never happened to meet.

Late that spring, seized by the wanderlust which sometimes attacks young bald eagles that have not yet chosen mates, he had left the barrier islands of the Low Country coast, the ancient home and hunting ground of his race, and had traveled far inland, crossing the middle country and the hill country and even passing beyond the highest ranges of the Blue Ridge. There, for a while, he had maintained a difficult existence in a region of high forested mountains and green cultivated valleys—a region of strange and unfamiliar aspect, ill suited to his needs. Now, his wanderlust gone, he was on his way back to the Low Country which was his proper home, a country where swamps, marshes and barrier islands abounded with game, and where sounds, creeks and rivers teemed with fish.

While the Light Was Yet Faint He Heard the Swish of Wide Wings Above Him and Saw a Dim Shape Sail Overhead in the Gloom. Presently Came Another and Another, Until the Air Seemed Alive With the Sound of Wings

With that shining goal before him, the bald eagle was traveling not at the highest speed of which he was capable, but at a steady gait which he could maintain without fatigue for hours at a time. The golden eagle, on the other hand, having no long journey in view and intent only upon overtaking the big bird ahead of him, was exerting his powers to the utmost. In less than half an hour he had drawn up to within a hundred yards of the other and at the same time had mounted to approximately the same level. Not until then did the bald eagle betray knowledge of his pursuer's approach; possibly not until then was he aware that he was being pursued. Suddenly he swerved from his straight course, swinging to the right in a wide circle and spiraling upward, at the same moment uttering a fierce, cackling scream.

For several seconds the golden eagle held his onward way. Then he, too, swung to the right and circled upward. But he did not answer the other's challenge, and he did not, as a human onlooker might have expected, hurl himself at once upon the stalwart stranger whose piercing eyes, no less arrogant than his own, denoted a spirit by no means averse to a battle in the air. For a few minutes the two regal birds, equals in size and martial bearing, circled and sailed in close proximity, each watching the other narrowly and each evidently prepared for any hostile move that the other might make. Then the bald eagle swung sharply to the left and, passing within ten feet of the golden eagle, resumed his journey.

Yet as though not quite sure that he would not have to enforce his right of passage through the territory ruled by this tawny-headed monarch of the peaks, the wide-winged traveler kept a watchful eye on the air road behind him; and presently he saw that the tawny-headed one had ceased soaring and circling and was trailing him again at a distance of four or five hundred yards. He saw also, however, that his pursuer was no longer rushing forward at full speed as though bent upon attacking him. The golden eagle's wings fanned the air no more rapidly than those of the bald eagle, and the distance between the two birds was not diminishing. The bald eagle, watchful and unafraid, but too intent upon reaching his far-off home to pick a fight by the way, held his straight eastward course.

Hour after hour the two great birds traveled thus in company, the bald eagle leading, the golden eagle following in the other's wake. All that forenoon they sped on, high above gunshot range, mile after mile, league after league, until they no longer saw mountains or even hills beneath them, but a rolling, undulating country dotted with farms and with towns. Their course was now decidedly south of east, and gradually the land under them was growing flatter and the wooded areas more extensive.

When, in late afternoon, the leader turned off at right angles from the winding sluggish river which for several hours he had been following as a guide, the cleared spaces had grown fewer and smaller, the farms were more widely scattered, and forest covered most of the face of the land. Down to this forest the bald eagle slanted toward dusk, coming to rest in the top of a tall cypress surrounded by other cypresses, black gums and magnolias; and after him the golden eagle swung down also to a perch in another great moss-bearded tree near by.

In this way the golden eagle of the high Smokies came to the Low Country of the coastal plain after the death of his mate. Probably loneliness more than anything else was responsible for the whim which had caused him to follow for hundreds of miles the big dark-gray stranger whom he had at first mistaken for his lost consort. The eagle, when he chooses a mate, is wedded to her for life. For fifteen years these golden eagles of the Smokies had lived together, and when on that morning in Slanting Pasture their long comradeship came to an end, there had begun for the survivor a period of incessant restlessness and gnawing discontent.

Somehow he knew what had happened, knew that his mate was lost to him. Yet incapable of comprehending the significance of death, day after day he had looked for her, ranging far and wide over the ridges and valleys. In all the blue and purple wilderness of mountain and sky, he was alone. No other golden eagle lived within fifty miles of his aerie; for he and his consort had kept their kingdom against all comers, and year after year the two young eagles which they reared each spring were no sooner able to shift for themselves than their jealous sire gave them to understand that their presence was no longer desired.

Hence when his mate was killed he had found no other of his own kind to keep him company. For two weeks he had patrolled his familiar hunting ground, winging restlessly from peak to peak, killing his prey where he found it, his eyes ceaselessly searching the mountain-rimmed horizons and the blue emptiness of the upper air. Then came the morning when, as he dozed at one of his favorite lookout stations near the summit of a towering peak, he roused suddenly to see a great royal bird, of somber plumage and as wide of wing as his mate, journeying eastward a mile or so away. For a brief interval he had believed that his long quest was over.

The disillusionment which doubtless came to him long before he had overtaken the newcomer could not dispel altogether the impulse which had sent him instantly in swift and eager pursuit; and even after he had found the dark-gray stranger to be a male bird of another species bold enough to challenge him to battle, the loneliness which oppressed him caused him not only to ignore the challenge but even to follow where the other led. This was not the companionship which he desired without understanding that he desired it. But it was companionship of a sort; and mile after mile slipped past beneath him, and before he realized it he had traveled beyond the frontiers of his own domain.

Having journeyed so far, it was perhaps only natural that he should follow his new comrade throughout the rest of that day. Hence when dusk fell and the bald eagle, still some forty miles short of the barrier island which was his ultimate goal, sought a lodging for the night in a great swamp well within the bounds of the Low Country, the wanderer from the Smokies found himself, a few minutes later, at rest in a dense wood of tall straight-stemmed trees not utterly unlike the familiar balsams of his mountains.

If the feathery-foliaged cypresses, in spite of their ghostly draperies of gray Spanish moss, faintly recalled the fir forests of his upland home, all else was new and strange. Darkness quickly shut the surrounding woods from his view; but these woods were full of night noises such as he had never heard before; noises which oppressed even his bold spirit with a sense of vague disquiet. The noises—sometimes low and guttural, sometimes hoarse and loud—came from tall trees fifty yards to his left, where the dry floor of the swamp sloped gently down to the edge of a small lagoon; and the eagle did not know that those trees held the bulky nests of a company of great blue herons which still used the spot as a roosting place, although the breeding season was long past.

The intermittent clamor of the herons waked him at frequent intervals during the night; and being thus wakeful, he heard other sounds also, only a few of which he recognized. Some of these came from tree tops near at hand; others floated up from the blackness directly beneath him—faint rustlings as of large animals moving through brush or reeds, occasionally a stamping as of hoofs on hard ground, once a shrill scream followed by a short scuffle amid leaves or rushes.

Dawn found him alert and eager, his strong muscles rested, his appetite keen. Amid the distractions of his new surroundings he had forgotten his fellow voyager. It did not occur to him to look for the bald eagle in the neighboring tree top, and he did not see the latter leave his perch shortly after dawn and head away to the southward on the last lap of his journey. More interesting sights engaged the attention of the mountain-bred golden eagle, looking about him for the first time in the big Low Country swamp.

While the light was yet faint he heard the swish of wide wings above him and saw a dim shape sail overhead in the gloom. Presently came another and another, until the air seemed alive with the sound of wings; for the tall blue herons in the roost at the eagle's left were early risers and most of them were off for their fishing grounds in the river marshes and the wet rice fields before day had fairly come. A little later, a whitetail buck followed by two does walked slowly along a winding trail through a bed of reeds almost directly beneath the eagle's perch, and he knew then the meaning of the faint rustling sounds which he had heard in the night. A barred owl, returning from his hunting, winged silently past. Two wood ducks shot by like bullets, heading for the lagoon beside the heron roost. Many squirrels, some of which were much larger and of a darker gray than those of the mountain woods, moved about in the trees on every side. These big iron-gray, white-nosed squirrels he watched with especial interest. He had never seen their like before, but he knew that they were savory meat, and his hunger was growing more and more insistent. Motionless on his perch near the top of the cypress, he awaited his chance.

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Close to the foot of a big black gum a long thick-bodied, black-and-red snake emerged from a hole under a root. One of the smaller gray squirrels saw it and ran chattering down the trunk of the gum, lying there head downward, scolding excitedly. Presently, as the snake glided slowly on, the squirrel leaped to the ground, to be joined there by three others which came running from as many directions. The eagle waited and watched. But the big white-nosed squirrels upon which he had set his heart kept to the trees; and the eagle, more adept at striking his prey on the ground, finally picked one of the smaller grays as his target and poised himself for the plunge.

In the nick of time fate intervened to save the furry busybody. A twig cracked behind a tangle of grapevine and smilax and the squirrels scampered in all directions, each making for the nearest tree. The eagle, his neck stretched downward, his wings half opened, saw a tall bronze bird step into view from behind the vine tangle and recognized it instantly—a wild turkey gobbler, taller and bigger than any that he had ever seen among his native mountains.

Without a sound he dropped from his perch, fell like a plummet halfway to the ground, then, half opening his wings, slid swiftly down a steep incline, his body slanting sideways, his widespreading claws open beneath him. Next moment the wild gobbler's big wings were beating the grass in the death agony.

The eagle, busily plucking the great bronze carcass, did not know that delicate pointed ears, alert to catch all woods sounds, had heard the convulsive threshing of those powerful wings. A hundred yards down the wind two gray foxes, hunting together, halted abruptly at that strange, sudden commotion, listened eagerly and wonderingly, then trotted forward, sniffing the air. From behind a fringe of low canes they surveyed the situation. Then in some subtle, soundless way known only to foxes, they agreed upon the strategy which the problem demanded.

The male trotted boldly forward, heading straight for the spot where the eagle stood upon the turkey's body. The female circled to the left and approached the eagle from that side. Two minutes later the big bird, his hooked bill full of turkey feathers, saw two foxes—not rusty-red like those of the mountain, but gray with white and russet markings—leaping toward him with bared fangs. One fox he might have defied, but with one assailant in his front and another at his flank the odds were too heavy. With a scream of anger he rose and, circling upward, left his prey to the wily schemers of the swamp woods who had schemed their way to a feast.

One taste of juicy flesh, torn from the breast of his victim just before the foxes had appeared, served only to sharpen his hunger. As he spiraled upward above the woods his eyes searched the tree tops and the sky and swept the distant level horizons. To the eagle of the Smokies, all that they saw was bewilderingly strange; for here was no tumbled terrain of ridge and valley, but a flat expanse clothed for the most part with pine forest. Athwart this pine forest lay the cypress and gum swamp where he had spent the night, a green belt four or five miles wide and many miles long; while scattered here and there were houses and cultivated clearings and larger areas, of vivid green bordered and blotched with olive, which he took to be pastures, but which were really wet prairies of tall rushes and abandoned rice fields. In a dozen places he saw the glint and glimmer of water, and far away to the southward a river wound like a gigantic glittering serpent through sunny verdant flats walled in by luxuriant woods of oak, hickory, magnolia and other broad-leaved trees.

But the strangeness of the panorama, so utterly unlike his mountain home, engaged the eagle's attention only momentarily, if indeed he was really conscious of it at all. He was hungry, and what chiefly interested him was the life which he saw around him in the air—life which would assuredly provide him with provender. Whereas in his mountains the air was nearly always empty except perhaps for a solitary buzzard, hawk or raven, here in this new hunting ground the golden eagle saw big birds soaring on every side or flying at lower levels with measured, deliberate wing strokes.

Some of these birds were turkey vultures precisely like those that he had always known. Others, though he had never seen them before, he recognized as belonging to the vulture kind, and to these he paid little attention. But circling higher than any of the vultures were three long-necked, long-tailed birds which he watched with lively interest; while at frequent intervals other large wide-winged wayfarers, some of them snowy white, others gray-blue and white and reddish-purple, passed back and forth beneath him.

Perhaps a little bewildered by so great an abundance of game, the eagle continued for nearly half an hour to sail idly in great circles. Then he seemed suddenly to reach a decision. The white egrets and Louisiana herons, moving about from one feeding ground to another in the rush-grown meadows and wet rice fields below him, were forgotten. His attention was focused now upon the three long-tailed, long-necked soarers swinging round and round in the upper air—anakebirds, or anhingas, fantastic denizens of the swamps and the cypress-fringed lagoons. Because when flying it bears some resemblance to the wild turkey, the anhinga is often called the water turkey by the Low Country woodsmen; and it may have been this resemblance to a luscious bird already known to him which caused the golden eagle to climb a thousand feet for his breakfast that morning instead of dropping like a thunderbolt upon one of the herons or egrets passing and repassing below.

The climb was nothing. In ten minutes he had mounted well above the anhingas, which seemed not to fear him at all. In another minute he had dropped upon one of them and crushed the life out of it with his great claws. His prey gripped beneath him, he planed down a long incline and flew southward for perhaps five miles, perplexed because he saw no crag or lofty pinnacle whence he could keep a sharp lookout while he breakfasted. At last he descended in an open grassy spot at the edge of a wilderness of rushes, feasted safely, then took to the air again.

For no definite reason, he followed the course of the river, winding between wet rice fields overgrown with lotus, cat-tails and other water plants, and flanked with woods. In the rice fields scores of herons were feeding, while many gallinules floated on little ponds and creeks bordered with wampee and reeds. About midday he killed a wood duck; then, when he had eaten it, he rested for a while in a tall pine beside the river, and in mid-afternoon resumed his journey, still traveling southward. In that direction lay the salt marshes of the coast, the long wooded barrier islands, and beyond this chain of islands the sea. In sight of the ocean, he turned northeastward, flying up the coast high above the marshes; and he slept that night in a stunted live oak in a dense junglelike island forest, with the thunder of the Atlantic rollers booming in his ears.

About five o'clock of a sultry August afternoon, Capt. Mat Norman, daydreaming at the wheel of his little motor freighter, was roused suddenly by the swish of many wings. Kicking over the stool upon which he had been sitting just aft of the low cabin, he reared his stocky body to its full height, muttering an exclamation of surprise. At the same moment a red Irish terrier, which had been sleeping on top of the cabin, scrambled to his feet and began to bark. With a brief command Norman quieted the dog.

Then he stooped and called through the open door of the cabin, "Look here, York, if you want to see something."

A tall negro in grease-stained blue overalls emerged, glanced quickly around and ahead, then plunged into the cabin again. In a moment he reappeared, a rusty single barreled shotgun in his hand. Norman spoke sharply, peremptorily:

"Nothing doing, York. In the first place, I don't like it, and in the second place, it's against the law. You can shoot plover and curlew now and then, but you can't shoot those."

The negro grinned sheepishly, accepting the inevitable, and for a few moments the two men stood in silence, watching.

What they saw was a sight familiar enough to both of them, yet in certain respects unusual. At a bend of the winding creek, brimful with the rising tide, a flock of more than a hundred wood ibises had risen from the marsh directly ahead of the boat and hardly more than fifty feet from her bow. The air ahead and above was full of great birds as big as geese, their wide white black-edged wings laboring mightily, their long curved bills and slender necks outstretched, their slim legs dangling grotesquely or trailing behind. Norman, a lover of birds, watched them eagerly. He knew the wood ibises well. From June to October they abounded on the salt marshes, and every summer he saw them almost daily as he plied the marsh creeks in his launch. But it was rare good luck to get so close to a flock, and this flock was larger than most. Norman tried to count the birds as they sailed and drifted about in the air, rising higher and higher, then floating lazily toward the woods on the barrier island a mile to the eastward. York Hawley, his newly hired deck hand, interrupted his calculations.

"Look yonder, Cap'n," said the negro, pointing to the west. "Dat eagle comin' mighty fast."

Norman, looking where York pointed, watched the eagle come on, noting with a thrill of admiration the speed at which it was driving through the air. Yet for some moments he did not suspect the big bird's design. The bald eagles of the coast lived at peace with most of the feathered tribes. They killed a few ducks in winter, and in the fresh-water country of the mainland they often dined on coots; but on the salt marshes and about the barrier islands they subsisted mainly on fish. The birds of the marsh creeks and the island inlets—ibises, herons, egrets, terns, skimmers, curlews and pelicans—feared them not at all. Norman never guessed that this eagle—which he took to be a one year or two year old bird, since it lacked the white head and tail of the fully adult bald eagle—was about to show him something that he had never seen before.

Most of the wood ibises were flying in loose array toward the barrier-island woods. Three of them, however, had left the main flock and were sailing in circles about three hundred feet above the marsh. The eagle, perhaps a hundred feet higher in the air, was heading toward these three; and suddenly, when he was almost but not directly over the highest of them, he half closed his wings and plunged, his body tilting forward, his tail spread like a fan, his hooked bill and widespread talons thrust downward. Mat Norman, wide-eyed and breathless, saw him strike the ibis with terrific force on the back where neck and body joined, grapple with his prey for a brief instant, then release it. The ibis dropped like a stone. The eagle swung down in a wide spiral to the spot where his victim had fallen into the tall marsh grass.

Mat Norman, a thoughtful man like many of his kind, brooded long over what he had seen. He had witnessed what to him was almost a miracle. He had seen a law of the wild reversed, a rule of Nature broken. All his life he had known the eagles of the coast and never had he seen one of them do what this eagle had done. For two hours, as he steered his launch along the sinuous placid marsh creeks, he turned the problem over in his mind, and gradually a suspicion which had dawned in him took more and more tangible form as affording the only possible solution.

He determined to keep an especially sharp lookout for a big dark eagle which at a distance appeared to be a bald eagle in the somber plumage of youth, but which, upon closer examination, might prove to be something else—something so rare on the Low Country coast as to be practically unknown there. And although he was not in the habit of killing eagles, he decided to conduct this search with a gun.

A month passed before he had an opportunity to test his theory. Meanwhile tales came to him which strengthened his belief in his own reasoning. On two mainland plantations lambs disappeared mysteriously, and the ground showed no tracks of either man or wildcat, while the best hounds could strike no trail. Of greater concern to Norman was the fact that on the marshes wood ibises seemed to be growing shyer and rarer. One morning he saw a flock scatter and break with every evidence of panic as a big, dark, wide-winged bird sailed into view; and some days afterward a negro fisherman told him that he had seen an ibis killed in mid-air. Then another lamb was taken, and this time the owner saw the slayer—an eagle. The word went forth; and Norman knew that the bald eagles, which he admired for their strength and singly bearing, must now expect stormer persecution at the hands of man. His resentment grew. On his trips along the marsh creeks he watched the sky with increased vigilance, and whenever he visited the wooded barrier islands his double-barreled gun went with him.

Mat Norman made his living by hauling freight in his launch through the maze of tidal waterways threading the wide wastes of marsh between the Low Country mainland and the chain of islands along the edge of the sea. Sometimes when business was slack he landed on one of these islands to fish in the breakers or to search for turtle eggs in the sands; and when, one crisp September morning, York Hawley, the colored marshman who was serving him temporarily as deck hand, suggested that the big channel bass were probably running in the surf, he merely expressed a thought which was already in Norman's mind. A half hour later the launch lay at anchor in a deep narrow inlet separating two islands of the chain; and Norman, bidding Rusty, his Irish terrier, make himself comfortable in the cabin, went ashore, with York at the oars.

Landing on the steep sandy bank, they walked a quarter of a mile up the inlet strand, heading away from the ocean beach. The first necessity was to catch some mullet for bait, and for this purpose York carried a cast net slung over his shoulder. Norman, in accordance with his custom of the past few weeks, had brought his shotgun, and also, as an afterthought, the field glasses which he kept on the launch. Walking briskly along the inlet shore toward the back beach of the island where a small creek abounding in mullet swung in from the marshes, Norman was a little in the lead. Suddenly he halted, groped for the binoculars hanging from his shoulder by a leather thong and looked long at some object around the curve of the beach.

"York," he said, when his companion had come up, "the bass can wait a while. I think that's our friend the enemy over there." And he pointed to a big dark bird perched in a lone dead oak perhaps a third of a mile away.

The tree stood on the marshy back beach close to the edge of the island woods. It required less than twenty minutes to circle back amid the sand dunes above the inlet beach and then steal silently through the junglelike woods to a point within easy range of the dead oak. Lying behind a myrtle bush on a low dune, Norman again trained his glasses on the big bird in the tree.

Almost at once he gave a grunt of satisfaction. His theory was proved. This was no bald eagle in the dark uniform plumage of immaturity but a splendid adult golden eagle. He could see plainly the great bird's tawny crown and cowl, the dark band at the tip of its tail, and, most conclusive of all, the booted legs, feathered clear down to the toes, which distinguish the golden from the bald eagle in any plumage phase.

Norman dropped his glasses and reached for his gun. His quest was over. This slayer of ibises and of lambs, this bloody-clawed wanderer from some distant mountain top, had been run down at last. Norman, fiercely exultant, knew that he could not miss.

York Hawley, lying on the sand beside him, whispered hoarsely, urging haste. The marshman's practiced eye had detected a slight movement of the eagle's head, an almost imperceptible quiver of his folded wings.

Norman, bending his neck to sight along the gun barrel, swore with vexation. The eagle had launched forward from his perch and was flapping directly away from them over the marsh, the trunk and branches of the tree screening him from a wing shot.

Of the two, Hawley, an inveterate hunter, was the better woodman. He was confident that the eagle had not detected their presence; and knowing the ways of bald eagles, he believed that this eagle, though of a different species, might presently return to the lone dead oak, which was probably one of his regular lookout stations. It was at York's suggestion that the two hunters remained in their ambush for a while and presently saw something which Mat Norman would not have missed for worlds.

The golden eagle of the Smokies did not know, as he spiraled upward over the marsh plain, that he had escaped death by a hair. He had not seen the hunters in the myrtle clump behind him. What he had seen was a dark speck against the bright blue sky bent above the marshes—a dark speck which swung round and round in interweaving circles, gradually drawing nearer.

(Continued on Page 48)

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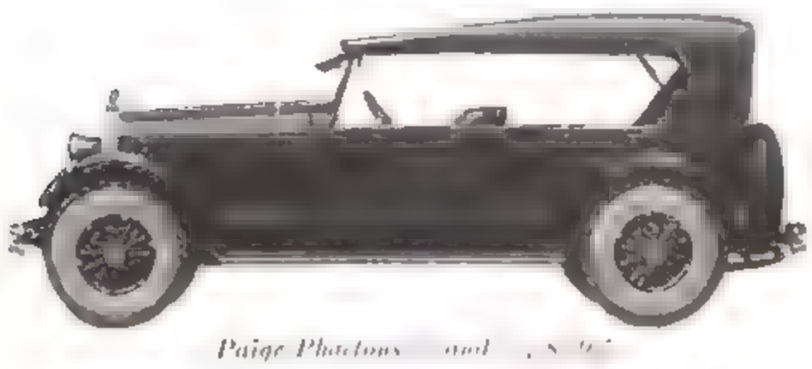
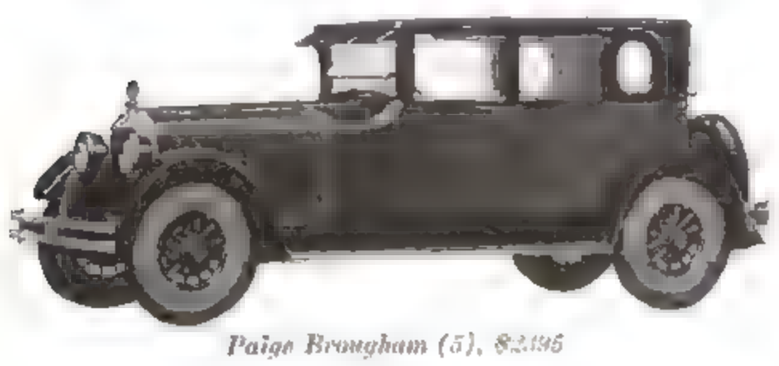


Paige Phaeton [illegible]



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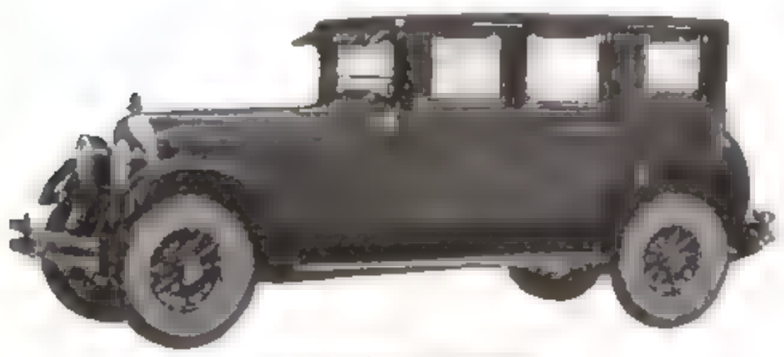

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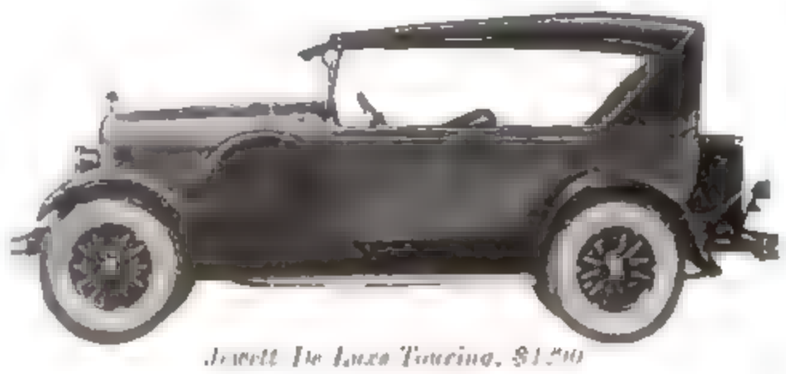

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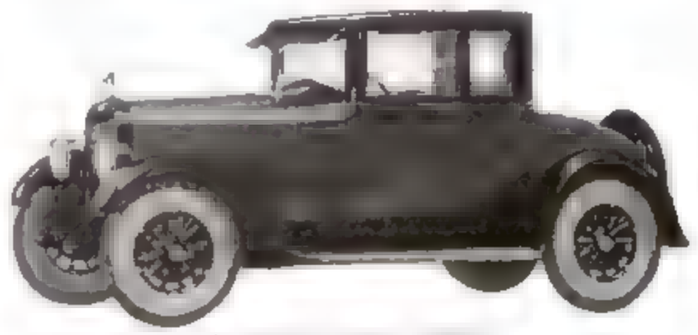
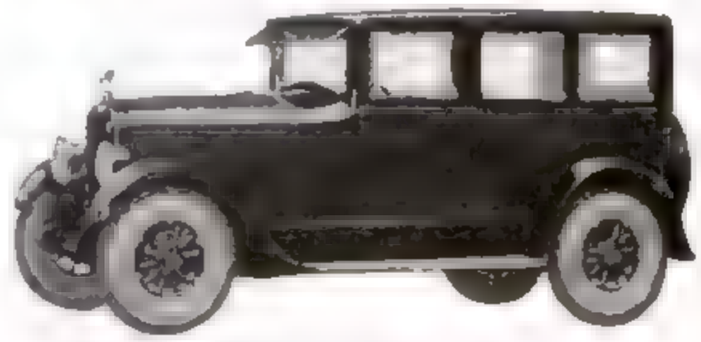


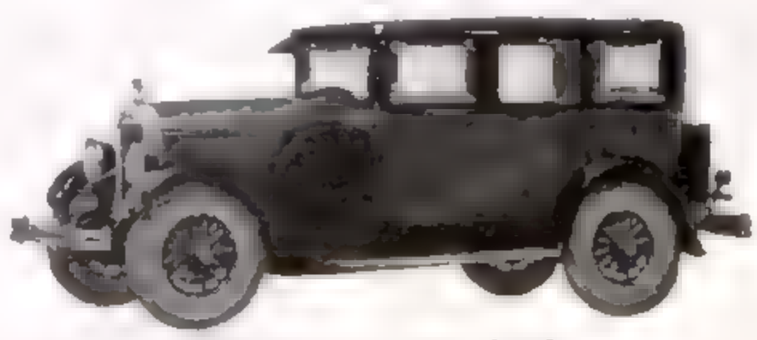
Jewett Coupe [illegible], $1745

Jewett Standard Brougham (5), $1785

Jewett De Luxe Brougham, $1[illegible]



Jewett Standard Sedan (5), $1545



Jewett De Luxe Sedan, $1745

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PERMANENT PERFECTED PERFORMANCE

(Continued from Page 48)

His keen eye told him that it was an eagle. Long ago he had learned that these eagles of the coast were not of his kind; yet, urged on by that vague discontent which had troubled him ever since the death of his mate, he seldom saw one of these eagles in the distance without flying close enough to it to make sure of its identity. Possibly, if birds can hope, some dim, half formed, uncomprehended thought of again finding his mate burned in him. More probably it was simply loneliness which impelled him, a desire for the companionship of his kind.

But always one of two things happened. Either he turned away disappointed when he was yet at a distance from the stranger, or if he approached too near, he was met with an angry scream which was plainly a warning and a defiance. Fearless though he was, and accustomed to rule the air, at first he felt no impulse to fight; as on the occasion of that first meeting above the ridges of the Smokies, the longing for companionship overcame his natural pugnacity. But gradually, though the longing was as strong as ever, something within him began to rebel at these rebuffs. At last, challenged by a young bald eagle in the dark-brown plumage of the first year, sudden rage flamed up in him, and in a short sharp combat five hundred feet above the woods he taught the inexperienced youngster a lesson.

Scarcely three days had passed since that encounter. As he now circled upward, his gaze fixed on the big bird soaring on motionless wings a mile or more to the northward, high above the marshes, it was not the desire to do battle which possessed him, but that indeterminate yearning which was always with him. Yet the battle which he had fought and won had worked a change. It had awakened something in him which had been asleep. When, presently, his farsighted eye caught a glint of silver as the sunlight flashed on the snowy head of the big adult bald eagle soaring in the distance, the golden eagle of the Smokies did not return disconsolate to his lookout station in the dead oak. Instead, he continued his spiral ascent, seeking an altitude equal to that of the white-headed stranger still wheeling in wide circles which were slowly bringing him nearer.

Again it was York Hawley, the marshman, who first realized that something was about to happen. Norman, skeptical of his quarry's return, was dozing on the sand, his head pillowed on his arm; but Hawley had followed the eagle's upward flight and his eyes were fixed upon it when another eagle, whose white head and tail gleamed like silver in the sunlight, sailed into the field of his vision. He saw the tawny-headed bird swing close to the silver-headed one and he heard the latter scream his challenge. York roused Norman just in time for him to see the beginning of the battle.

It was the golden eagle that attacked. From above and behind he shot down upon his foe, his wings half closed, his talons spread. But this time his opponent was no raw novice of untested courage and skill. Quick as light, the bald eagle dodged the blow, poised for a brief instant, then plunged for his assailant, whose swift descent had carried him down some fifty feet. In his turn, the golden eagle swerved as adroitly as his enemy, hung momentarily motionless, dropped like a falling spearhead on his antagonist.

To Norman it seemed that the bald eagle, despite the disadvantage of his position, deliberately awaited this attack—that he threw himself on his back in the air, his talons thrust upward, and met the shock gallantly and squarely. At any rate, the two big birds came together and grappled; but just before the impact, the golden eagle, spreading and flattening his wings, checked the speed of his descent so that the collision was not of stunning force. For a space the combatants fell swiftly, apparently locked in close embrace. Then somehow they righted themselves, and bill to bill and claw to claw, came down rather slowly, lunging and parrying, turning round and round, their pinions churning the air.

Suddenly it seemed to Norman that the wings of one of them—he could not tell which—stiffened, then sagged. Next moment they were falling again, faster and faster, still locked together, madly whirling. They struck on hard sand just where the inlet shore curved around to the marshy back beach sand packed almost as hard as concrete by the tides. Norman knew before he reached them that both were dead.

Yet he was curious to learn which one of them it was that had died in the air, when those battling wings had stiffened and drooped. Both birds were bloody. Both had been raked and torn. The bald eagle's curving claws were sunk in his enemy's throat and breast. They must have been entangled in tough sinew or embedded in bone, for it was only with an effort that Norman could release them. They had made a mortal wound. But the great yellow talons of the golden eagle were clasped about his enemy's white head, and one long black claw had struck deep into the brain.

Mat Norman was a man of odd fancies. He would not leave the dead warriors on the sands to become prey for the vultures or for some nocturnal prowler from the island woods. York took the cast net and went after mullet in the creek, for he was keen to feel a big channel bass tug at his bait in the surf. But Norman found a piece of plank washed ashore by the waves, and with it he scooped out a grave on the sunny slope of a dune under a tall tuft of sea oats. These two were chiefs of the air, he said, and deserved an honorable burial.

APPLES

(Continued from Page 40)

he even tends trap line into that rough kentry, with that crooked leg to drag round. Us fellers kind o' keep that into mind, an' we leave him 'lone. Fact is, nobody'd blame him much if he up an' shot anybody that meddled with his fur. There's some things a feller better not monkey with, Chris."

Chris shot him a quick look, wondering whether that last sentence held a double meaning. Tobe's gaze, however, was open and steady. He meant just what he said and no more.

"Oh, o' course," assented Hovey. "Come to think onto it, I dunno as I'd want to take away the ol' boy's livin'. Anyway, I don't have to." He stretched his strong arms in a boastful gesture. "But say, Tobe, don't ye trap no fur yerself?"

"Nope. I don't care much 'bout it. Huntin's good fun, but tendin' a mess o' traps—I'll leave that for ol' Hopper Jack."

Chris laughed tolerantly, as if his host had confessed to a degree of laziness. At the same time a crafty glimmer came under his black brows.

"I kind o' like it, myself. Gives ye a chance to use yer wits." Something in his tone seemed almost to intimate that Tobe was too slow-witted to make a successful trapper. "An' I tell ye, if I had a fine little wife like yourn, Tobe, I'd git me some traps an' ketch a big warm fur coat for her to wear into winter."

The others stared. Hill women did not wear fur coats. If their men shot or trapped animals bearing good pelts, those skins were sold in some valley town and the money devoted to the purchase of necessities. The idea thus presented, however, held glamorous possibilities. Mercy's face glowed. Her husband's drew into a thoughtful frown.

"Sounds easy, when ye say it quick," he remarked. "But it takes a sight o' pelts. An' it costs money to git 'em made up."

"Oh, wal." Chris smiled in a half-scornful way. "O' course it'd take some work an' a few dollars cash, but ——"

He left the rest unsaid. His manner implied, however, that a fellow who begrudged the effort and money involved in such a gift was hardly worthy of such a wife.

Tobe's square jaw clenched a little, and the look he bent on his caller was half hostile. Yet the other had said nothing to which he could take exception. After a minute his gaze roved to his wife's apple-blossom face.

"Would ye like it, Blossom?"

"Oh, it'd be fine, Tobe! But"—reluctantly—"mebbe 'twould cost too much."

Tobe refilled his pipe and fell silent, figuring on the idea.

"Wal," drawled Chris, with an assumption of his joking manner, "tell ye what I'll do, Mercy. Come fall, I'll ketch a good batch o' pelts an' git 'em fixed up for ye, pervidin' ye'll feed me lots o' good vittles. I'll git a lot o' fun outen it, an' it won't cost Tobe nothin'."

The response was somewhat ungracious. Mercy laughed, but gave him an odd look. Tobe, already rankling a little from the veiled slurs, reddened and hit back hard.

"Any fur ye git ye can keep," he asserted. "Any clo'es Blossom wears comes from me. Any vittles ye want ye're welcome to. Anybody that drops by can set up to my table. I'd feed a dawg if he come hungry."

Thus decisively was Chris put in his place. Temper flared within him. Face crimsoning, fists closing, he sat a moment rigid. Then he forced a laugh, rose, and took his hat.

"Sorry, Tobe. I was jest a-jokin'. Guess I've kind o' wore out my welcome, ain't I? Wal, g'-by. Ye needn't feed me no more. I ain't no dawg."

"Didn't say ye was. Ye know what I mean. Come or go, whichever ye like."

Chris chose to go with an air of injured innocence. Outside, in the darkness, his face bloated and he hissed furiously. By the time he reached his camp, though, he had begun to grin wolfishly. For some time he squatted beside his fire, alternately scowling and showing his teeth. When he rolled up in his blankets he still grinned. No Spaniards walked in the shadows that night. Perhaps, instead, those saturnine spirits were chuckling around the bed of Tobe.

For the next few days Chris prowled. With that velvety, predatory stride of his, he scouted in several directions, keenly studying certain signs. Also, he located a deserted house in fairly good condition. Finally, after a covert watch of the Boggs place, he managed a farewell call when Tobe was away.

"Oh, Tobe ain't here?" he asked in apparent surprise. "Wal, I won't stop then. I'm a-goin' out today, an' I didn't want to leave no hard feelin's behind me."

"Oh, there ain't any," Mercy hastened to assure him. "Tobe, he—he felt a little riled, that's all."

"I reckon mebbe 'twas my fault," magnanimously conceded Chris. "But ye know I meant all right, Mercy. I was jokin' mostly. But jest the same, I'd be more'n glad to do jest what I said—give ye some nice furs or somethin' if 'twouldn't make no trouble. I like to do things like that for folks that's good to me. I—I ain't got nobody that cares if I live or die, an' I 'preciate a little friendship more'n ye know."

He achieved a neat note of pathos there, and the hearts of both women responded to it.

"Ye pore boy!" commiserated old Mis' Boggs. And Mercy impulsively replied, "Thank ye. Ye're awful good, an'—an' ye're welcome here any time, Chris. Tobe, he barks kind o' sharp sometimes, but he likes ye; we all do. But I wouldn't want ye to give me nothin'—ye mustn't think of it. An' besides, I guess mebbe Tobe'll do a little trappin' this fall. He ain't said nothin', but I've seen him cleanin' up some old traps."

"That's good!" Chris smiled, genuinely delighted. "I hope he gits a lot o' fur for ye. Ye deserve everything that's good. Wal, g'-by, Mis' Bawggs. G'-by, Mercy. Tell Tobe g'-by for me."

"Whar ye goin' to?" quizzed the mother.

"I dunno. Down the valley somewheres. Any ol' place. Mebbe I'll git homesick an' come back into fur time though. Ye can't tell. If I should, mebbe I could help Tobe a little onto his trappin', if he wouldn't git mad at me for tellin' him how. I used to be pretty good at it."

"Wal, now, that's real han'some of ye!" vigorously approved Mis' Boggs. "Ye're more'n gin'rous, Chris, an' if ye do come back we'll be awful glad to see ye. An' Tobe—why, don't take him too serious. Ye're too proud, the both o' ye. Two growed-up men hadn't ought to spat like a couple o' babies."

"That's right," he agreed. "An' I'm sure I ain't mad 'bout nothin'. Wal, g'-by."

With one long, hungry look at Mercy he turned and swung away, debonair, yet lonely looking. The girl watched him pityingly.

"Pore feller!" she breathed. "He's jest awful lonesome an' friendless, like. I wish he could find him a good girl."

The poor, lonesome, friendless object of her sympathy laughed silently as he wended his way back to camp. All was as he would have it: Suspicion disarmed, good will behind him, and welcome awaiting his return. Oh, yes, he meant to come back. His departure was but an interlude.

Tobe, on hearing of the farewell call and absorbing the comments thereon of his womenfolk, smoked another thoughtful pipe and said nothing. To himself he admitted, though, that he'd been a mite hastylike toward Chris. Then he turned his mind to other things.

Summer waned. Fall came early, as Hovey had predicted, and cold. The little brethren of the forest, somehow forewarned by old Mother Nature, grew their cold-weather coats ahead of time. If the chill held steady, fur would be thick and glossy long before the dead of winter usually was due. Over on Peters Kill a wizened old Indian with a crooked leg—Hopper Jack—stumped about with tireless persistence and selected with unerring skill the spots for his baits, snares and steel sets. A mile eastward, on easy-going Coxing Kill, a young hillman scouted with equal tenacity, but with considerably less expertness, in determining the strategic points for his own line. Neither had any contact with the other, for Hopper Jack, a recluse, kept always to his own solitude. Down in the valley, where he had taken a temporary job in a village, a dandified, raven-haired fellow ate innumerable apples, basked in the smiles of sundry girls, but found hunger unappeased. Day by day he scanned the changing colors of the heights and noted the increasing sharpness of the air. Like Hopper Jack and Tobe, he was waiting.

The soft-aired period of Indian summer arrived and, with unusual swiftness, vanished. Keen cold followed. Birds started south. Raccoon and mink, fox and skunk foraged streams and woods with fiercer intensity.

In the cabin of Hopper Jack, skins began to decorate the frames, increasing daily in number. In the barn of Tobe Boggs a few—very few—pelts appeared, one by one. In the valley village Chris quit his job, bought a secondhand shotgun, made up a pack of supplies, and hit for the hills.

Steady tramping brought him into The Traps in the gloaming. Leaving the road, he threaded the forest by lantern light, following a seldom used trail. Thus, unobserved, he reached the abandoned house where he intended to live; quickly made it as comfortable as might be, and turned in. And there, for several nights, he slept unsuspected. By day he stole along divers byways, lurked in various coverts, spied on the works of certain men. The things thus learned made him laugh silently. Having gained the knowledge he sought, he discarded further concealment.

Bearing his shotgun, he fared forth on a hunting trip which resulted in the deaths of two rabbits and a grouse. With these in hand he appeared, about midforenoon, at the Boggs house. The surprised outcry of Mis' Boggs, the smiling welcome of Mercy, the hearty greeting of Tobe were all he could have desired.

"'Lo, folks," he smiled. "I got kind o' homesick for The Traps ag'in, so I come back for a little huntin'. How's things?"

"Oh, tol'rable," Tobe replied. "When'd ye git in?"

"Jest las' night," lied Chris. "Come in kind o' late, so I didn't bother ye. I'm bachin' it over into the ol' Benton house. 'Tain't bad—'ceptin' I've got an awful pore cook."

"Mebbe we can fix that, if ye want to walk over here oncet in a while. Bring yer traps with ye?"

"Nope. I kind o' changed my mind 'bout trappin' into here. You doin' any?"

"Yup. A little. It's a-comin' kind o' slow, but I got two coons an' three mush-rats an' a mink."

"How many traps? How long ye had 'em out?"

"Fourteen. Three weeks."

"Huh!" Then, hastily: "Wal, it's early yit. Mebbe later on, when the critters git hungrier, ye'll do better. Still an' all —— Do they steal any baits onto ye?"

"Wa-al"—reluctantly—"yas, they do, oncet in a while. An' some others they never touch."

(Continued on Page 50)

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(Continued from Page 48)

"Aha!" Chris nodded sagely. "Wal, I can fix that part of it for ye if ye want me to. Glad to do it, too, Tobe. Le's go look at them traps right now."

"M-m. Wal, after dinner, mebbe. It's gittin' on to mealtime. Ye'll eat here, o' course. What's the news down b'low?"

Nothing loath, Chris waited, gossiped, hantered all three, and ate. Also, he succeeded in giving all his small game to the family and thus evoking from the mother more encomiums on his generosity. It suited his purpose very well to have the old woman on his side. She might be useful at some not distant date.

Dinner out of the way, the two men went over the trap line. Tobe would have been much astonished if he had known that his companion already was well acquainted with that layout. As it was, he could but admire the deft sure way in which Chris rearranged certain sets and suggested improvements in others. He appreciated, too, the thorough interest of his helper in the success of the venture. Pretty good feller, Chris was, to take all this trouble for nothin'; not much like the grabbin', cheatin' Trix he used to know.

"There, I guess that'll help some," Chris asserted at the end of the tour. "Ye can't go at this game careless like. Them little varmints is mighty cute. Better git ye some gloves, an' don't use 'em for nothin' but makin' the sets. Wal, I don't think o' nothin' more jest now. I s'pose ye git out onto the line bright an' early mornin's, don't ye?"

"Oh, not so awful early. The mornin' chores has to be done, an' I want a good breakfast into me, an' I figger that anything that's into a trap'll stay put till I git round to it."

"Sure, sure. Feller might as well take his time." Chris already knew that Tobe had been a bit late in starting his round, but, for reasons of his own, he wished to make sure that this was a habit. "Wal, guess I'll move 'long. See ye later. Oh, say, I been a-wonderin'—what makes ye wear that contraption onto yer right heel?"

"This?" Tobe lifted his boot, exposing a half-moon arrangement of metal heel plates. "Them eyes o' yourn don't miss much, do they? Why, it's like this: I allus seem to wear down my right heel quicker'n my left—guess it's the way I swing my foot—an' so I figgered out this doodad to hold 'er more even like. Been doin' that for years."

"Uh-huh. I noticed it quite a while back. It makes a kind of a funny mark when ye walk."

"Yup. It'd be a bad thing for me to wear if I was committin' any crimes," Tobe laughed, "'cause everybody round here knows that funny track o' mine. Wal, g'-by. Drop round any time."

"Sure."

Tobe plodded homeward. Chris, with a queer smile, turned away into the woods.

Daily thereafter he made a leisurely call on the Boggses. Daily he found Tobe in exuberant humor. The changes in the traps had been followed by a notable improvement in luck; the tale of pelts was steadily increasing. The trapper gave full credit to his instructor for showing him the knack of outsmarting the cunning critters; and Hovey, though waving a deprecatory hand, made no disclaimer. Mercy was a singing sunbeam, and the most toothsome dainties she could devise were prodigally served to generous Chris, who was so good about helping his friends. Thanks to his aid, the dream coat would become a reality. He was in high favor all around.

Yet, after that initial assistance, Chris had no further visible contact with the trap line. Suggestions and advice he would give in plenty, if asked for them at the house; but he evaded any invitation to make the rounds with Tobe. He liked to sleep in the morning, he said, or to still-hunt squirrels; the line was doing all right without his meddling; Tobe didn't need him out there. Tobe thought it a little odd that the other, after manifesting so much interest at first, now did not care to go over the route again and view its workings; but he did not urge him. Had he been more observant he might have noted something even more queer—the fact that Chris always approached the house with watchful alertness, as if expecting to find some sudden change in the tranquillity of its inhabitants.

Thus several days slid past. Tobe's luck was becoming downright marvelous. He could scarcely credit it himself. Then he received a jolt.

One afternoon, when Chris had come and gone, he decided to hunt squirrels up on the butte of Dickie Barre, which reared its massive bulk between the two kills—Coxing and Peters. Some distance back on that rolling plateau was a little copse of chestnut where the big gray fellows might resort. The climb up the stiff slope was so rough and toilsome, and the summit so overgrown by brambles, that hunters seldom went there; it was easier to range the woods down below. That, however, was all the more reason to expect success. Tobe went.

He bagged no squirrels. If any had been there they now were gone. Disappointed, he rambled a bit, seeking a possible rabbit. He found none. So, as sundown neared, he headed homeward, meandering along a random line of least resistance. Presently he came into a dimly marked old-time trail.

He remembered this ancient track, though he had not traveled it for years. It was a short cut between the two creeks, made long ago by some forgotten woodsman. On the Coxing side it terminated at a point about midway of his trap line. Might as well follow it down, he decided.

After a few rods of easy progress he began to scan the path more closely. Somehow it felt as if recently traveled. The little snares of wandering vine and sprawling brush usually found on a disused byway did not catch at his feet here; they seemed to have been kicked apart or trodden down. Presently, reaching a patch of frost-browned ferns, he found them leaning awry or broken off, mangled by repeated passages of big hoofs or boots. Some heavy creature was using this trail. And the trail, as has been said, ran toward Tobe's treasure-trove.

The trapper's eyes contracted. He pressed on with shortened but quickened step, narrowly watching the path. All at once he stopped dead. There in a little hollow was a mucky spot, and in the half-hard mud were boot tracks. And the marks made by the right foot showed the peculiar imprint of a half-moon heel plate which formed the distinctive trail sign of Tobe Boggs!

Dumfounded, Tobe stood and gaped. After a minute he rubbed his eyes, stared around him and looked again. The reality of the tracks was unquestionable. Stooping, he circled slowly about the spot, peering intently at every footprint. When he straightened up he knew that his mysterious double had passed several times along that path, and that he had traveled it in both directions—toward Peters Kill, and back toward Coxing. The latest marks, now hours old, led toward Tobe's own grounds.

As if to reassure himself that he still possessed his own boots, he lifted his right foot and glanced at the familiar doodad. Half angered and wholly perplexed, he then pushed on eastward, vaguely alarmed for the safety of his traps. From time to time, as he reached other soft spots, he found the same tracks recurring. They held true toward the kill. At the kill they vanished.

Sunset now was close at hand. Time still remained, however, to course along the stream far enough to visit a few sets, and this Tobe did. All was as he had left it on his latest round. Here and there he found the telltale imprints again; but these, he was quite sure, had been made by himself. In the thickening twilight he went home, vastly puzzled.

That evening he smoked hard, thought long, and said hardly a word. He could make no head or tail of the thing. Groping in a mental fog, clutching at surmises only to reject them, he repeatedly bumped into the image of Chris Hovey. But each time he shoved it from him. For one thing, Chris habitually wore, not boots, but cruisers—flexible footgear of moccasin type, favored by lumbermen. And why on earth should Chris be regularly traversing that obsolete path anyway? It was nowhere near the old Benton place, where he now lived.

To Mercy's query as to the reason for his brown study he returned no reply except that he was figgerin' about the traps. He still was milling over the mystery when he went to bed, no nearer a solution than before. Before he slept, however, he determined to arise early and get out on that trail. He might waylay the spook.

At the first faint light of dawn he was up and swiftly dressing. For the nonce he discarded those betraying boots of his in favor of light silent moccasins. Instead of the usual killing club he carried his rifle. With long strides he swung down through alternating pastures and groves to the gurgling creek. Then, finding the path, he began stealing along it, moving with utmost stealth, weighing every footfall, pausing often with bated breath to listen.

So softly did he advance that twice he flushed rabbits which had failed to hear his approach until he was almost upon them. Time and again he heard near at hand the pattering of squirrels among the down leaves. Of the movement of any heavier body, however, came no indication. Examination of the muddy spots revealed no new footprints. Steadily he worked onward, reaching the steep side of the butte, clambering up it, and, after pausing to subdue his quickened breathing, drifting noiselessly across the rough upper level. Unless he met the spook, he meant to follow that trail to its end.

He was about midway across when he stopped short, nerves taut. Something was coming. It was coming fast—not running, but pushing ahead at a rapid gait, as if in haste to reach Coxing. Twigs snapped. Carelessly placed feet crashed through a patch of noisy dead leaves. A rotten stick broke with a dull cluck under a heavy boot.

Tobe slipped aside and crouched in ambush between a scrub pine and a bowlder. In a very few minutes that hurrying man would pass close. The lurking trailer would see who he was, let him pass, follow and see what he did. A fellow walking so incautiously would never pause to glance behind.

But that man never reached him. A sudden roar smashed out. A hoarse yell sounded, swiftly subsiding. Sinister silence succeeded.

For a long minute after that gunshot Tobe squatted motionless. No further noise came to him. Then, straining his ears, he again heard footsteps. But these were not the same. They were stealthy, quick, yet stiff, with a slight dragging sound.

Finger on trigger, he went forward. From a clump of pines some forty yards ahead was floating a thin haze of bluish smoke. And from that point now sounded an acrid voice:

"Thief! Robber! Sneak! You smart, huh? Steal some more, huh? Mebbe!"

No other voice answered. A few more dragging footsteps, then a gloating "Hah!" A branch broke sharply, torn from a tree. Followed a curious thud; then another.

Tobe slid into the pine clump, peered beyond, stood frozen. In the trail, face down, lay a man dead. Just behind him was another man, shriveled, bent, yet active; a swart old Indian. In his sinewy right hand was gripped the stick just broken from the tree. From his left fell a limp animal, just killed by an expert blow. With a diving motion the old man grabbed at a stout bag lying on the ground; yanked forth another creature which struggled and squirmed; swung his stick. At each thud he voiced that gloating grunt.

Within another minute he had slain every animal which had been in that bag. Not until then did he turn his attention again to the prone man. With a couple of hobbling glides he then moved to the body, gave it a twist and a heave, turned it over. His thin lips writhed back from his scattered teeth in a fang grin of sated vengeance. He—and Tobe—looked into the face of Chris Hovey.

Tobe lunged forward. The killer recoiled. One hand instinctively darted toward his long muzzle loader, leaning against a tree.

"None o' that, Hopper!" warned Tobe. "Back up!"

Hopper Jack backed. Now that he saw plainly who his captor was, he seemed relieved. He relaxed from his tense poise and stood quiet.

"What's this mean?" the younger man rasped.

"Ye got eyes," was the dry retort. "Look."

Tobe studied the ground. He saw, first, that Chris had been carrying his gun, falling on it when he went down; second, that he had undoubtedly been toting that bag and its live occupants; third, that he now wore boots. Stooping, the investigator lifted the right foot. On the heel he found a cunningly cut replica, in leather, of his own metal heel plate.

Hopper Jack, mute, bent and lifted a dead mink, which he held out. Its mouth was muzzled with cruel cords, and its feet tied together. On one foreleg was the fresh mark of the jaws of a trap. Staring at the others, Tobe found each likewise bound.

Slowly the thing became clear. Day by day Chris had robbed the traps of Hopper Jack, stunning the prey enough to tie it up, and thus loading his bag; tramped across to Coxing Kill and put the live animals into Tobe's traps; then retreated to his camp, reappearing later as a careless huntsman wearing cruisers. The tracks left along Peters Kill had been circumstantial evidence that the thief was Tobe. So were those made on this trail—footprints leading both ways, to make it plain that Tobe had come across by this route and returned after his robberies.

"Big fool," spoke Hopper Jack, pointing at Chris. "Think I think you steal. Think I git mad, go your house, shoot through window, mebbe; or go Coxin' Kill, shoot ye on trap line."

"Why didn't ye?" wondered Tobe.

"Huh! Ol' Injun no fool. Tobe Boggs no steal. S'posin' mebbe ye do steal, ye leave trail plain as wagon? No. Ol' man trap long time, he know how read sign, you bet. That trail, he make for ol' man to see. He think me too ol', too slow, too cripple to ketch him on crick early, 'fore sunup. That's right, I be. But I can git up here an' watch trail, see who come with fur. He got gun ready. I got gun more ready. Un'stand?"

Tobe nodded dubiously. This much was obvious; but not so the underlying motive. Why should Chris want Tobe shot by Hopper Jack?

Memory reached back through days; then through weeks; finally through years. A dull flush of comprehending wrath rose slowly to his brow. Uh-huh! So that was it! Chris was still cheating for apples—and blossoms. Tobe alive was an insurmountable obstacle. Tobe dead would leave a lovely little widow, a snug farm, and a free field for this very good friend of the family. Old Hopper Jack, if not upheld by public opinion for shooting Tobe as a sneaking robber, could take his medicine.

"Chris," he said hoarsely, "oncet ye traded me a knife handle 'thout the blade. Now ye've been a-tryin' to gimme the blade—point an' edge. But this time I win."

The keen old eyes which had been interpreting every change of his expression glinted with the light of comprehension.

"You read sign pretty good too—lookin' backward," commented Hopper Jack.

"I've got this trail all figgered out." The younger man regarded him intently; looked all around, listened, heard nothing; faced him again. "Hopper, I thought I got up early this mornin', but I didn't. I'm abed an' dreamin' right now, an' when I wake up I ain't a-goin' to remember what I dreamt. An' if anybody asks me where Chris Hovey's gone to, I dunno; I guess mebbe he's took the notion to leave this kentry for good. Or if anybody ever finds him up here, I reckon he must have fell onto his gun an' kilt himself. Now here's 'nother thing—some animals have been a-comin' over lately from your crick an' gittin' into my traps. I want them skins for my wife, an' I'll give ye a fair price for 'em. I'll come over an' see ye later 'bout that. Now it must be gittin' along towards mornin', so I'll jest turn over for one more nap."

He turned and back-tracked. As he passed over each soft place he set his heel hard on every peculiar mark left there in recent days, smearing it into a shapeless blur. So he reached his own creek, crossed, and trudged on toward a plume of smoke which, rising beyond the roadside trees, betokened the kindling of a breakfast fire at his own peaceful hearth.

"There's good an' bad into most everything," he mused as his cozy little home and its apple orchard came into sight. "Take apples, now. I don't b'lieve the Lord ever made a tastier fruit than good apples, an' I know He never made a sweeter flower than apple blossoms. But then ag'in, there's them Dead Sea apples that Ol' Scotty used to tell about sometimes into school—them things that, when ye try to gobble 'em, jest go to smoke an' ashes. I guess mebbe, if Trix Hovey warn't all through talkin', he could tell folks now jest how them things taste."

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WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Thomas McMorrow

Thomas McMorrow

LAST summer, while I was living the literary life on Fire Island, some sympathizer snapshotted me and sent the picture to my favorite magazine. The magazine authorities tell me they're going to run it, and offer, sportingly, to run an explanation, too, if I keep it to five hundred words. Evidently the picture doesn't tell the whole story. That's odd in a magazine picture.

The scene, I take it, is in my library. The rows of books in the background indicate the terrific research which goes into the writing of my stories. The object in my hand is a real quill pen plucked from a goose; to be strictly in the beautiful old tradition, the quill should come from an eagle—*aquila* means eagle—but an eagle is an unhandy bird to find when one needs a pen. I use the quill for its beauty and grace and atmosphere; you may think me rather lah-de-dah, but I can't help that. The object in my mouth is a pipe, indicating meditation and mellow humor.

I began writing at the age of five, writing left-handedly—I'm left-handed—and was promised promotion to the First Reader if I'd switch over. I switched, and I've read the First Reader all through; in my opinion the First Reader is the fountainhead of good English, and no man can claim to be truly educated who hasn't read it. The stories under my name nowadays don't belong to this early period; an admirer wrote me recently raising this question.

I attended the schools of the Christian Brothers, Clason Military Academy and Manhattan College. The hatred of war and militarism which drove me into the A. E. F. was bred in me at dear old Clason; in other words, the battles of St.-Mihiel, the Argonne, and along the Meuse, all of which I attended, were won on the drill field at Clason Point, so far as I won them at all.

Having completed a three-year postgraduate course at Columbia University, and having been admitted to the New York bar in January, 1908, I plunged into the practice of the law. Some of the most famous litigation in the history of the New York bar happened during my practice, if not precisely in it, and in February, 1915, I felt that I was about ready to go into the building business. I built two twelve-story apartment houses in that year; I must mention appreciatively the unselfish assistance rendered me by my two brothers who were my partners and were graduate engineers.

Came the war. I answered my country's call, and was equipped with a pair of the most remarkable shoes I have ever seen. The iron in them alone must have been worth half a dollar, just as junk; they had horseshoes on the heels, plate armor on the toes and spikes underneath; so shod, I was sent against the armed forces of Germany. The French, who take great pride in their roads, provided freight cars for me, but I had to do some walking eventually. On my way back from the front I saw a regiment of engineers mending the roads I had been over. The heavy shelling had done not a little damage to the roads, too, however. Those shoes are downstairs; when my boy is able to lift them he will prove himself a man.

Having rioted my way through the Army's sixty dollars in the course of a very few weeks, I had to get out and scratch. My law practice was gone, prices of labor and material would have kept me out of building even if my brothers hadn't, and so I picked on literature as the softest spot in sight. And there you are.

And that, unless I've lost the hawk's-eye which made me the best spotter of kitchen smoke in all the Argonne, is five hundred words and a handful for the pot. I return to my beloved books.

Arthur William Brown

Arthur William Brown

I WAS born at Hamilton, Canada, on a cold winter's night in the ugly eighties, and have been cold-blooded ever since. If illustration paid the way writing does I would spend what is known as the frigid spell in the shade of a banana palm where they grow.

After twenty winters spent under the blazing sun of Hamilton I decided to come to New York and be an artist. It was the year of the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, so if you're clever you have my age.

Being an artist was much harder than I had expected. In those primitive days some illustrator had to die before you could break in. Every time I heard an artist was sick I ghouled around the magazine he worked for, with my samples all ready to show. The artists of that period were the healthiest crowd the game has ever known.

One day I thought of a joke, probably one of the days I ate, made a drawing for it, and Life bought it for eight dollars. That was the start.

When I got my first job from THE SATURDAY EVENING POST I had a sick headache for two days from joy and fright. Up to the present and from now on whenever a story arrives to be manhandled it is read hastily to see if there's a horse or a baby in it. If there is my day is ruined. They are hard to draw. I almost got famous once. James Montgomery Flagg painted my portrait and put it in an exhibition he was having. A critic reviewing the show said: "Among the best portraits are ones of Ethel Barrymore, Irvin Cobb, Booth Tarkington, and a fashionable young man with stick."

I like everything except work. I dislike people who always ask me if I read the story before I illustrate it and work. My favorite recreations are receiving checks, tennis and Paris.

What else is there to say when you have already said too much?

Oma Almona Davies

BIOGRAPHIES are mostly memories, aren't they? Well, then! I remember a large square house set upon a slope between the palisades of the Ohio and the river. Do people generally know that there are palisades along the Ohio River? I remember, for no reason at all, the nights rather than the days of those early years. I remember the moon rising like a great golden platter over the West Virginia hills across the river, the fireflies dancing in the shadowed air, the singing of the darkies on the river boats.

I remember a figure perpetually interesting, perpetually spectacular to my childish eyes: A father with young silver-white hair whose dark eyes burned to redress all the wrongs of the world in a lifetime, a short lifetime, as it proved; a father who loved to plunge about upon an untamed pony on week days and to teach a sedate Bible class on Sundays; a father whose two passions were modern politics and ancient classics. In his library have sat at various times William McKinley, Charles Grosvenor, Rutherford B. Hayes, Joseph Foraker and other sturdy patriots of the day.

I remember the home suddenly fragrant with flowers in a bitter January. I remember relatives in black whom I had never seen before. I remember the odd seaweedish odor of crape.

And then I remember the family, the mother and two older sisters fleeing from the scene of that unspeakable reft, fleeing even to the farther edge of California. And there I remember a thin, long-legged child edging her way through high school, entering the university with her hair still in taffy-colored braids, shrinking if an eye were turned upon her. But beginning to love words, words in whatever tongue—French, Spanish, English, Latin, especially Latin—words, words, the wonder of words. Not very happy—too many sports in which she wanted to join, but didn't know how; too many people she wanted to be friendly with, but didn't know how.

And then, a jaunting about in other countries, living upon the Arno, lingering

(Continued on Page 54)

Oma Almona Davies

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Surely you cannot be satisfied with anything less than Essex offers. Its cost is but little more than cars of the lowest price.

Two of every three Essex cars are bought by those whose former cars were chosen principally because of their low cost.

No wonder Essex sales lead all in its class.

Essex Holds Its Own in any Company—in any Service

(Continued from Page 52)

in the Quartier Latin, strolling upon the Avenue Louise, boating along the Lido, breathless in the Alt Pinakothek, palpitating in Westminster, and resting at last in the hills of Aberystwith, from which half her blood was drawn.

And now by the Golden Gate again, in a little villa nested among trees and bowlders, bowlders even built into the house; immersed in words again, words, words tumbling over one another by the thousand; and one beside her who loves her words, even though his legal eyes are sometimes pained by the illogic of them!

Biographies are feelings and beliefs and hopes, aren't they? Well, then! I do like people, and I like men better than women. Women rather terrify me; one never knows what the pretty things are thinking nor what they will do next to surprise one! And with an intensity that hurts I like animals; their standard is at once so simple and so perfect—they always do the best they know! Will people ever attain unto the measure of the beast? So, of course, I believe that vivisection is the most fiendish crime perpetrated in the world today—the torture of the innocent by the blood-guilty. My creed is simplicity: I believe in simple food, simple clothing, simple pleasures, simple housing. I think overelaboration is the cause of most of our social, political and moral ills. The world has so stuffed itself upon condiment that it doesn't realize its need of real food; it is fevered and jaded and wants something more, but doesn't know what, when in reality it needs only to get back to its bread and butter with a little jam—homemade!—on the side.

And my hopes? I hope there shall be no harm nor hurt in all my holy mountain. For it is a holy mountain—my mountain, your mountain—all our mountains are holy mountains. Writing is a serious business; the writing of comedy is a serious business. It is an awesome affair, this bringing to birth men and women who shall play for good or ill upon human hearts. I do not want primarily to write for that chill abstraction called Art; I want to write for warm, pulsing people. If in achieving the latter I achieve also the former, the more happy I. But if my day's work may include a thought caper which shall cause some weary muscle to relax or if it may include a pensive word which shall cause someone to look up at the stars, then satisfied am I when I lay down my pencil and gaze once more through the Golden Gate.

A CITY WORKER

(Continued from Page 36)

that she was taken to a hospital. Several hours passed before the police department pieced out the case and got them together. And then the poor frightened old farm wife was dead.

A similar case was that of another old couple, man and wife, Germans, who were trying to reach a steamer. The husband was shut out of a Subway train, too, after his wife had entered. Bewildered, understanding only that his wife, baggage, papers, money—everything he had in the world—was on that train, he jumped down onto the tracks and ran after it. How he escaped being killed nobody knows, but he ran miles and miles, through the dark Subway and the tunnel under the river, and was found in Brooklyn several hours later, unable to give an intelligent account of what had happened. His wife had been found, meanwhile, and taken to a hospital, where she died several days later from pneumonia following the fright and shock.

Subway separations are very common; fortunately not all so tragic. New Yorkers have adapted themselves to the crowds and perplexities of the Subway, and travel on it by daily habit, catching the same train and getting on and off at their regular stations. Sometimes I think they do it instinctively, relaxing and resting during the mechanical trip from home to work and back again—if you can call a New York Subway restful! But to visitors it is bewildering. They do not understand the system by which the doors are opened and closed quickly to keep trains on schedule, particularly the thousands of country folks, living in places where street cars wait leisurely until everybody is on or off.

This morning we helped straighten out the trouble of a fine Italian who had lost one of his daughters in the Subway. Working in a railroad shop in the Middle West, he had been given a vacation with passes to New York for himself and two motherless girls. Here he visited friends, and everything went well until they started for the train home, when the younger girl, twelve years old, was shut in a Subway car and whirled away before the others got aboard. The father became frantic, but had presence of mind enough to come with the other girl to the railroad station and tell his troubles to an officer.

We got in touch with the police, found that the lost girl had been taken to a downtown police station, and the father and sister were escorted there by one of our guides for a happy reunion.

In the Other Fellow's Place

Even if you should get lost in a Subway or be separated from others, you are safe enough, and literally hundreds of people will help you get together again. Besides train guards, there are platform officials with telephone systems, as well as the police, who have their systems for taking care of and reporting lost persons. The police do it every day as a business; on a crowded Sunday, when several hundred thousand people go to Coney Island, the police pick up dozens of lost children, take care of them and restore them to their mothers.

Unless you can put yourself in the other fellow's place, this is no job for you! Just a matter-of-fact questioning of the deserted wife or the workman who has lost his daughter on the Subway won't do. It is necessary to understand how helpless people feel when their everyday lives are suddenly toppled over by such unforeseen disasters.

"Why, I couldn't think of a thing to do!" they say, after their trouble has been cleared up, and that is literally true; without someone to help, they are incapable of making the simplest inquiries.

It is even more necessary to put yourself in the other fellow's place when the person you are trying to help has something to conceal. For example, young runaways. Two girls ask to be directed to a boarding house. Their faces, voices and bearing do not match their clothes, because they are kids of twelve or thirteen who have dressed themselves to look as old as possible. Plainly runaways, of whom two or three turn up somewhere in New York nearly every day.

Bound for Hollywood! A letter sent out broadcast by a Western magazine invited young people to take part in a moving-picture contest, the winners of which were to be given prominent rôles in a new movie drama. A backstairs route straight into movie fame, with none of the hard work or waiting undergone by the stars who have already arrived. The girls are sent back home, and the contest brought to the attention of a motion-picture men's organization.

There was fifteen-year-old Annina, of Italian parents, who ran away from a New England factory town to become a toe dancer. A lurid advertisement brought her too; she treasured the printed booklet of a dancing school, thinking it equivalent to acceptance as a pupil. The school proved to be questionable, but we had Annina tested by a good dancing teacher, who reported that she had no personality, sense of rhythm or anything to make her a dancer. At home she had worked in the factory. We kept an eye on her until she got another factory job.

Many of the runaway children are adults in years, but mentally only seven or eight years old—our famous friend the moron. It is a queer experience to find a woman past twenty giving all sorts of wrong names and addresses of people as her relatives, finding that none of them know her, and then getting more names and addresses. When a psychological test is made, however, you learn that you have been talking to a seven-year-old child. And later you learn that she has escaped from some institution, and simply wandered into New York.

But then, we have such pleasant experiences too. Our friends of other years write and ask us to look after relatives who are coming to New York, and see them safely on their way. Especially immigrants who, arriving at Ellis Island, knowing nobody, and ignorant of our language, have been safeguarded and guided. The barge office, where immigrants actually land in New York after passing inspection on the island, is a critical point. Our men there speak more than a score of languages, and these are not enough. The utmost vigilance is necessary to protect immigrants against robbery by scoundrels who speak their own tongue. To clear completely the cases brought in on a single ship may require twelve to fifteen hours' continuous work. For example, last year we were given charge, by immigration officials, of more than two thousand brides—immigrant women betrothed to men living in the United States.

It is quite a common experience for immigrants to ask us to meet their incoming relatives, sending money for tickets, and thanking us for the help they got themselves anywhere from one to ten years ago. A very large number of the foreigners now arriving at Ellis Island are women and children, the relatives of men immigrants who have established themselves in the United States, and are sending for their families. Such requests also come to us through employers, and even banks. The husband cannot afford to travel maybe a couple of thousand miles to meet his family here, so he transmits the money to the bank in which he keeps his savings, or asks his employers to arrange matters, and we meet the incomers and put them on the right train.

Travelers who get into trouble are generally old people; women with children; young girls traveling alone; little children traveling alone—we had more than a thousand under ten years last year; the blind; the feeble-minded; the insane; runaway boys, girls and old people; immigrants and strangers who do not understand English; and people lured to the city by some false advertising scheme. Far more women are helped than men—we had twenty-five thousand major cases among the women, and less than eight thousand men. By ages the greater number are between twenty-one and thirty, after that those between sixteen and twenty-one, after that the children under sixteen; with more than a thousand old people, past sixty. The Grand Central terminal leads in number, the Pennsylvania terminal is second, and Ellis Island third.

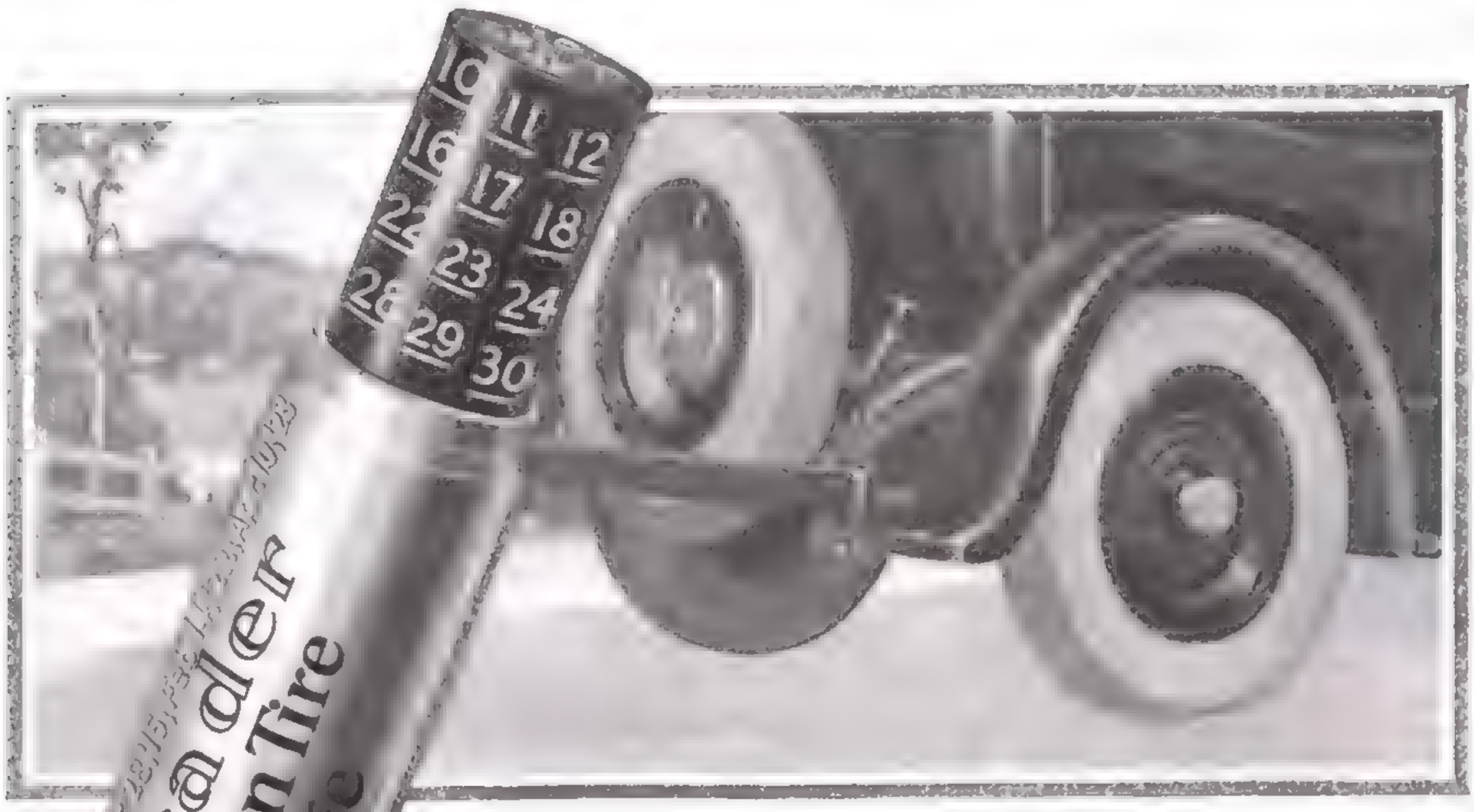
The commonest trouble people get into—about one in five—is ignorance of the city. Next come the travelers who need help in changing money, purchasing railroad tickets, buying food and other little details. Others need an interpreter, or a doctor, or legal advice, or even a parson; we witnessed or sponsored more than two thousand travelers' weddings last year.

Our American Metropolis

Training for Social Work

Attending to all these needs and troubles—there are never two cases exactly alike—we have a nation-wide organization, not only of our own societies but of other organizations. If a bewildered traveler is found in the Grand Central terminal, for instance, and tells us that she comes from or is going to a certain town in any section of the country, we can make inquiries through the local Red Cross in that town and get in touch with relatives. In the same way we make inquiries of, and oftentimes turn people over to, Big Brothers and Big Sisters societies, the various religious and fraternal organizations, the charitable associations, and in a certain limited number of criminal cases, the police. And we have our own guest house near the Grand Central terminal where people in trouble are given food and lodging, and often kept a week, until their tangled affairs can be straightened out.

This job calls for sympathy, tact, knowledge of human nature, patience with its vagaries, sense of humor, skill in questioning, and willingness to see the job through no matter how long it may take. Many a kind-hearted woman has failed because she was easily fooled. Intuition is a very important qualification. The casual inquiry by a young girl for a room or a job may have behind it a whole series of circumstances that need careful investigation—a real third-degree inquiry. But it must be the kind that persuades people that you are trying to help them. It is always possible to hound information in difficult cases, but the information is generally worth nothing. Most of us nowadays are trained social workers—that is, after high school, perhaps a college course, and a couple of years in a special school teaching social work; we have had experience in organizations that look after the poor, defectives, delinquents and other social misfits. Through such training is the best way to get into this work if it attracts you.



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Balloon Tires *must be kept correctly inflated* to the pressure recommended by the tire maker. A few pounds "under" on a balloon tire, means much shorter tire life than with high pressure tires.

This new Gauge, calibrated in one pound units, will help you check pressures closely. It is easy to carry, will withstand hard usage, and can be used on all types of wheels. Sold by Accessory dealers everywhere.

This shows how easy it is to apply the new Ball Foot Gauge when there is only small space between thick spokes.

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Watch This Column

REGINALD DENNY

Harry Leon Wilson wrote a very clever story entitled "Oh, Doctor!" which ran in The Saturday Evening Post and proved a literary, comedy and dramatic treat. We have produced it in picture, selecting REGINALD DENNY to play the leading part, with MARY ASTOR opposite. The result is a picture-play that will amuse and thrill and entertain you to your heart's content. It is now at the foremost theatres. The supporting cast includes Otis Harlan, Wm. V. Mong, Mike Donlin, Lucille Ward and Tom Ricketts. Directed by Harry Pollard, who piloted DENNY through *"The Leather Pushers," "Sporting Youth"* and *"Reckless Age."*

I predict that *"The Phantom of the Opera"* will prove one of the real sensations of the industry. It is adapted from Gaston Leroux's wonderful story of mystery, and the action is laid in and around the Paris Opera House, which is doubtless the most elaborate theatre in the world. We have reproduced it at Universal City almost in its entirety. LON CHANEY plays the phantom and MARY PHILBIN and NORMAN KERRY have important roles. This picture will be shown in every town and hamlet in the world.

And once more, I urge you to see *"The Hunchback of Notre Dame,"* with LON CHANEY. It is a classic which you should not miss. And you must see HOUSE PETERS in *"The Tornado,"* PAULINE FREDERICK and LAURA LA PLANTE in *"Smoldering Fires,"* and HOOT GIBSON in *"The Hurricane Kid."*

Have you received your copy of UNIVERSAL'S illustrated booklet? By the way, if you want to be on our mailing list, send in your name immediately.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
730 Fifth Ave., New York City

HOW I FOUND MYSELF

(Continued from Page 34)

I slumped. It had no future for me, so I went back to Cincinnati, turned in my sample outfit and again decided to look around a little more carefully.

There I met a young man with whom I had gone to school and he told me something about the life-insurance business. Just one sentence of what he said caught my fancy—"There is plenty of room at the top and the sales territory is national." That was what I wanted. My friend was then a district agent in Illinois, but he gave me a letter of introduction to a local district agent and I presented it the next day. Overnight, however, my enthusiasm had somewhat waned, because my friend warned me that I couldn't make $100 a week at first, nor perhaps a fourth of that amount. I might have weakened, but the district agent decided the matter for me by the manner of his greeting.

He was a stout, slovenly dressed, grumpy old man, and took twice as much time as I thought necessary to read the letter. Then he lighted the stump of his cigar, fumbled with some dusty papers on his disorderly desk, and finally growled, "What makes you think you can sell life insurance?" I nearly exploded. If he had asked me what made me think I could fight I would have knocked him out of his chair. I was hot and instantly made up my mind that if he could be a district agent I ought to reach the presidency in three weeks.

I told him that if he would give me the necessary data and papers I would endeavor to show him by results and thus save conversation for use where it would do more good. He grunted and supplied me with what was needed. It was evident he thought I would last about five days. If I could not have sold life insurance after that challenge I think I would have purchased some for a few friends.

Salesmanship, I am prepared to admit, doesn't depend primarily upon scholarship and brains, but it does call for a fighting spirit, and that old man had stirred mine to the boiling point. I worked from nine o'clock in the morning until after ten o'clock every night. By this time I had learned that the laws of percentage begin to work on a man's side when he keeps everlastingly at it. I began to bring in applications very early.

Once having stumbled into the life-insurance business, and finding that I could make a living at it, I began to explore its possibilities. I did not become enthusiastic until perhaps a year after I began work. By that time I knew I had had a great stroke of good fortune in accidentally becoming allied with a very young business that was destined for greatness. Nowadays you don't think of life insurance as new, but it is. In this country the business is only about seventy-five years old. A great deal of the hardest preliminary work had been done when I started and we were making headway under full steam. Outside of this country the business is older, but on a much smaller scale.

The latest figures show $57,500,000,000 of life insurance in force in this country. The liquid wealth backing up these contracts is now in the close vicinity of $10,000,000,000, which is one of the largest pools of capital the world has ever known. It is at work day and night for the upbuilding of our country. It represents a very important phase of a nation's thrift. In fact, I think it also represents something that goes much deeper into the fundamentals of our national spirit, for nowhere else on earth are women regarded quite as they are in this country. I think the statistics on life insurance speak eloquently of the American male's solicitude for the welfare of his family.

It was the thrill of doing something thoroughly worth while that first captivated me and bound me to this business. Life insurance is an idea rather than merchandise; selling it consists of transferring the idea to a prospective purchaser. I was so thoroughly sold on the idea that I felt sincerely depressed if I couldn't sell every man I talked to. It seemed to me that I had failed in a neighborly duty if he didn't buy.

To my very great astonishment, that grouchy old district agent recommended me for a similar position at the end of the year. I knew more about him by this time, however, and he finally confessed that he always growled at new men. He knew they were destined for plenty of that as soon as they went to work; therefore he wanted to know how they'd take it.

I didn't follow his system, but that was because I worked along entirely different lines and devoted practically all my attention to devising selling talks. Moreover, the horde of failures—flotsam and jetsam from every imaginable walk of life—clutching at my desk in desperate hope of a chance to earn bread and butter forced my sympathy. I couldn't growl at them, so I invented selling talks that would help them.

These gigantic organizations known as life-insurance companies are largely the work of men who failed or were dissatisfied in other walks of life. I doubt if there is another business on earth that has picked up more failures or men out of work or in temporary distress and put them on their feet. We have disclosed to literally thousands of men the fact that they are salesmen. Very often we have lost these men because they went back to some other business after discovering their ability while serving us, but I am also proud of that achievement. Even now the largest company in this country reports that less than one-third of its agents show a record of five years with the company. By far the majority of them go on to something better.

I do not have to tell you that very few young men have rushed into life-insurance offices with the ink still wet on their college diplomas to get jobs as solicitors. You know that the business of the solicitor has been despised; that he has been the subject of hundreds of jokes; that he very often took up the work of insurance soliciting as a last resort. It impresses me as nothing less than romance that this tremendous giant of a business has been built largely by such men. Out of the thousands who have served in just that spirit the business has recruited its leadership as well as its rank and file. The time is almost upon us when the business of offering life insurance will be regarded in a new light. Eventually the agents must be more nearly professional men than salesmen. Some of them have already achieved that distinction and special courses of instruction will furnish more in the future. This business has greater promise today than ever before and is drawing into its service men of the highest capacity.

You who are not close to it can scarcely realize its present rate of growth. Permit me to enlighten you with just two figures. The amount of new business written in 1907 was $2,000,000,000; in 1923 the new business written amounted to $12,334,000,000. Very few businesses in all the history of the world have equaled that record. Now that I am a general officer, I can see more clearly than ever before how closely our business is allied with national development.

In the work that has already been done to prolong the healthy, useful life of the average man, woman and child in this country, the life-insurance companies have played a prominent part; but they are very young enterprises, gentlemen; only about seventy-five years old. They are just beginning to open their eyes to the magnificent opportunities before them. It is this youthful strength, the impression of guiding in a small way the growth of a giant, that makes my job delightful. No business could be linked more closely with the welfare of the nation and the individual than ours.

A FIRE BRIGADE ON HORSEBACK

(Continued from Page 13)

swept by fire in the 80's and fairly free of underbrush in new growth lay behind us; but suddenly the siren whistle of the little town six miles away began blowing and in every private cabin and every ranger's cabin for 150 miles—where the telephones and trails network an area the size of the state of Vermont—the telephones began jingling and didn't stop jingling for six hours. They had been jingling all night, though we didn't hear them.

We knew what that meant. Gasoline speeders built to run on the railroad tracks would be cutting the sharp curves, bringing to the scene of the fire lumbermen, track workers, rangers from every part of the park. Motor trucks with power pumps for hose and canvas tanks and reels of hose running from 1500 to 4500 feet in length would dash over the motor roads as far as motor roads led, where the equipment would be picked up by the rangers from the nearest cabin with pack horses and rushed to the fire.

Then pumps would be set to work—gasoline-engine power—or the nearest mountain streams, and tanks of capacity varying from 300 gallons, set up on tripods, to 9000 gallons in tank cars, and the hose reeled out from unit to unit to play on the advancing fire line. Other trucks would follow with a complete food outfit for days or weeks.

Beyond the sprayed line the extemporized fire brigade of general workers would cut guards 200 feet wide, not in an endeavor to stop the fire but to head it with wind to a bare rock or to a lake margin or to a stream bed. Make it kill itself—the fire fighters aim—and all the while the play of powerful hose would prevent the flying cinders from creating new fire centers and protect the men in front of the wind-tossed fire line from being burned alive.

By six o'clock that night the fire, which had darkened the valleys with a haze of impenetrable smoke, was out—dead and cold as a pile of autumn leaves in your garden on which you have turned the hose.

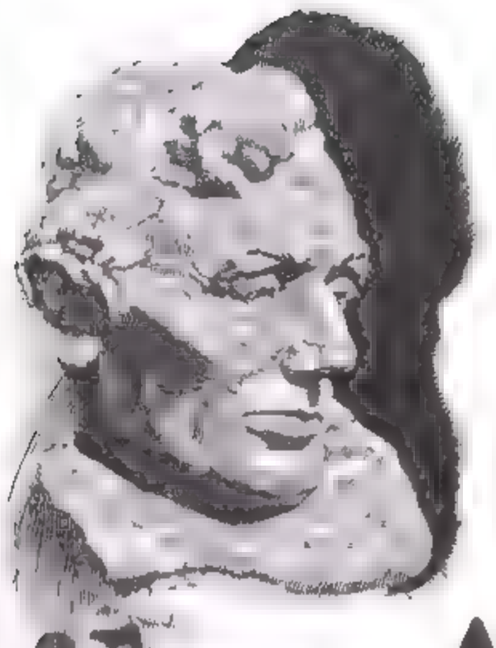
Just consider a moment. A few years ago forest fires in Canada were costing the dominion annually as much as its war debt in dead loss. In the United States, I do not think I am wrong in saying the record of loss was as large; but here is a national park nearly half the size of Vermont in which not a single fire has occurred in recent years with a loss of more than a few thousand dollars. Easily $10,000,000 worth of ripe timber, which can be taken from the park without robbing the forests in the least, has been saved to the public by a force of seventeen men, paid on an average $125 a month; which, with the chief warden's salary, is not one-third of 1 per cent of what they have saved for the public. Though fires have devastated other big timber areas not in the national parks, the old time forest fire, which was the panic-devouring, unquenchable monster of the Rocky Mountain forests, has been unknown.

This is not to say that a fire may not some day sweep down on the close-built town, which for economy of lighting and sewerage has bunched houses closely; but to that danger every town is subject. It is not to say that some careless camper on a windy day, or a flash of lightning down a gum-resinous half-dead tree, may not give the fire wardens the fight of their lives. But the fact remains that under the new unit system of fighting fires, forest fires in one of the heaviest big-timber areas of the Rockies have been conquered and prevented.

In the lurid light of the past record of forest fires, the achievement is a miracle. Colonel Rogers, the superintendent of Jasper Park, has held down any publicity on the achievement, because perhaps he realizes, first, that boasting is always futile; second, because a peculiarly bad combination of half a dozen simultaneous fires in a high wind and dry weather might test the unit system beyond its numerical equipment as to either men or machines; but the fact remains up to the present—there is the record; and it is such a record that last year foresters from many parts of the world came to Jasper to study the system and adopt such features as would work in their own peculiar areas.

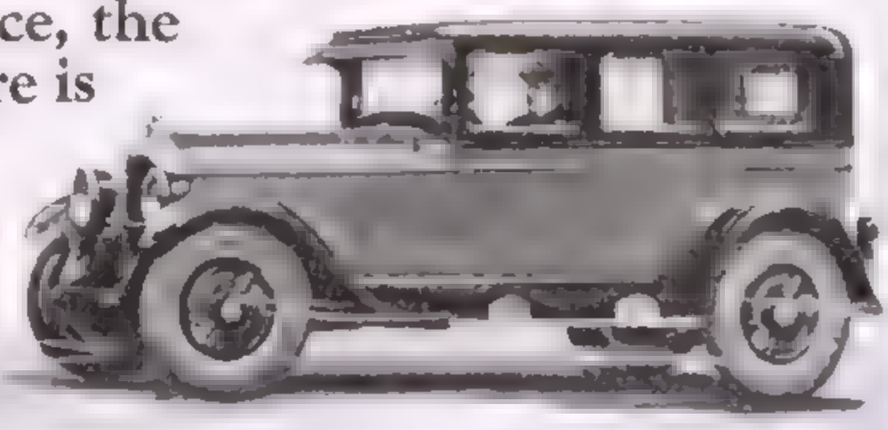
The first feature of the system is undoubtedly the personnel of the fire wardens. No machine will work with a poltroon at its handle. Returned war veterans—in the majority of cases, officers from army and navy—were picked carefully as rangers and game wardens. This entailed not only the highest grade of intelligence but the highest

(Continued on Page 58)



People Who Look Like Abraham Lincoln

The external appearance of the Chrysler and its external advantages are certain to be reproduced in other cars. Perhaps they should be. The low hung comfort of the Chrysler, the low roof, the graceful lines, the conservation of space, weight, height and length—all these are assets which every motorist is entitled to enjoy. But this of course is only the outer covering. The more vital thing is the thing which makes the Chrysler *go*—the thing which makes it almost as lively and virile as though it were animate. Several million dollars' worth of entirely new machine tools, jigs, and dies, especially designed to produce these unique and vigorous Chrysler qualities, went into the making of the car. But even more emphatic than that—the real Chrysler motive power—were the engineering brains and experience which patiently, painstakingly, labored to create the Chrysler for four years before. An institution like the Chrysler—in organization, in manufacturing facilities, in rigidly trained craftsmanship—is hard to reproduce without the same patience, the same long period of loving labor. There is always a thrill when we encounter in moving pictures a realistic reproduction of Abraham Lincoln. But we do not expect the actor to be Abraham Lincoln—but merely to look like him.



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(Continued from Page 56)

grade of morale, which is as essential in a fire fighter as a war fighter. When a man is sent to get in front of a bad forest fire and place his force of 200 or 300 fighters paid only at the rate of a few dollars a day, he must get in front of the fire line whether or not he risks his life jumping through the flame; and the head warden in Jasper has a husky voice, which I at first thought was from being gassed in the war, but afterward learned was from breathing smoke into his lungs when jumping through the fire line to get ahead of it.

The next essential to the success of the system was a thorough mapping and knowledge of the terrain in one of the wildest mountain regions in the world, where peaks rear up 13,000 feet and cliffs of 7000 feet are so steeply walled against wild cañons that to this day there are passes within sight of my cabin where no human foot has yet trod. There literally is not room between cataract below and rock wall for distances of twenty miles. Here a lightning flash has set an old resinous tree trunk blazing; and here no human fire fighter could penetrate unless dropped by an aëroplane.

On such terrain the aim has been to coop the fire, or drive it against the naked rock and let it eat itself out; but to do this there had to be accurate maps of the region which could not be penetrated. How was this done? Either from high lookouts on adjacent peaks or from photographs made from an aeroplane, which picture the main streams and the lateral feeders between which the fire fighters could imprison the fire

To patrol an area half the size of Vermont requires the services of only one flier. On two flights Colonel Rogers covered 350 square miles in half a day, but Colonel Rogers' experience in the war taught him that aëroplanes are not the best fliers for mountainous terrain. It is not the flying that is dangerous. It is the involuntary landings, as the United States fliers to Alaska found out when they landed at Fort George on the Fraser and, telescoping on a stump, badly snubbed the propeller and nose of one engine. Also a head or tail fall on a steep mountain side may entail from the weight of the engine a somersault that will smash the machine and man.

A Land Made for Seaplanes

The ideal air patrol for the national forests of the north is a seaplane, which can take off from and alight on any of the thousands of lakes that dot these areas of heavy upper snows and great Douglas firs impenetrable as a Rackmann fairy thicket. For every mile up, the flier can glide to land eight miles in any direction, which gives him a landing area so extensive that in the north he can always choose any one of dozens of mountain lakes big enough for take-off or alighting. Though the aëroplane is still used as a patrol in lighter wood areas of Manitoba and Ontario, the mountain patrol must be a seaplane.

When the great oil companies decided to use fliers to carry men to and from the Arctic they made the mistake through false economy of using aëroplanes, and on the lakes of the Far North these aëroplanes came to grief.

The national parks of the Rockies have stood out for seaplanes. The cost would probably run to $50,000 initial cost and $50,000 a year for aërodromes—very small if you balance that outlay against the millions of dollars' worth of merchantable timber saved annually to the nation. The seaplane can never be used to fight fire except to get the fire fighters across the fire line in front; but it can be used for a daily patrol to spot fire.

Hard times have prevented the addition of seaplanes to the regular equipment; but lakes and runways have been reserved for take-offs, and this feature is to be added as soon as income permits. Fortunately, before the war slump cut expenditure to the bone, the mapping and photography of the inaccessible sections were completed; and a seaplane patrol will be a part of the equipment in the Rockies just as the aëroplane is in the lighter wood sections. Considering that Canada takes in more than $100,000,000 a year from its playground parks and nearly $200,000,000 a year from its pulp area, the outlay to protect them is insignificant.

The Fire Unit System

Next in the system came the network, first of motor roads, second of pack trails, third of telephones from warden's cabin to warden's cabin, usually built at high strategic lookouts; and each man has to keep under constant control from 150 to 200 square miles of territory. This entailed the building of thousands of miles of motor and pack roads in a park half the size of Vermont in an era when Canada was going through the heavy expenditure of the war; but every dollar spent on trails has paid back thousands—yes, hundreds of thousands in timber saved to the nation.

At the first mushroom of smoke discovered, the telephones of the entire park put all the wardens, stationed at distances of twenty miles, on guard and called the entire fighting force of rangers and civilians available; so that the fire of which we had whiffed the smoke at daybreak was out by sunset. It was in the windfall and thicket of underbrush on the approach to Cavell Mountain—one of the most beautifully timbered areas in the Rockies.

But personnel, mapping, network of trails and telephones and lookout stations would have been incomplete without the unique unit system of getting canvas tanks and hose on the fire line, whether the fire line were 4500 feet up in air or 2000 feet down in some cañon. It is a system on which the whole park department of the dominion, under Commissioner Harkin, has worked since the war. I don't know whether the war experience of getting fighting units on the firing line with speed had anything to do with the various experiments tried and discarded by forest rangers who were officers at the front, till the real equipment best suited for big timber on mountainous ground was devised; but I do know the genius who worked out the system to its present efficiency was Colonel Sparks, a relative of Colonel Rogers, who preceded him in Jasper Park.

Who but military men, experienced in supplying army transports with gasoline and water under fire, would have had the prevision to put on Sulphur Mountain in Banff Park a huge tank to gather rain in the June rains against the usual drought of August and September, when the big timbers of that slope are dry of springs as autumn chaff? In other words, they set out to save the national park forests from fire as they would a civilian city under enemy fire. Preparedness meant victory.

To the layman, a technical description of the unit system sounds like Greek or Cherokee; but you grasp what it means when you hear the fire rangers describe how they use it. The equipment consists of a gasoline fire engine, 600 gallons a minute with 4500 feet of hose, with standard couplings for extension—I believe hook-up is the technical phrase. This gasoline engine hauls a four-wheel chemical engine. In addition there are smaller fire units stored for emergency both centrally in the park and with the wardens. In less than half an hour the big engine can be changed to steel tires and go anywhere along the railway track. It runs through the park and is attached to a 9000-gallon tank car to be used along the railway track if some mountain stream is not available; but the twelve-foot pack trails connecting the wardens' cabins every twenty miles all flank streams; and each cabin has more gasoline fire units, with 1500 to 2500 feet of hose, as well as axes, shovels, mattocks, canvas pails, water bags, canvas tanks.

Caught early, there are few fires in the highest wind which cannot be extinguished with 9000 gallons from a tank car and 600 gallons a minute from mountain streams with hose lengths running from 2500-foot sections to 4500-foot sections. A mile of hose and 600 gallons to the minute can encircle any small fire, and every fire is small when it begins. As a matter of record, 90 per cent of all fires are started by passing trains, and unavoidably so till oil replaces coal. Only 9 per cent begin with careless camp fires and matches tossed in dry grass. Perhaps 1 per cent can be traced to lightning; but these may be the worst, for they are inaccessible.

Where the train runs or man has gone, the big engines or the little engines, the big canvas tanks or the little canvas tanks can be carried empty on motor truck or pack horse, set up on tripods in a line—the biggest tank nearest the water supply from mountain stream, the lesser hand tanks higher up and farther away—and the stream of water pumped up from river to tank and tank to hose and hose to lesser tank till the fire is encircled and burns itself out.

Fire Fighters in Action

So much for the technical description of the equipment. Now for the wardens' use of that equipment. We had heard the telephones ring and the siren blow the fire alarm. A careless workman's match had set a fire going along the most beautiful section of the Edith Cavell Trail, easily 3400 feet up from the valley, where the dry windfall lay fourteen feet deep on each side of the twelve-foot road.

The fire had gained headway in the night wind before the mushroom smoke betrayed it and sent the alarm jangling from end to end of the park.

In half an hour the fire engine, the canvas tanks and eighteen fire fighters were on the ground. On a bridge spanning a mountain torrent below, the truck paused. Hose to big tank on tripod and hose from tank up to smaller 300-gallon tanks, two lines of hose were hooked up. The fire had begun at six P.M. It was conquered by six A.M. and was cold by six P.M., and only two acres were scorched. I do not think the loss in merchantable timber exceeded $100; for the great smoke came from the heavy underbrush, which was headed down to the stream bed.

I asked the warden who fought this fire how about back firing, which used to be the only resort. He said 200 feet was useless in a wind as a stop fire, but was useful to open spaces to place the equipment. In case of another fire that began at two P.M. sixty-five miles from the central fire equipment station in the town, four men reached it on horseback from the nearest cabin and held it in check with snow and small extinguishers and logs chopped out of its path till the main brigade arrived; and by four A.M. the fire was out.

In another fire on the Whirlpool River the telltale mushroom of smoke was discovered at 5:30 P.M. Phones notified the nearest wardens. In half an hour fourteen men were on the spot with food outfit for three days, and sixteen pack horses followed with equipment. More than 700 acres was a mass of flame in big timber. Fortunately there was no wind but the air currents of the flames. Sixty more civilians were thrown in front of the fire, and by five A.M. the fire was out.

Cutting Fire Guards

It was in one of the fires in the Yellowhead Pass that the wardens had to jump through 150 yards of deadfall and small timber in flame to head the fire back, and the head warden got the smoke in his lungs that gave him a gassed larynx; but he told me, "We stopped the fire and never lost a man."

There is a record of a fire in 1913, before the present unit system had been perfected, when thirty-five men cut a five-mile fire guard in twenty-four hours, relay gangs working in front of the fire line twelve hours each. The flames jumped the fire guard three times and could not be extinguished; so they were headed down into a rock cut, and they burned in the inclosed area for four weeks; but not a life was lost and the fire was held inside its original circle.

The first question is, Where is the nearest water? And each warden in his patrol of 200 square miles knows the location of every stream and its laterals and has on his map and in his head the very spot where the engine and big canvas tank must be placed, and where the second relays of hose must be laid, and where a fire must be headed to burn itself out.

Every fire has its own mood and peculiarities. In a very dry spell last summer, ending up in a violent thunderstorm of brief duration, lightning struck two spots on the timber line of Pyramid Mountain. A lake had to be crossed to reach the fires. Horses could not be used, much less the trucks. The trees on fire were among dead windfall that flamed like tinder. The windfalls lay crisscrossed more than seven feet high. Two wardens reached the scene with such equipment as they could carry on their backs. Phones called for fourteen more men. There was no water for use within reach of the hose.

The only thing was to hold the fire in control by a broad guard on each side and hope for a return of the thunderstorm.

Crosscut saws and axes cut a guard down each side of the fire. It took twelve hours; and in this section of Pyramid Mountain

(Continued on Page 60)

Ready to Take the Field

A Halt in the Forest

DURANT FOUR
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With the new flexible motor, and the roomy, comfortable, well-built bodies, Durant cars offer unsurpassed value per dollar of price.

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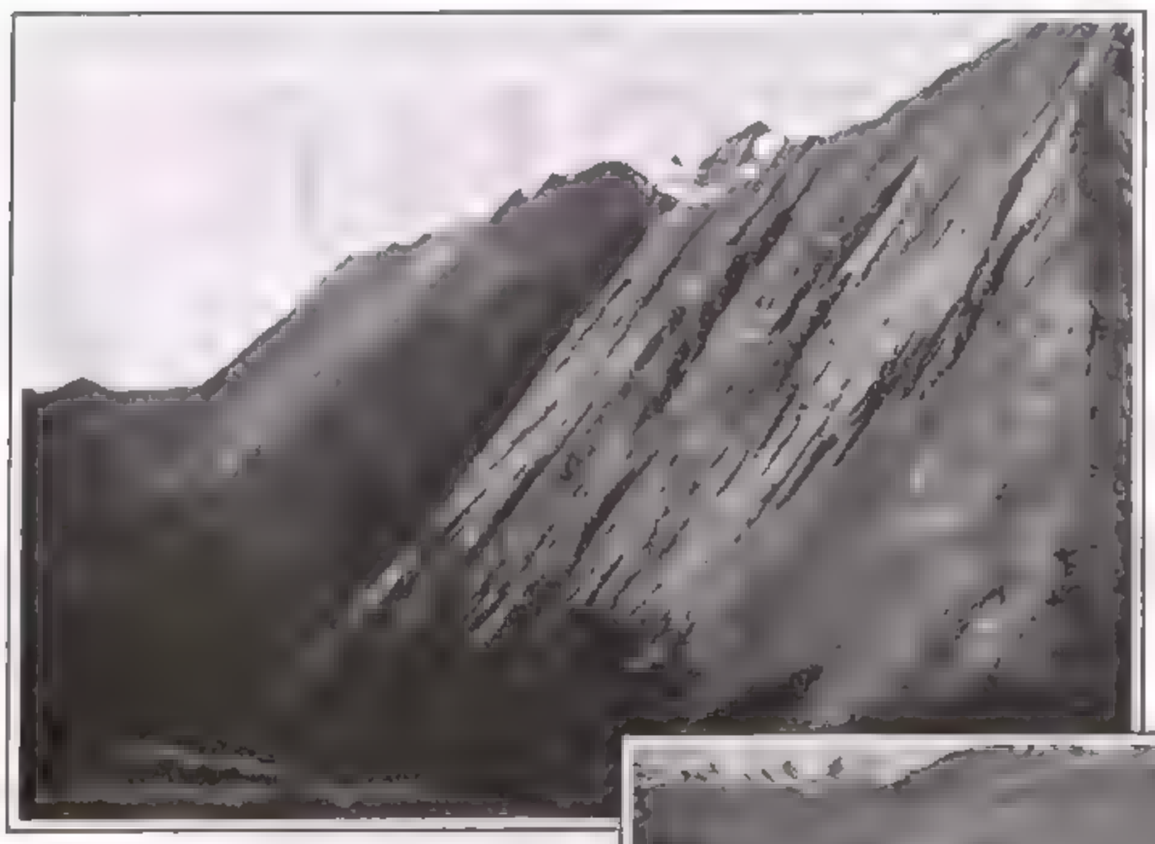


Too Steep for Horse or Man

Far Above Trail's End

(Continued from Page 58)

the slope is so steep it takes a climber all his time to keep on his feet without working; but the steep slope aided the fighters in pitching débris out of the fire path; and when the showers recurred the fire was put out.

A slacker would have left that fire to the impending rains and one of the finest slopes in the park would have been burned in those twelve hours. As it was, only a narrow gash was cut by the flames.

"Where we can't beat a fire," said the warden, "we try to kid it along where it will burn itself out against bare rock, or head it into water."

But since the unit system came in vogue there has been no fire that has not been beaten.

Two features help enormously in these heavy northern forests. The summer season is short and there are usually frequent rains. Even if spring comes early as April and summer lasts to the end of October, the heavy snows supersaturate the deep forest mold. On the other hand, there is the terrible disadvantage of such a thicket of underbrush as is unknown in the yellow pine forests of the Southwest. But it is not all easy going in spite of the success of the unit system in fighting fires.

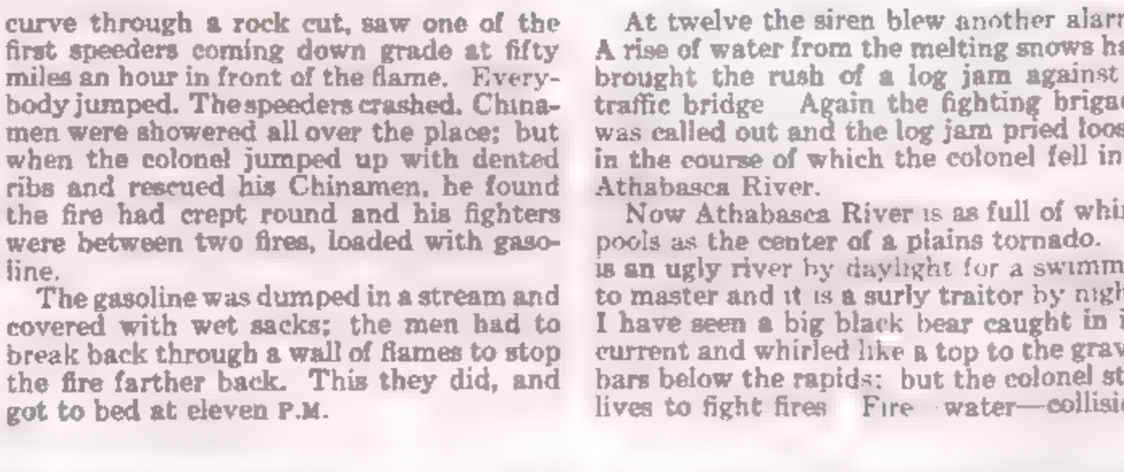
A Busy Day in Jasper Park

Here is a record of one day in 1919. A bad fire was reported entering the park limit from the west. Wardens were called out by phone and the equipment sent racing over the railroad, followed by thirteen Chinamen and their foreman on another speeder. Colonel Rogers followed on another speeder, and racing round a sharp curve through a rock cut, saw one of the first speeders coming down grade at fifty miles an hour in front of the flame. Everybody jumped. The speeders crashed. Chinamen were showered all over the place; but when the colonel jumped up with dented ribs and rescued his Chinamen, he found the fire had crept round and his fighters were between two fires, loaded with gasoline.

The gasoline was dumped in a stream and covered with wet sacks; the men had to break back through a wall of flames to stop the fire farther back. This they did, and got to bed at eleven P.M.

At twelve the siren blew another alarm A rise of water from the melting snows had brought the rush of a log jam against a traffic bridge Again the fighting brigade was called out and the log jam pried loose, in the course of which the colonel fell into Athabasca River.

Now Athabasca River is as full of whirlpools as the center of a plains tornado. It is an ugly river by daylight for a swimmer to master and it is a surly traitor by night I have seen a big black bear caught in its current and whirled like a top to the gravel bars below the rapids; but the colonel still lives to fight fires Fire water—collision was the record for one day. It isn't surprising his speeder chauffeur resigned his job that day There are soldiers of peace as well as of war. Yet there is hardly a man in the park the speed driver is still there – who would give up his adventurous life for the wealth of kings.

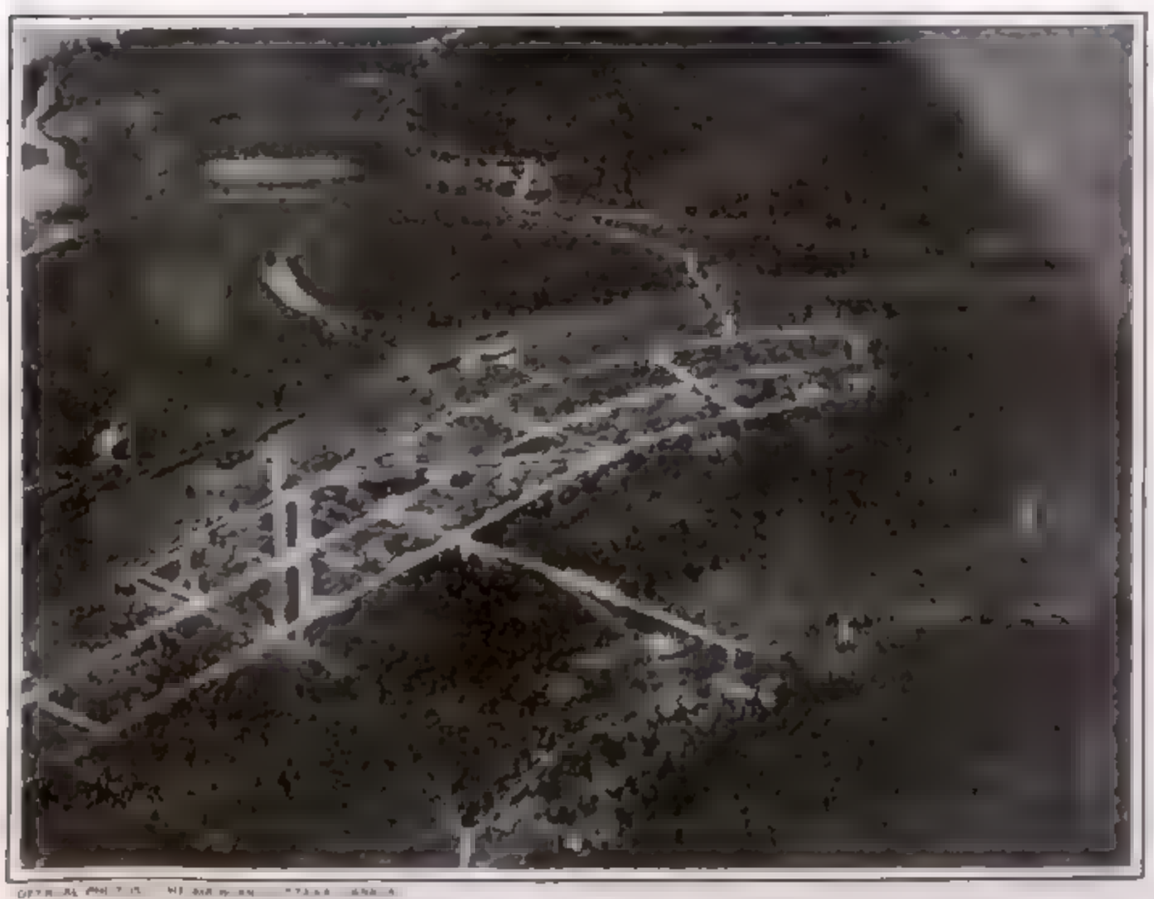


The Countless Streams and Lakes That Dot Northern Canada Provide Ample Landing Areas for Seaplanes

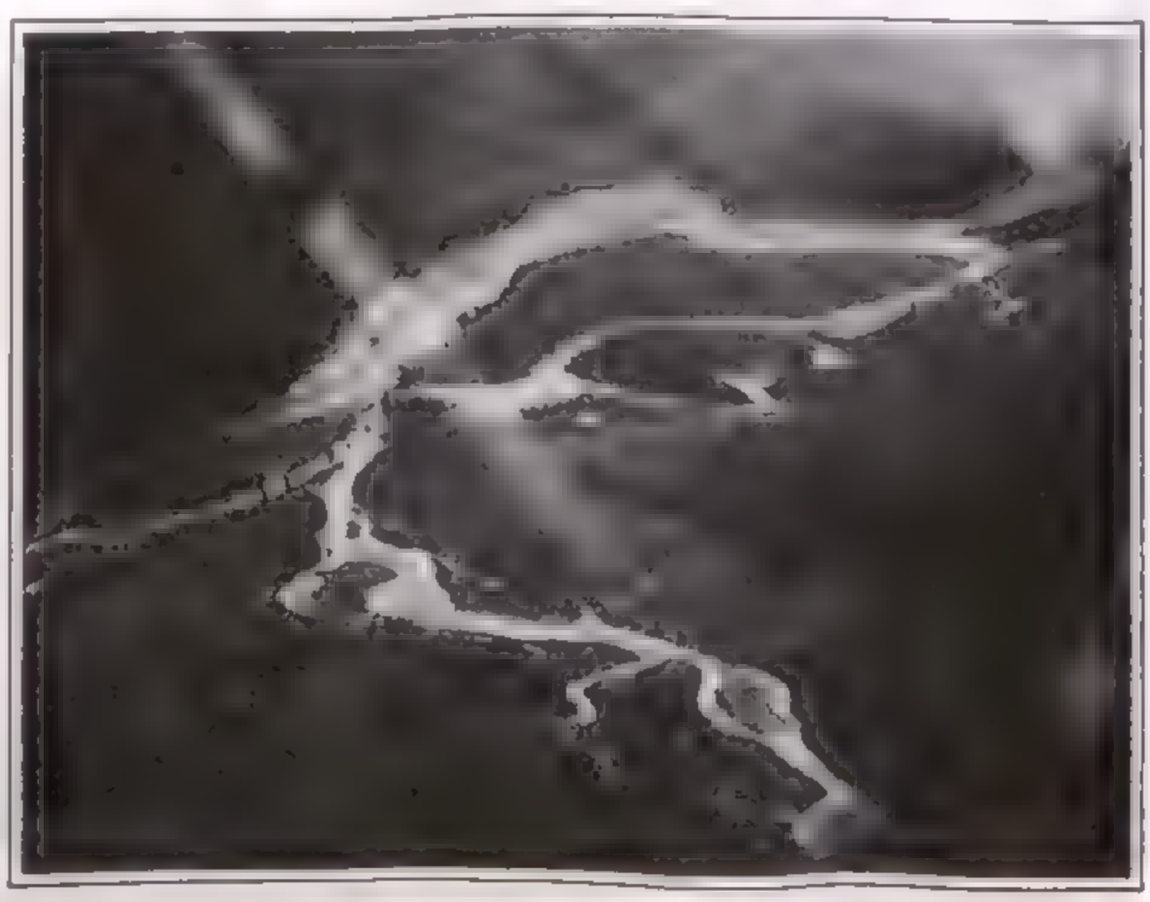
The Life of a Warden Bold

Among the fire wardens you will find naturalists, musicians, artists, Oxford and Cambridge graduates, who have records as tennis champions and polo players and aviators. To be sure, from $100 to $125 a month, but not keep for himself, with a horse, a lonely cabin on the top of an 8000 or 9000 foot mountain, and lonely patrols through forests thick and dank as Rackmann's drawings of the haunts of jinn and elves and satyrs, where one's neighbor is a grizzly or a black bear, which you can't shoot unless he attacks you; in fact, I think Lady Byng one day taking tea with a ranger found a large black bear had crawled into the cabin by an open window and ensconced himself like the hero of Red Riding Hood right in the middle of the warden's bed, and when he was driven out he came back and, standing on his hind legs, stared enviously at the afternoon-tea performance through the open window—to be sure, such a life is not a life for kings; but it is a life which kings envy, for it is freedom.

The point is, if this unit system can save the forests of national parks from the awful waste of timber which is prevalent in other forests, isn't it a crime of neglect that the same system is not enforced in all public and private forests? The cost, when compared with the value of the timber saved, is almost negligible.



The Little Town of Jasper, Set Down in the Middle of Jasper Park



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Paul Bern Production
MODERN BABYLON
Starring Leatrice Joy

The MANICURE GIRL
starring
Bebe Daniels

Victor Fleming Production
PATHS TO PARADISE
with Ray Griffith, Pauline Starke

NONE BUT THE BRAVE
starring
Richard Dix

Henry King Production
SACKCLOTH and SCARLET
with Alice Terry

James Cruze Production
MARRY ME
with Lois Wilson

OLD HOME WEEK
starring
THOMAS MEIGHAN

William de Mille Production
YOUNG WIVES
with Rod La Rocque Claire Adams

NEW LIVES for OLD
starring
Betty Compson
Directed by Clarence Badger

Zane Grey's
THE LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS
with Jack Holt
Directed by William Howard

Allan Dwan Production
NEW YORK LIFE

Herbert Brenon Production
GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE
Starring Betty Compson

FORTY WINKS
with Viola Dana
Raymond Griffith
Theodore Roberts
Urson - Iribe Production

TOO MANY KISSES
starring Richard Dix
with Frances Howard
Directed by Paul Sloane

William de Mille Production
MEN & WOMEN
with Jack Holt,
Claire Adams

Sidney Olcott Production
SALOME OF THE TENEMENTS
with Jetta Goudal

James Cruze Production
THE GOOSE HANGS HIGH

The COAST OF FOLLY
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with Alice Terry

A KISS IN THE DARK
with Adolphe Menjou and Lilian Rich
Directed by Frank Tuttle

I'LL TELL the WORLD
starring
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Directed by Paul Sloane

FLAMING WRATH
with
Ernest Torrence
Irvin Willat Production

George Melford Production
THE TOP OF THE WORLD
Anna Q Nilsson, James Kirkwood, Raymond Hatton, Sheldon Lewis

Zane Greys
CODE OF THE WEST
with Constance Bennett, Owen Moore, Mabel Ballin, Chas Ogle
Directed by William Howard

Raoul Walsh Production
THE SPANIARD
with Ricardo Cortez and Jetta Goudal

Zane Greys
The THUNDERING HERD
with Jack Holt, Lois Wilson, Noah Beery, Raymond Hatton
Directed by William Howard

Alan Crosland Production
MOON FLOWER
starring
Betty Compson

MADAME SANS GENE
starring
GLORIA SWANSON

The CHARMER
starring
Pola Negri
Sidney Olcott Production

MAN AND T LAW
starrin
THOMAS ME

The CROWDED HOUR
starring
Bebe Daniels

Dimitri Buchowetzki Production
THE SWAN
with Adolphe Menjou, Ricardo Cortez, Frances Howard

Victor Fleming Production
The DEVIL'S CARGO
with Pauline Starke, Wallace Beery, Claire Adams and Wm Collier Jr

Victor Fleming Production
ADVENTURE
By Jack London
with Tom Moore and Pauline Starke

Herbert Brenon Production
THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL
with Betty Bronson

Alan Crosland Production
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with Lois Wilson, Noah Beery, Raymond Hatton, Raymond McKee

Irvin Willat Production
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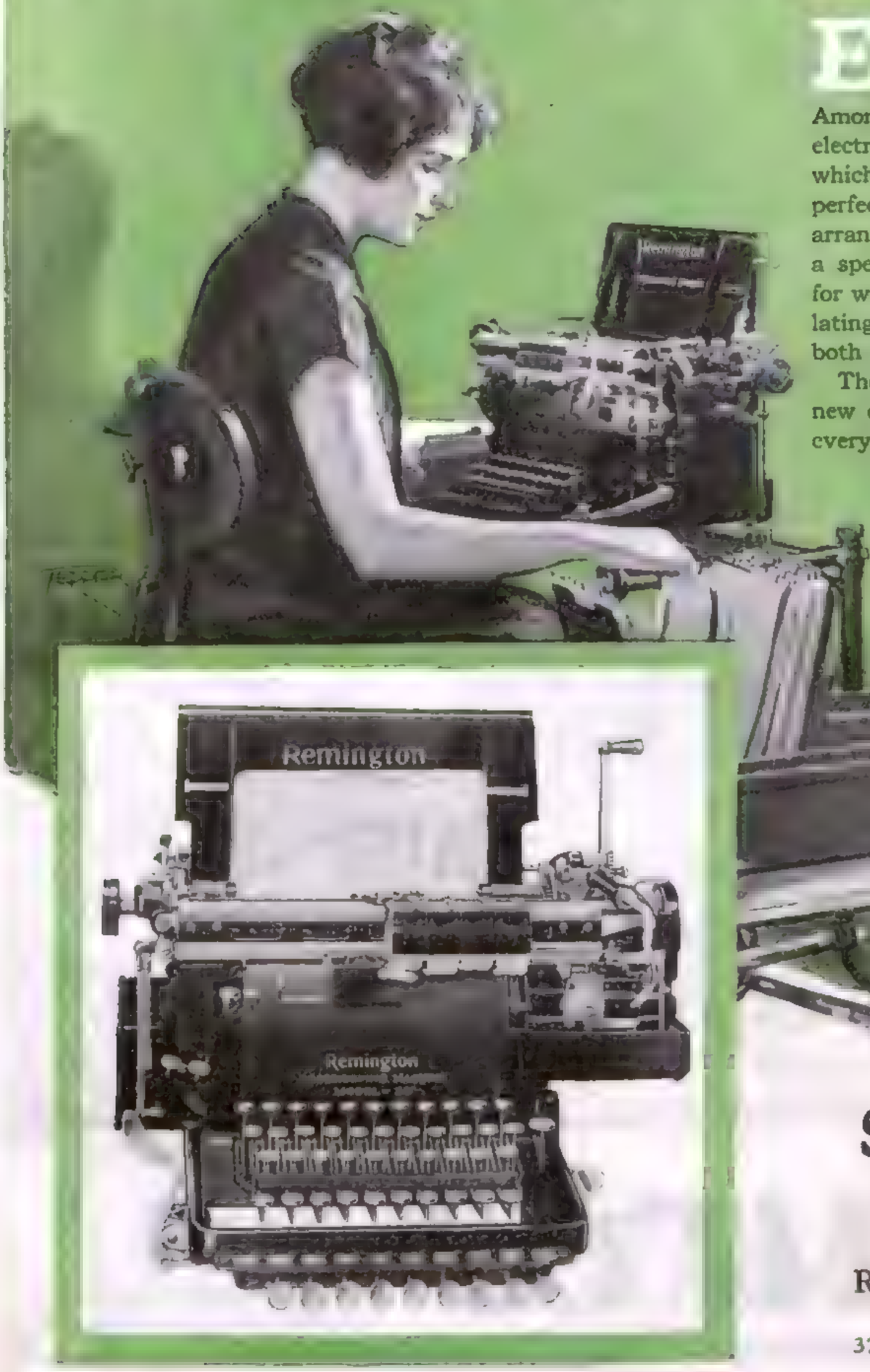

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24)

"Yes, it does, sir," Little Red Riding Hood agreed, "and I must hurry, because I am going to the home of my grandmother and I do not care to be caught in a shower. I am not sure that this dress is fast color."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8563)

(As Sewell Ford Would Write It)

HERE I am, tellin' the boss constant that feet ain't made for nothin' only to put under the table at mealtime, and then havin' to use 'em to walk all the way through a deep woods while I'm tryin' to find the nearest garage. That's what comes of drivin' a car that can't be fixed with a hairpin.

He's out there on the road, settin' pretty, an' I'm walkin' ugly, I'll say!

Right at the edge of the woods I see a bungalow of the cottage type. Thinks I, maybe there's a guy in there that has some machinery he'd loan me long enough to get the old boat to coughin' again. I looks in the window an' things don't seem right, somehow. There's a bed in there, and in the bed is the meanest-lookin' old crab ever I see. Her face was worse'n sour milk and she had a skin you'd love to touch with a currycomb. Settin' right by her was about the classiest dame I'd put my eyes on in a coon's age. She was there, friend, all there, and some over. Dressed all in red, she was, an' smilin' at the old dame like everything was Jacob. I ain't got no call to rubber, much less to listen, but somehow I'm glued to the spot.

"Grandmother," I hears this swell skirt sayin', "what makes your teeth so white?"

"I'm one out of five," the old party answers.

"And, grandmother," the Jane goes on, "what makes your cheeks so red?"

"That's because my lipstick slipped," says the old 'un.

"And, grandmother, your arms seem so strong," the dream allows.

I didn't stand on no ceremony. I'm wise right then, and when I'm wise, I'm wise. I dives through that window head first. Rusty Gillan ain't no fancy high diver, but there was class to what I done then. It was some dive if I do say it myself. I has a tire pump in my hands and without introducin' myself or nothin' I whams grandmother on the beezer. Little cutie lets out a yell an' swoons. I'm doin' backstop duty then an' it ain't no task at all, just to hold her in my arms.

By that time grandmother's hopped out the window.

"Where's grandmother?" whispers the sketch, when she come around.

"You can search me," I says, "but that wolf that was dressed up in her nightie has gone to the drug store to get some cold cream for his nose."

Just then we hears a noise, and I opens the fireless cooker.

There's grandmother, right where the wolf had put her.

The boss was peeved when I got back, but he don't know the third of it. He ain't never seen Little Red Riding Hood—and me, well, I ain't seen her near as much as I'm goin' to from now on.

—Tom S. Elrod.

Drab Ballads
VI

LAST night, at the Sorghum Corners Opera House down here, HOSEA MUDD (IVORY & MUDD, WRESTLING & SNAKE CHARMING) sang with great success the supersentimental number entitled:

DON'T BEAT THAT FEEBLE FEMALE TILL YOU PROVE SHE DONE YOU WRONG

In a Greenwich Village inn
Where the turmoil and the gin
Made ev'rybody kin,
As is the way;
And the saxophone and drum
And the banjo's thrilling thrum
Made ribald dancers hum
The measure gay,
When a big and beefy tough,
In a manner rude and rough,
With heavy hand did cuff
His lady friend;
'Twas a newsboy heard her pleas
Stopped the hulking Hercules
"Beating that there girl must cease—
Her I'll defend!

REFRAIN

"Don't beat that feeble female till you prove
she done you wrong,
Unless you are the coward that you are!
What provocation have you that you chastise
her so strong?
You act as if you were a Russian Czar."
The people in the place expected murder;
Instead the roughneck burst in tears, then
smiled.
And sang—could anything be more absurder?—
(Close harmony)
OH, FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD!

—Harry G. Smith.

Your attention is herewith called, that soon
You'll see the song to make a continent croon:
ONLY A POOR CHORUS GIRLIE.

Love F. O. B. Chicago

I MET him on a Pullman. His card stated his name as Babson W. Smileage and that he was sales manager of the Consolidated Eyebrow Tweezer and Nail File Company. He looked like a go-getter.

"Business good?" I asked.

"Great," he admitted. "I'm on my way to Chicago now to close with the finest proposition in the world. I met her in August at one of those summer lakes in Wisconsin. I had been attending the national convention of sales engineers in St. Paul. I stopped off at this lake to see our second vice president.

"As soon as I got serviced at the barber shop I went to the old man's villa. The doorman said the old man was in conference at the golf club but that Miss Jones was home and would look over my stuff. He showed me in. Then she appeared. Classiest model I ever saw. I was sold on her from that moment. It was merely a question of getting her name to a contract.

"I made a few bright remarks for an approach. The girl was as friendly as an elevator boy at Christmas. 'Why pay demurrage at the hotel?' she asks. 'I'm sure father will insist that you park here.'

"'All Jake with me,' I says. 'I admit that I'd like to study the situation here, and I might as well cut down the overhead.'

"'Fine,' she says. 'Wilson,' she says to the doorman, 'phone Hotel Green Gables that Mr. Smileage is checking out this date, and have his luggage sent here at once.'

"By 4:30, when tea was brought, I'd got her to call me Babby, as the fellows do at the Downtown Club, and was telling her how I increased sales 148 per cent last season by pushing the commodities and getting better distribution. She could hardly believe it when I told her that our line was now standard equipment from the Hortense Beauty Parlor in Fairbanks, Alaska, to Palm Beach. All clean deals. No trade-ins. List prices, subject to 50 and 5 discount. We were getting pretty serious. 'Janet,' I says, 'is anyone covering this territory regularly?'

"She looked out of the window. 'There's a real-estate man we met last winter in California,' she says, in a far-off voice. 'He writes every week. And there's Rick Simmons, and ——'

"I stopped her right there. 'I know you're oversold on offers,' I says, 'but do you really love any of these turnips?'

"'No,' she says.

"'Check,' I says. 'I love you. See what I mean? You must marry me.'

"'O. K.,' she says.

"Our second vice president came in and saw me kissing Janet. He looked as frosty as a credit manager. 'I've changed my routing,' I says; 'I'm going to be married.'

"'Huh, I suppose you'll put it in your expense account,' he says, very sarcastic. Then the old man blew up. It seems he was framing a deal to marry Janet to the president of our company."

The go-getter sighed. "This delayed things all along the line," he complained. "I had to make several trips to New York, reorganize the company and issue some bonds. Tomorrow morning I'll be elected president, and chairman of the board. Tomorrow afternoon I get married. Well, glad to have met you, Mr. Crowley."

—George Cecil Cowing.

Malediction on All Baggage

SUITCASES, trunks and valises—
May they be battered to pieces!
Hatboxes, grips and portmanteaus,
I will denounce them in cantos!

Down with these heavy behoovements
Clogging the wanderer's movements,
Calling for taxis and porters
Hungry for shillings or quarters!

Down with all impedimenta,
Russet or tan or magenta!
Let me away in the fragrant
Morning, a burdenless vagrant!

Bags with their blistering handles,
Drop them and fly on winged sandals!
Fardels belabeled and lettered,
Lose them and travel unfettered!

Chests, coffers, caskets and canisters,
Heave them all over the banisters!
Creels, satchels, hoppers and hampers,
Burn them—and open the dampers!

—Arthur Guiterman.

Battle

I LIVE and have my being in an atmosphere of strife;
I battle, battle, battle, every moment of my life.

I battle with temptation from the instant of my birth,
For Satan's always showing me the kingdoms of the earth,
And urging me to stop a bit and turn aside and play,
And pick a blushing rose or two along the Narrow Way.

I yearn to do that little thing; but in my mind I see
A scarehead in the paper, with a history of me,
The name of my bootlegger and my photograph; and that's
The reason I turn Satan down and kick him in the slats.

I battle for the groceries; I battle for the cash
To pay the tax collector and to buy the daily hash;
I fight to board a trolley and I battle for a seat,
And battle to get out again, two blocks beyond my street.

I walk with tribulation when I do my daily stuff;
My landlord picks my pocket and the weather treats me rough;
My bald spot keeps on spreading and my aching bunions swell;
The traffic cop insults me and my dentist gives me hell.

Pneumonia in the winter and spring fever in the spring;
Insanity at midnight when the cats begin to sing;
The chilblains of the autumn and the deadly summer sneeze—
The battle with hay fever when I change my beeveedees;

A million savage microbes in the very grub I chew;
I battle corns and falling hair and bellyache and flu;
The million germs that swarm upon my razor when I shave—
Oh, it's battle, battle, battle, from the cradle to the grave.

I live and have my being in an atmosphere of strife;
I battle, battle, battle, every moment of my life,
And fight with all creation—save my quiet little wife.

I had one battle with her, then I definitely quit;
It was a tiny battle, but I got the worst of it.

—Lowell Otus Reese.

The Walrus

HAVE you heard of the walrus laconical,
Who affects the blasé and ironical?
Since he learned that Lord Dash
Wears a walrus mustache,
He has taken to wearing a monocle.

—Otto Freund.

The Only Way She Said She Could be Won

And the Method Which Won Her

?

Shrill noise-
or mellow
resonance

Which does your radio speaker give?

IT took twenty years to develop the phonograph from the squeaking "talking machine" to the marvelous tone beauty of today.

Now with a single step the Sonora Radio Speaker brings to radio this same refinement of tone.

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The new Sonora Radio Speaker. Can be plugged into any radio set—no extra batteries needed. Price, $30

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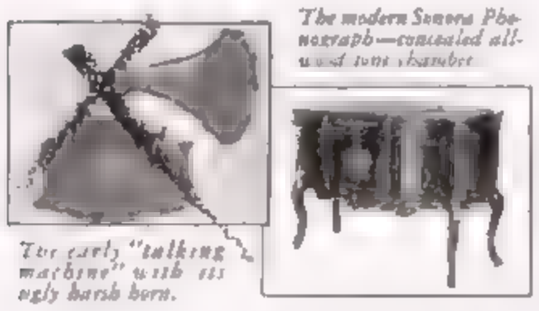
Every delicate shading of tone is faithfully reproduced in all its original beauty. With this perfectly designed tone chamber, the radio takes its place among great musical instruments.



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Sonora
CLEAR AS A BELL
Radio Speaker

VAMPING TILL READY

(Continued from Page 19)

had ever been married, Rosa, you would understand my sentiment better. But at any rate, acting on the precedent of my husband, I did not emerge at once from behind the umbrageous screen which concealed me, but awaited further developments. Estelle swept out of the sun parlor with a positively regal gesture, as a crack in the frond of a palm permitted me to observe; and for a few moments after her departure George strode about whacking his hands together and muttering words which I positively could not repeat to you, my dear Rosa. No wonder that poor child of mine was given to occupying herself as much as was possible with gay acquaintances. . . . Are you thoroughly comfortable there, Rosa? Good! Well, would you mind getting me a glass of water?

Thank you, my dear. Well, as I was saying, after that we didn't see George for two whole days. He telephoned home that he was detained in town on important business and could be reached at the club. Of course, Estelle thought nothing of it, but went on with her usual heavy social duties. But when the second evening came around, that, you will recall, upon which she was giving a large formal dinner, and at seven o'clock George, for all his promise, had not appeared, Estelle was distinctly annoyed.

"Mother, isn't that exactly like him?" she exclaimed. "I suppose he'll keep us waiting, and then rush in with his dinner clothes thrown on at the last moment any old how! I only wish I dared telephone to the count. I loathe a vacant seat at table."

"Control yourself, my dear," I said. "As your poor dear father, the late ambassador, used to say, there are situations over which one has no control; but by keeping a perfectly blank face and an equally blank mind for a sufficient length of time, one can often regain mastery of the situation. Just keep calm, and perhaps George will fail to turn up, and then you can telephone the count."

Of course you understand, my dear Rosa, that I was not encouraging the count. It is merely that absolutely nothing is so important as good form, and positively we couldn't have a vacant seat at the dinner table. But George did not telephone.

Before long, however, the guests began to assemble. They were the usual set who entertain one another on Long Island, and among them were young DuBois and Mrs. Post, an intimate of my daughter's. She was a very handsome young woman with an excellent manner—just the proper degree of insolence that marks a bona-fide New York family. Almost at once Estelle went up to her and spoke in a low tone. As I was seated near, I could not help overhearing; and, of course, that did not matter, as I would not dream of repeating it in any event.

"Katherine, old dear," said Estelle to Mrs. Post, "I'm frightfully sorry, but I'm going to have to put you next to George. I know he'll talk about golf or stocks or something wretchedly dull, but I couldn't work it out any other way. I'll put mother on his left, and you'll have DuBois on the other side of you. Do you mind awfully?"

"Oh, I don't mind poor old George. Husbands are all stuffy," said Katherine Post. "I'll forgive you if you'll promise to take care of my Teddy next Friday at the club."

"Righto!" said Estelle.

Well, Rosa, my dear, by this time all the guests were assembled. In point of fact, they had been for some little time, and as yet there was no sign of George. Do you recall the large living hall at Estelle's house, Rosa? Well, then you will remember that there is a very prominent stairway commanding it at the right, and a long table before the fireplace. It was around the latter that our guests were assembled for the cocktails, and it was upon the stairs, where they could not fail to observe it, that the most extraordinary thing took place. . . . Just shut the door part way, will you, please, Rosa? And take away my smelling salts.

Well, as I was saying, down those prominent stairs at quarter past eight came what I at first took to be a perfectly strange young man. His dark hair was slicked back from either side of a center part and shone like patent leather. His evening clothes were exquisite, with broad bottoms to the trousers which flapped modishly as he walked; and there was an extreme cut to his entire costume which at once gave him distinction even among that exceedingly smart group of people. And I assure you, my dear Rosa, that it was quite two minutes before I grasped the extraordinary truth that this radiant creature was George.

At the foot of the stairs, Estelle was the first to meet him, completely silenced for once in her life. He took her hand gracefully and kissed it, much to her further amazement.

"Sorry to hang up the show this way, old thing," he said lightly. "But if we're all here now, we can throw the party, eh? Come on, let's go!"

Well, my dear Rosa, I assure you that Estelle need not have apologized to Katherine Post for putting her next to George. Just what he did is a trifle difficult for me to describe, but I believe the modern term is "vamping." At least it is certain that he kept her thoroughly engrossed in a lively conversation, and that young DuBois was completely overshadowed. He and George had one passage at arms—only one, and that was over literature. I must confess that I never before suspected George of having the slightest interest in the arts.

"Have you seen Karl Sewer's new book?" he asked, across Katherine—"Disgusting Details? No? You must get it, dear boy; it's got even more pep than the first one."

"I never read," said DuBois shortly.

"That so?" said George. "Estelle led me to believe you were frightfully up on all that sort of thing. By the way, Katherine," he went on, turning back to his dinner partner, "I'm thinking of redecorating my den—something in mauve taffeta, I thought. Won't you help me choose the things? You have such ripping good taste."

"Oh, I'd simply adore it, George!" said she.

DuBois turned away with an air of disgust and gave all his attention to his food. Of course, my attention was somewhat divided. I am exceedingly partial to mushrooms; but that evening, though they were before me, I must confess I was also partial to George. He was charming—simply charming. And later I was fascinated by his dancing, too, for it was revealed that George could dance divinely.

When the last jazz record had been played, and George, in the most perfectly fascinating manner, had seen the women of the party to their cars—Mrs. Post especially—it so happened that I had sat down to rest a moment on one of the big chairs in the east drawing-room. As you may recall, Rosa, it is furnished with those deep wing chairs which completely hide anyone seated, from observers standing behind them. Well, as I was saying, I had seated myself there, and was meditating on the extraordinary events of the evening, when George and Estelle entered, and not realizing my presence, began a little confidential conversation, which I could not avoid overhearing. But since I would never under any consideration repeat it, that fact was of no real consequence.

"George—oh, George," said Estelle, "you were simply delightful tonight, old dear. I didn't know you had it in you. And, dear, forgive me for saying so, but I never realized until tonight how very handsome you are. Why, you could rival Valentino, dear! All the women went simply mad about you. And the way you talked and danced! What on earth put you up to it?"

"You," said George, evading her embrace, as I could see in a mirror, and lighting a cigarette. "D'you remember the little chin-chin we had the other afternoon when you told me the type of man you preferred? I have never yet denied you anything you wanted, and so I am going to try to be that type; not only on the surface but all the way through—the genuine article. I wouldn't offer you anything else. I hereby most solemnly promise to be that sort of a man to the best of my understanding. I make only one condition, which is that the matter shall not be brought up for discussion again. After living ten years with me as I was, you certainly ought to know your own mind about what you want—and this is your choice."

"Oh, George, that's too wonderful!" breathed Estelle. "I'm simply frightfully happy."

"Splendid!" said George. "Well, good night, old dear. I'll just take this volume of modern verse along and toddle to the feathers. Good night."

"Good night, George dear," said Estelle in rather a flat voice.

Are you thoroughly comfortable there, Rosa? That's nice. And now would you please run upstairs and see if you can find my headache tablets? I think they are on the marble-topped bureau. Oh, you have them with you? Well, then, you needn't go upstairs after all. Not that I actually have a headache, but I might at any moment—and as the late ambassador used to say, in times of peace it is sometimes diplomatic to stir up a war.

Well, as I was saying, the next morning after this exciting and eventful evening George did not go to work. As a rule he was accustomed to taking an early train, breakfasting alone, long before Estelle had even thought of arising. But this morning, quite as a surprise to both of us, who had, of course, thought of him as already in his office, he appeared at about 11:30, clad in a most exquisite lounging robe; and demanding the morning papers, spread himself over a long wicker chair upon the sun porch.

"Hey, Estelle," he said, "get me my coffee! Be sure it's good and strong and that the toast is thin. And be quick—I'm hungry."

My poor darling daughter stopped the work of arranging flowers, with which she had been occupied, and stood where she was as if paralyzed.

"But, George," she said, "what does this mean? Aren't you going to the office?"

"The office be hanged!" said George. "It can take care of itself. I want to rest up this morning. I've a tea date at that new cabaret on Fiftieth Street this afternoon, and I'll need all my strength. Now will you go get that coffee?"

"George!" said Estelle, scarcely believing her ears.

"And be sure it's hot," said he. "Bring it out here."

Then he lit a cigarette, rested his beautifully groomed head against the cushions and became absorbed in the newspaper.

Rather to my amazement, Estelle obeyed without further comment, and presently returned with the tray, which she placed beside him. He took no notice of her.

"I think you might allow the servants to do this sort of thing," she said.

"In Europe they don't," snapped George. There was a little pause.

"Who are you taking to the cabaret, if I may ask?" said Estelle.

"Katherine Post," said George indifferently. "Amusin' little place I just unearthed. I'll stand a party there some afternoon if you care to bring DuBois along."

Estelle ignored this.

"Do you think it's quite nice to take a woman of that caliber out to tea alone?" she demanded. "She's a fearful dumb dora, George."

"Why, I don't agree with you at all!" said he. "She seems to me to be a most cultivated girl—so sympathetic and intellectual. She's going to be a great help to me in redecorating my rooms, I can see that. You undoubtedly have a tea date of your own, my dear, so why all the row?"

"I have," said she—"with Billy DuBois."

"Well, I'll see you at dinner then," said George. "Look decent now. I want you to be up to my standard."

A little later I accidentally happened to hear Estelle on the telephone, breaking her engagement with DuBois, and she went to bed early with a sick headache.

Well, Rosa my dear, that was only the beginning. To say that during the next month George was enchanting in public is putting it mildly. But in private! The way that man ordered Estelle about, the inconsiderateness of his whole attitude toward her, was simply shocking. But he was a show husband, and women who had never even so much as noticed him before began to pursue him; and he seemed to have all the leisure in the world, hardly ever going near his office, and always dragging Estelle or one of her women acquaintances on some gay party. He even made friends with the count, and DuBois became reconciled to him, although both men might justly have been envious of George, his clothes were so much more original than theirs.

Whether or not he began to lead a double life I didn't know, but it just happened

(Continued on Page 69)

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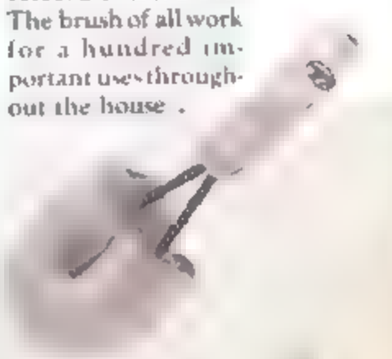

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FULLER MEN are identified by this lapel button. Fuller Brushes are identified by this tag . . . .

(Continued from Page 66)

that twice I was in the village drug store when George was in the telephone booth, having long, earnest conversations. You will agree with me, I am sure, my dear Rosa, that when a man has to go outside to telephone, something underhand is going on. I could not hear a word of his conversation; but if I had it would not have mattered, since of course I would not have repeated it. However, I did ascertain through the combined medium of the butler and a little ready money that this telephoning business was of daily occurrence.

And in the meanwhile poor dear Estelle had become the envy of all her friends. They felt, you see, that she had a quite perfect husband, for George was never rude to her in public. And during the first few weeks of his metamorphosis he even divulged the secret of his middle name, Percy, and insisted upon being called by it. But although Estelle had now simply everything she wanted, she was not happy.

As the late ambassador used to say, no diplomat is free when his government's eye is upon him; and this was rather Estelle's case. In the old days, before George reformed and became the perfect Continental husband, Estelle had a great deal of her time to herself. Now all that was changed. George was around all the while, and it was he who made their plans.

Of course, also, his continued neglect of his business affairs caused Estelle some considerable wifely anxiety—a condition which you, Rosa, never having married, and being able to have such a splendid home here with me, where you have nothing to do—well, of course, that was something you cannot understand.

As bills began to pile up and George showed no concern about paying them, Estelle's worry increased. George had bought himself a sporty little roadster, some rather extravagant jewels which he was far from really needing, and I could not but sympathize with Estelle's anxiety. George's spending seemed endless, but it was always charming, amusing and in good taste. And when she would endeavor to make him talk seriously on the subject he could always cajole her out of the mood. But her persistence increased as time went on, Rosa, and no wonder; the way money disappeared in the house was simply frightful. Why, even I tried to protest; but all George did in reply was take hold of my chin and tilt my head back.

"*Chère maman*," he said, with that enchanting smile of his, "you are growing younger and more charming every day. Don't bother your pretty head about finances; leave them to the dull people who work."

And of course, Rosa, what could I say to such a reply as that? The late ambassador always considered me very handsome, and far be it from me to go against a confirmation of poor dear William's judgment! Besides, the black velvet ribbon with the diamond ornament which I am wearing about my throat certainly does make me look younger. Well, at any rate, he could put me off almost as easily as he did Estelle; but no sooner was he away from us than the illusion of his charm also was gone, and my daughter and I would consult together about what Estelle ought to do.

What is more, a great deal of the time we didn't have the faintest idea of where he went, Rosa, although I was sure it was not with other women. If he flirted, it was all in the very lightest sense. In fact, everything about George—or rather Percy, as he now liked to be called—had become light, so much so that positively Estelle had forbidden the house to both the count and to young DuBois, because, as she confided to me, she simply could not endure to have more than one lounge lizard hanging about the place—George was quite sufficient.

But, my dear Rosa, he didn't pay the bills, which was quite another matter; and at the end of the third month of his extraordinary metamorphosis, it so happened, Rosa, that one day I quite accidentally overheard a conversation between George—Percy—and Estelle which enlightened me as to the reason for this. As the late ambassador used to say, to prevent enlightenment is the chief aim of diplomacy; and being ever mindful of his ideals, why, I would have closed the door between my sitting room and Estelle's and so cut off my enlightenment, except for the fact that I realized closing the door might disturb her. They had just come in from a big cocktail party at the Posts', and very naturally I supposed it was about that which I would hear. But George—Percy's first words disillusioned me.

"Estelle, old thing, I'm broke," said George in a casual tone.

"What do you mean by that, George Drake?" said Estelle; and, Rosa, when a woman calls her husband by his last name as well as his first, you can depend upon it, she means serious business—a truth which you, never having married, can scarcely appreciate.

"I mean I'm stony, not a stiver," replied George, throwing himself onto the chaise longue with a yawn. "Absolutely flat!"

"But, George" Estelle's voice had a note of alarm in it—"you don't mean to tell me that the business has gone on the rocks?"

"Oh, absolutely, old thing, ages ago!" said George, with about as much feeling as he would be expected to express about a perfect stranger's misfortune. "So far the old credit has been pretty good; but now I think you'd better let me have your money."

After a little pause, Estelle's voice came, small and frightened.

"I can hardly realize it," she said. "Yet I might have known you'd soon be ruined, playing around, idling away your time, as you have been. But I didn't dream things were so bad as that already."

"Oh, things aren't so bad," said George. "We still have your little fortune, you know."

"But you wouldn't take that!"

"Of course I'm going to!" said he testily. "Good heavens, haven't you used up my money? Why, my dear Estelle, if we were in Europe, I'd have had all your fortune the day we were married, as you very well know. And as you have so often said in the past, the European men, and those Americans who pattern themselves on the same mold, are the only ones who know how to live properly."

"But it's outrageous!" said Estelle. "I won't give you my money!"

"Very well then, my charmer, I'll clear out," replied George. "Really, if you're not going to do the proper thing by me, you can scarcely expect me to stick around this dull hole. I'm off for Paris on the next boat."

"Oh, no, George—I mean Percy—no!" cried Estelle, beginning to weep. "I'll give it to you—I'll do anything you say."

"That's my charming, reasonable little wifie!" said George, his voice cheerful at once. "Curl up the pretty mouth now. Um wouldn't deprive her Percy of a few wretched dollars, would ums?"

Well, Rosa my dear, I closed the door after that. Positively I could endure no more. I was perfectly aware that Estelle didn't want him to have her money—that in less than an hour she would come to her senses and bitterly regret what she had done. But husbands have a way with them which you, Rosa, never having married, can scarcely understand. You really don't know how fortunate you are in being alone in the world, yet having a home with me where you have every comfort and absolutely nothing to do. Would you mind fixing that footstool under my feet? No, a little nearer, please.

Well, as I was saying, with this occurrence I felt, Estelle felt, that the worst had been reached—that nothing further could happen which would seem disastrous by comparison. But the perfidy of men, particularly those of the charming but decadent type, such as George, is infinite. I assure you, Rosa, that while these men may have surface charm, they usually have black souls, and we had yet to plumb the depths of George—Percy's. I always warned Estelle not to marry one of these highly cultivated, effeminate, idle men, such as most of the sons of my Boston friends are, I regret to say, and who, indeed, exist among many of the best families throughout the world; but she would marry him.

However, my dear Rosa, the climax to the whole wretched business took place only a few weeks after George—Percy got hold of her money.

Now, of course, my dear Rosa, you know that I never gamble, that I do not approve of gambling. My games of bridge with my intimates are purely a social pastime, and the few dollars which enter into it are entirely irrelevant to the occupation. The late ambassador was, of course, obliged by the nature of his calling to gamble. A diplomat always does, in a certain sense, yet I have never countenanced it. But at Rosemere there existed a certain club where, I regret to inform you, roulette and other equally wicked games of chance were permitted to members. I believe that the management even went so far as to allow gambling at bridge in some of the private rooms. This den of iniquity, Rosa, was not only open in the evening, a time when vice might reasonably be expected to stalk abroad, but the club served an excellent luncheon for a nominal sum, and the gaming rooms were open from two in the afternoon onward till dawn. Both Estelle and I enjoyed lunching there; we met so many of the best people; it was quite the thing to do. And after George gave up working in order to devote himself to Estelle, he, too, became quite fond of the place.

Well, Rosa my dear, one afternoon George and Estelle had been over at the club without me. I had in fact a little bridge game of my own at home, and my guests had scarcely left when George and Estelle returned, and I at once perceived that something was extremely wrong between them. You see, Rosa, we had been playing out on the sun porch, which opens into the living room, and as there was rather a strong draft, I had had a screen placed in such a manner as to protect me from the big double doors. I was seated alone at the table, playing the last hand over by myself to see how in the world I had managed to lose two hundred dollars on it when George and Estelle came in, and believing themselves to be alone, at once began to quarrel.

Of course, loathing any resemblance to spying, as I do, I would have at once removed myself or made my presence known except for the fact that I was afraid if I were to leave the cards as they were on the table, the servants might clean them up and my problem remain forever unsolved. So there was really nothing for me to do except remain where I was. Estelle's very first words filled me with terror.

Are you perfectly comfortable in that chair, Rosa? That's delightful! But, oh, my dear, I think you had better lower the window. It is growing rather chilly, and you know how I hate drafts. Really, Rosa, I'm a little surprised you don't more often think of these things yourself.

Well, as I was saying, Estelle was the first to speak.

"Every cent!" she said. "You've lost every cent we have! Ten thousand dollars in one afternoon, and it's my last! Now the house will have to go, and I suppose you expect me to end in the gutter. But I won't, George Drake! I'm through!"

"But, my beautiful ——" George began in his coaxing voice.

"I'm not your beautiful any more," said Estelle, furious. "I'm not your anything. I've stood for more than any human woman is expected to endure, and I've reached my limit. I'm going back to my mother for a while, and then ——"

"But, *chérie*, be reasonable!" George protested. "We'll get rid of this house and live in a smart hotel—the money from the sale will last us quite a while. And then perhaps you could open a shop or some such thing."

"George," she shrieked at him, "you don't seem to understand! Here you waste your own fortune in an incredibly short time; next you take mine and gamble it away. You drag me through every kind of misery and expect to rehabilitate yourself in my good graces with a sleek head, a pretty manner and a smile. I'm through! I've had enough of your kind! Open a shop and support you, you worthless butterfly! Never!"

"But, Estelle, *ma petite*, I thought you loved pretty butterflies," said George. "You always used to."

"I was a fool!" she said hotly. "I never realized what it would mean to be married to such a creature, and if I'd only known that you were one of them, I'd never have taken you in the first place."

"Do you mean to tell me that you don't care for me any more?" he asked, a note of anxiety creeping into his voice. "Haven't I done everything in my power to please you?"

"You are a worthless scalawag, and I am going to divorce you just as quickly as the law allows," replied Estelle coldly. "I'll do it as decently and quietly as possible, but I'm going to do it; and I shall begin by leaving this house tonight."

"Estelle! Don't do that!" cried George. "Stay with me—I'll do anything you like."

"There is no use in trying to persuade me," Estelle replied. "My mind is made up. When I married you, I thought I was marrying a real man, the sort who would take care of me—a natural, fine person with

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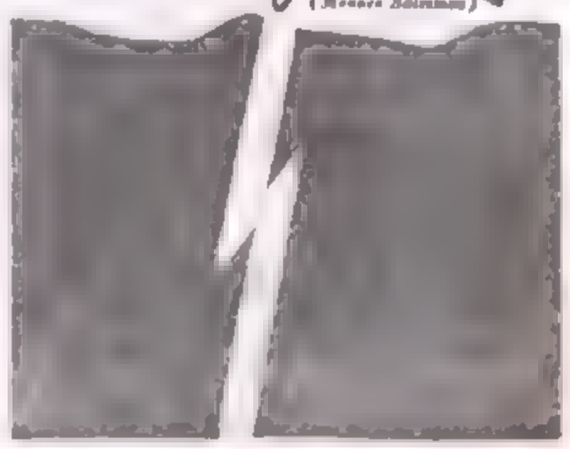

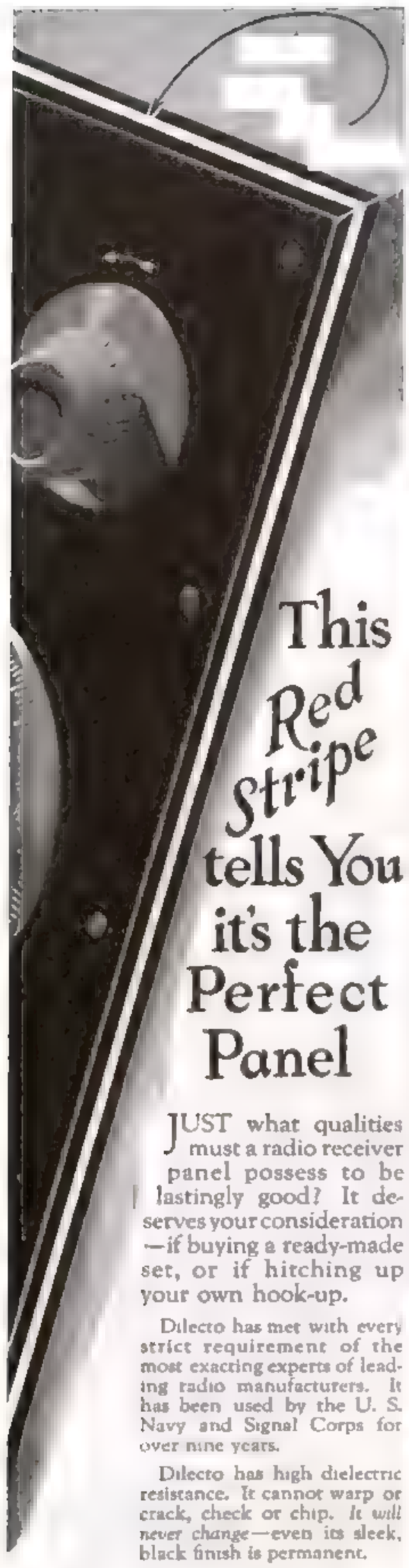

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high ideals, and in every way quite different from the lightweights I met among my mother's friends, and the titled foreigners who hung around us in Paris I thought you would be dependable, steady, true in every best sense of the word and now look how you have turned out! A worthless spendthrift, handsome and charming, of course. Why, all my friends envy me my fascinating husband and try their best to steal him from me! Well, they are welcome to you now! Please do me the courtesy of allowing me to get my divorce as quietly as possible."

"Estelle," said George hoarsely, "is there any other man?"

All of a sudden Estelle broke down and began to cry. But through her sobs there was no mistaking the sincerity of her speech.

"No, no!" she said. "A thousand times no! I have never loved anyone but you, George, and I don't suppose I ever shall. But it was the old you I loved, not the man you are now. Oh, George, if only by some miracle you could be made over into your old self I would never leave you! But it's too late to hope for that. My mind is firmly made up about the divorce, and I shall go through with it."

And with that she went slowly and sadly out of the room, leaving him standing there with bent head, the very picture of sorrow. Rosa, I assure you, even at that moment my heart was wrung with pity for the poor boy, his hair was so beautifully sleek and his clothes were so well cut

Rosa, I think you'd better open the window a little again; it's growing too warm in here. Thanks.

Well, as I was saying, as soon as Estelle had gone, my impulse was to fly to her and commend her on her attitude toward that decadent creature, her husband. Of course, Rosa my dear, he was perfectly fascinating until it came to a question of money; and then, as the late ambassador often said, in diplomacy money is the root of all evil, especially when you can't pull it up by the roots. But now I felt that my duty was with my daughter, and I should have gone to her at once had it not been for the fact that hardly had she left the room when George's entire manner underwent an extraordinary change. His shoulders went back, his head up, and a fighting spirit, one might almost call it, seemed to pervade his entire being.

"Hot dam!" he said aloud, and with a single stride he reached the telephone.

Well, Rosa my dear, under such circumstances I could scarcely move from where I was.

The late ambassador always felt that nothing was quite so rude as to interrupt a telephone conversation, and I still maintain the greatest respect for his sayings. So I kept my seat in perfect silence while George put in his call, which proved to be to his office in New York, and I heard him ask for his business partner, Mr. MacPherson.

"Hello, that you, Mac?" said George in quite his old voice. "Did Cotton Textile go to 96? Good! Did you sell as I told you? Attaboy! Now, Mac, listen carefully! I'm in a hole, and you've got to drop everything and rush right out here. Estelle's threatening to divorce me. Yeh, I carried the thing too far, and she'll never believe me if I tell her the truth all alone Nix on that, old man; I need you. Sure, she's had her lesson—she's cured all right, but she's pretty near smoked me out. You've got to witness how I've been in touch with the business every day, and how it's stronger than ever, and all that, and how I only staged the show for her own sake. And, Mac, listen, you've got to pull some gag to the effect that it was all because I loved her so. Sure you can; it's the truth, and you got to square me with her or I'll break your neck, old hoss. And, Mac, bring me out a decent suit of clothes from my locker in the office. I can't stand these trick pants another moment."

Rosa, hand me the smelling salts, and I believe I will have a headache tablet too I might have a headache any moment. As poor dear William used to say, getting the drop on the enemy is one of the chief secrets of diplomacy, so I'll take a tablet as a preventive

Well, as I was saying, the very minute that perfidious George hung up the receiver of the telephone he literally bounded from the room; and as soon as my strength permitted I gathered myself together, instructed the butler to leave the cards on my table exactly where they were, and then went straight to my daughter, whom I found in her boudoir, weeping.

"Estelle," I said, coming to the point at once, "George is a scoundrel. He has mistreated us shamefully."

"Oh, mother, I know it!" she exclaimed, raising her tear-stained face; "I have decided to divorce him. There isn't anything you can tell me about him, mother!"

"Oh, yes, there is," I said firmly. "And when I have finished you will be even more completely disgusted with him than you are now."

"Then don't tell me!" she said. "I am too utterly miserable as it is. I can't stand the way he has been going on any more, and I'll go through with this; but it does seem hard that it had to come on top of everything else."

And now, my dear Rosa, I am sure that I do not wish to offend your delicate sensibilities, and indeed I scarcely know how to explain the situation to you in full, you never having married. But as a matter of fact, as she spoke in her hysteria and distress Estelle waved about the object which was clasped in her hand, and Rosa, it was an infant's sock! I do hope, my dear, that I have thus explained to you the situation in a manner which would not offend the severest censor.

"Estelle!" I at once exclaimed. "My dearest daughter, does George know anything of this?"

"Certainly not," she replied tearfully; "and I am going away with you tonight. Oh, mother, mother, tell me what the brute has done now!"

"My dear," I said solemnly, "he has been deceiving you horribly. But wait—not as you so hastily assume!"

And then, my dear Rosa, I explained to her all about that wretched man's perfidy how he had been making a fool of her all the time, and how his business was in better condition than ever. And will you believe it, Rosa, instead of being perfectly furious, she at once threw both her arms around my neck and kissed me with a demonstration of enthusiasm which, had it occurred in public, would have been positively bad form

"Oh, mother, you make me so happy!" she cried, with the tears streaming down her face. "Now I won't have to divorce him or leave him, or anything horrid, after all! But he certainly has put me in the position of a perfect fool. I simply can't allow that! Something must be done to prevent his getting away with it. What shall I do, mother? You make a suggestion."

Well, Rosa my dear, I did. I gave her some sound advice which you, never having married, could scarcely appreciate. But we who have had that sacred experience know only too well that husbands must be kept in their place, and that it can be done I told Estelle exactly what I would do under the circumstances and, my dear Rosa, she actually followed my advice. I happen to know, because just a few moments before George sent the butler up to say that he and his partner, Mr. MacPherson, wanted to see her downstairs on a very important matter, I helped her to powder her nose, put on a charming negligée, sprayed her with George's favorite perfume and in general got her ready for the ordeal.

Furthermore, my dear Rosa, it so happened that just as she started down the stairs to where George and his partner were waiting in the hall, my foot caught in the carpet of the upper landing, right at the stair rail, and I was unable to move. And Estelle was quite perfect, following my advice in every detail. She looked fresh as a flower, there was a sweet yet mocking smile upon her face, and she came gayly down the stairs with a pretty little gesture.

"Why, you poor old dears, how glum you both look!" she cried. "I suppose you've come to break the solemn news to me that George has been pretending all the time, and that he has all the money in the world, and so forth. But cheer up, boys, I knew it all the time. I simply had to bring things to a head this afternoon. George was becoming quite too silly."

Well, Rosa my dear, they were both too dumfounded to speak, until Estelle went up to George and wound an arm around his neck

"It was an awful test of my love to allow you to try such a silly trick," she said kindly. "But I'll forgive you, dear, if you'll forgive me for playing you along like that."

"I'd forgive you anything!" said George.

Mr. MacPherson said nothing, but sat down suddenly, as if someone had struck him.

And that is the substance of the whole affair . . . Are you quite comfortable, Rosa? Well, my dear, that's nice. And now if you'll just jump up and ring, we'll have some tea. And fix the fire a bit too. The door is open too far, Rosa. Shut it a little—no, that's too much. And while I think of it, please be sure I have everything I need at my bedside tonight. Ah, Rosa, you don't appreciate, I'm afraid, how you are blessed in the fact that, although you never married, you have this splendid home here with me, where you have absolutely nothing to do! As the late ambassador used to say, marriage is much like the diplomatic service—you can't always speak the blunt truth in either.

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STUDEBAKER

Duplex

HIJACK AND THE GAME

(Continued from Page 5

down the cellar stairs," said Lily May, giving him a cold glance.

And indeed he looked very queer. He had a nice face and a good figure, but his clothes were simply horrible. He wore a checked suit with a short coat, very tight at the waist, and pockets with buttons on everywhere. And he had a baby-blue necktie and a straw hat with a fancy ribbon on it, and too small for his head.

Lily May put her hand up as if he dazzled her, and said, "What do we call you if we want you? If we ever do," she added unpleasantly.

"Just call me anything you like, miss," he said with a long look at her, "and I'll come running. I kind of like Christopher myself."

"You would!" said Lily May, and turned her back on him.

But, as Tish said that night, we might as well employ him as anyone else.

"Do what we will," she said, "we might as well recognize the fact that the presence of Lily May is to the other sex what catnip is to a cat. It simply sets them rolling. And," she added, "if it must be somebody, better Christopher, who is young and presumably unattached, than an older man with a wife and children. Besides, his boat is a fast one, and we shall lose no time getting to and from the fishing grounds."

We therefore decided to retain Christopher and the Swallow, although the price, two hundred and fifty dollars a month, seemed rather high.

"We do not need Christopher," she said, "but if we must take him with the boat we must. He can chop wood and so on."

We spent the next day getting settled. The island was a small one, with only a few fishermen's houses on it, and Tish drew a sigh of relief.

"No men except Christopher," she said to me. "And she detests him. And who can be small in the presence of the Atlantic Ocean? She will go back a different girl, Lizzie. Already she is less selfish. I heard her tell Hannah tonight, referring to Christopher, to 'feed the brute well.' There was true thoughtfulness behind that."

Christopher, of course, ate in the kitchen

It was the next morning that Tish called him in from the woodpile and asked him about the size of codfish.

"Codfish?" he said. "Well, now, I reckon they'd run a pound or so."

"A pound or so?" Tish demanded indignantly. "There is one in the natural history museum at home that must weigh sixty pounds."

"Oh, well," he said, "if you're talking about museum pieces, there are whales around here that weigh pretty considerable. But you take the run of cod, the oil variety, and you get 'em all sizes. Depends on their age," he added.

Tish says that she knew then that he was no fisherman, but it was not for several days that he told her his story.

"I am not exactly a fisherman," he said. "I can run a boat all right, so you needn't worry, but in the winter I clerk in a shoe store in Bangor, Maine. But there is no career in the shoe business, especially on a commission basis. In New England the real money goes to the half-sole-and-heel people."

"I suppose that's so," said Tish. "I never thought of it."

"Then," he went on, "you take automobiles. Did you ever think how they've hurt the sale of shoes? Nobody walks. Folks that used to buy a pair of shoes every year have dropped clean off my list. The tailors are getting my business."

"Tailors?" Tish asked.

"Putting new seats in trousers," he said gloomily, and stalked away.

The boat, he told us later, belonged to his uncle, who was a tailor. But he was not tailoring at present. As a matter of fact, he was at the moment in the state penitentiary, and that was how Christopher had the Swallow.

"He took to bootlegging on the side," he explained.

"It was a sort of natural evolution, as you may say. He noticed the wear and tear on hip pockets from carrying flasks, and it seized on his imagination." He mopped discouragedly at the boat, in which we were about to go on our first fishing trip, and sighed. "Many a case of good hard liquor has run the revenue blockade in this," he said

"Well, there will be no liquor run in it while I'm renting it," said Tish firmly.

III

I CANNOT say that the fishing was what we had expected. There was plenty of fish, and Tish grew quite expert at opening clams and putting them on her hook. But as Aggie could never bear the smell of clams at any time, and as the rocking of the boat seriously disturbed her, we had rather a troublesome time with her. Once she even begged to be thrown overboard.

"Nonsense!" Tish said. "You can't swim and you know it."

"I don't want to swim, Tish," she said pitifully. "I just want to die, and the quicker the better."

On rough days, too, when an occasional wave dashed over us, and Tish would shake herself and speak of the bracing effect of salt water, our poor Aggie would fall into violent sneezing, and more than once lost a fish by so doing. And I shall never forget the day when she drew up a squid, and the wretched thing squirted its ink all over her. There was a certain dignity in the way she turned her blackened face to Tish.

"I have stood for clams, Tish," she said, "and I have stood for the rocking of this d-damned boat. But when the very creatures of the deep insult me I'm through!"

As, however, a wave came overboard just then and removed practically all the ink, as well as the squid itself, she was fortunately unable to express herself further. It speaks well for our dear Tish's self-control that she allowed Aggie's speech to pass without reproof, and even offered her a small glass of blackberry cordial from the bottle we always carried with us.

But it was in the matter of payment for the fish that our plans suffered a serious reverse. We had on our first day out taken what we imagined was a hundred pounds of various sorts, many unknown to us, and on the way to the fish wharf, while Aggie and I neatly arranged them as to sizes, Tish figured out the probable value.

"About forty dollars," she said. "And if they take that thing with whiskers under its chin, even more. Gasoline, one dollar. Christopher's wages and boat hire per day, eight dollars. Clams, a dollar and a quarter. Leaving a net profit of twenty-nine dollars and seventy-five cents, or clear every month eight hundred and seventy dollars and fifty cents."

She closed her notebook and we drew in under the fish wharf, where a man who was chewing tobacco came to the edge and looked down at us.

"We are selling these fish," Tish said with her usual dignity. "They are quite fresh, and ought to bring the best market rates."

The man spit into the water and then glanced at our boxes.

"Jerry!" he called. "Want any more fish?"

"What kind of fish?" a voice replied from back in the shed.

The man squinted again at our catch.

"Looks like succotash to me," he called.

Jerry came out and stared down at us, and then slowly descended the ladder to the boat. He had a mean face, Tish says, and he made us about as welcome as the bubonic plague. He said nothing, but picked out six haddock and handed them up to the man above.

"Thirty cents," he said.

"I'm paying sixty in the market," Tish protested.

"Thirty-five," he repeated, and started up the ladder.

"Forty," said Tish firmly.

"Look here," he said with bitterness, "all you've had to do is to catch those fish. That's easy; the sea's full of 'em. What have I got to do? I've got to clean 'em and pack 'em and ice 'em and ship 'em. I'm overpaying you, that's what I'm doing."

"What am I going to do with the others?" Tish demanded angrily. "Seventy pounds of good fish, and half the nation needing food."

"You might send it to Congress," he suggested. "They say it's good for the brain—phosphorus."

"You must eat a great deal of fish!" said Tish witheringly.

"Or," he said, brightening, "take it home to the cat. There's nothing a cat will get real worked up about like a nice mess of fish."

He then went up the ladder, leaving us in speechless fury. But Tish recovered quickly and began figuring again. "Six haddock at seven pounds each," she said. "Forty-two pounds at thirty-five cents per pound, or about fourteen dollars. At least we've made our expenses. And of course we can eat some."

Aggie, who had felt the motion severely coming in, raised herself from the bottom of the boat at this, and asked for another sip of cordial.

"They smell," she wailed, and fell back again.

"All perfectly healthy fish smell," said Tish.

"So does a healthy skunk," said Aggie, holding her handkerchief to her nose, "but I don't pretend to like it."

And then Jerry came down the ladder and handed Tish a quarter and a five-cent piece!

"There you are," he said cheerfully. "One of them's a bit wormy, but we say here that a wormy fish is a healthy fish."

I draw a veil over the painful scene that followed. That fish house paid two-thirds of a cent a pound for fish, no more and no less, and the more Tish raged the higher Jerry retreated up the ladder until he was on the wharf again. From there he looked down at us before he disappeared.

"You might get more out in the desert, lady," he said as a parting shot. "But then, you'd get a pretty good price for a plate of ice cream in hell too."

And with that he disappeared, and left us to face our situation.

Our deficit on the day, according to Tish, was ten dollars. In three months it would amount to nine hundred dollars. She closed her notebook with a snap.

"Unless we count intangible assets," she said, "we shall certainly be bankrupt. Of course there is the gain in health; the salt air ——"

"Health!" said Aggie feebly. "A little more of this, Tish Carberry, and Jerry will be cleaning and packing and icing and shipping something that isn't fish."

"Then again," said Tish, ignoring this outburst, "we may find something unusual. There are whales about here, according to Christopher. And the oil of the whale is still used, I believe."

But after learning from Christopher that whales ranged in size from fifty to one hundred feet, and were not caught on a line, however heavy, but with a knife thrown into some vital part, she was compelled to abandon this idea. Indeed, I do not know how we should have filled up our summer had it not been that on that very evening we received a visit from a Mr. MacDonald, who turned out to be the deputy sheriff on the island.

Aggie was still far from well that night. She said the floor kept rising and falling, and at dinner several times she had clutched at her plate to keep it from sliding off the table. So she had been about to pour herself a glass of blackberry cordial, when Lily May saw Mr. MacDonald coming, and hastily took the bottle and hid it under a table.

Christopher brought him in, and he sat down and began to sniff almost immediately. But he said that he had called to secure our assistance; it wasn't often he needed help, but he needed it now.

"It's these here rum runners, ladies," he said. "You take a place like this, all islands and about a million of them. We've got as much coast line as the state of California."

"Indeed?" said Tish politely.

"And they know every inch of it. And every trick," he added. "'Tain't more than a week now since the government inspector found a case of Black and White tied under the surface to one of the channel buoys. And who's to know whether the fellows hauling up lobster pots aren't hauling up something else too?"

"Very probably they are," said Tish dryly—"from the price of lobsters."

"There's liquor all around these waters. Last big storm we had, a lot of it must have got smashed up, and there was a porpoise reeling around the town wharf for two or three hours. Finally it brought up against one of the poles of the fish pier and went asleep there. It was a disgraceful exhibition."

"Tish," Aggie said suddenly, "if this floor doesn't keep still that bottle will upset."

Mr. MacDonald stared at her and then cleared his throat.

"Of course I'm taking for granted," he said, "that you ladies believe in upholding the law."

"We are members of the W. C. T. U.," Tish explained. "We stand ready to assist our nation in every possible way. We do not even believe in beer and light wines."

He seemed reassured at that, and explained what he wanted. The Government had a number of patrol boats outside, and they were doing their best, but in spite of them liquor was coming in and was being shipped hither and yon.

"The worst of it is," he said, "we don't know who we can trust. Only last week I paid a fellow fifteen dollars good money to take me out and locate a rum runner, and he got lost in the fog and had to come back. Yesterday I learned he got forty dollars from the other side for getting lost."

His idea was that under pretense of fishing we could assist him by watching for the criminals, and reporting anything we saw that was suspicious. As Tish said afterward, there was no profit for the church in the arrangement, but there was a spiritual gain to all of us.

"There are things one cannot measure in dollars and cents," she said.

We all agreed, and rose to see Mr. MacDonald to the door. But I think he left in a divided state of mind, for Christopher, standing near the table, upset the bottle of blackberry cordial, and Aggie, who had been watching it, gave a wail and started for it. But the floor was still going up and down to her, and her progress across the room was most unsteady.

It is to this unfortunate combination undoubtedly that we owe our later ill luck. For Mr. MacDonald caught her as she was about to bump the mantel, and still holding her, turned to Tish.

"That fellow that double-crossed me," he said with meaning, "he got thirty days."

"When we agree to do a thing we do it," Tish said stiffly.

"So did he," said Mr. MacDonald, and went away, taking a final sniff at the door.

Tish made her usual preparations for our new rôle. She at once sent to Bar Harbor for a pair of field glasses, and oiled and loaded her revolver.

"Not that I mean to shoot them," she said, "but a well-placed shot or two can wreck their engine. In that case all we shall have to do is to tow them in."

She procured also a good towing rope for this purpose, and spent her odd time the next day or two shooting at a floating target in the water. Unfortunately, the fact that a bullet will travel over the water like a skipping stone escaped her, and our next-door neighbor, who was just hauling in the largest halibut of the season, had the misfortune to have his line cut in half and of seeing the halibut escape.

On the other hand, her resolution was strengthened by a letter from Charlie Sands, her nephew, which showed the moral deterioration being fostered by these wretched liquor smugglers.

"Dear Aunt Tish," he wrote. "It has just occurred to me that you are near the Canadian border. Scotch ought to be good and also cheap there. Why not fill a hot-water bag or two for me? Even a bottle or two would not come amiss, and if you are nervous on the train I suggest the space outside your ventilator in the drawing-room."

Tish's indignation was intense. She wrote him a very sharp letter, informing him that she was now in the government service. "If the worst comes," she said, "I shall not hesitate to arrest my own family. No Carberry has been jailed yet for breaking the nation's laws, but it is not too late to begin."

It may have been pure coincidence, but Lily May ordered a hot-water bag from the mainland soon after that. She said her feet got cold at night.

I must confess Lily May puzzled us at that time. She would not go fishing, but stayed at home and insulted poor Christopher. She claimed that he spent most of his time at the woodpile smoking cigarettes, and so she would go out and watch him. Hannah said that her manner to him was really overbearing, and that she believed she said quite insulting things to him under her breath

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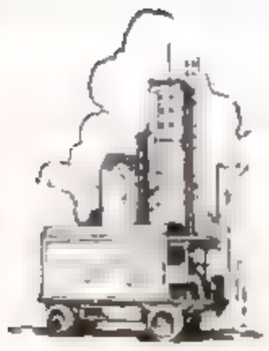

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She counted the wood he cut too. Once Hannah heard her say, "Twice two fifty is five hundred. You've still five hundred to go."

And he groaned and said, "It's the h—— of a long way yet."

She was very odd about the revenue matter, also, and said very little when Tish got her badge.

"Well," she said, "it may stop a bullet. But that's all it will stop."

As Tish said, such cynicism in the young was really bewildering.

IV

IT WAS the middle of July when Tish finally started on her dangerous duty. Aggie had begged to be left at home, but Tish had arranged a duty for each of us.

"I shall steer the boat," she said. "Aggie is to lower and lift up the anchor, and you, Lizzie, are to take charge of the fishing tackle and the bait."

We were, as I have said, to pretend to be fishing, and thus avert the suspicion of the bootleggers.

Lily May and Christopher saw us off, and Lily May's farewell was characteristic of her.

"Pick out a good-looking rum runner for me," Lily May called. "I know father would love to have one in the family."

We had gone about three miles, I think, when I heard a peculiar noise, like the rumbling of steam, but no one else noticed it. A little later, however, Aggie called out that there was a fountain playing not far ahead. Tish at once announced that it was a whale spouting, and changed our course so as to avoid it.

We saw no more of it, and Aggie was beginning to look white about the ears and the tip of the nose as usual, when Tish decided to drop our anchor and there take up our position. She therefore stopped the engine and Aggie heaved the anchor overboard. But we did not stop.

"There's certainly a very fast tide," Tish said, looking over the side. "We are going as fast as before."

"Then the bottom's moving too," Aggie said sharply. "The anchor's caught, all right."

We looked about. Either we were moving out to sea or Smith's Island was going toward the mainland and would soon collide with it. And at that moment the front end of the boat dipped down, shipping an enormous amount of sea, and throwing us all forward, and then the entire boat shot ahead as if it had been fired out of a gun.

"It's an earthquake, Tish," Aggie groaned, lying prone in the water.

Tish pulled herself to her knees and stared about her.

"It may be a tidal wave," she said. "But they go in, not out." She then stared again, forward, and finally rose to her feet. I followed her, and she lifted a shaking finger and pointed ahead. Only a hundred feet or so from us, and heading for Europe, was an enormous whale. One point of our anchor had caught in his blowhole, and we were traveling at what I imagine was sixty miles an hour or more.

"Really, Aggie," Tish said, "this is a little too much! I gave you the lightest duty on the boat—simply to anchor this boat to the bottom. Instead ——"

"What did you want me to do?" Aggie demanded. "Go down with it, and hook it to a rock?"

"When I want a whale I'll ask for a whale," said Tish with dignity. But with her usual alertness she was already making a plan. She at once started the engine and put it in reverse. "After all," she said, "we have the thing, and we may as well try to take it in."

But there was no perceptible effect, and after a moment or so the engine choked, and would not start again. Tish's second thought, therefore, of running at the whale and stunning it until we could free ourselves, was not practical. And the creature itself began to show signs of extreme nervous irritation; it struck the water really terrific blows with its enormous broad flat tail, and Aggie remembered a moving picture she had seen, where a whale had turned in anger on a boat and had crushed it like a peanut shell.

And to add to our difficulties there was a fishing fleet ahead of us, and the creature was heading directly for it. We went through that fleet without touching a boat!

One fisherman yelled to us. "Better let go!" he called. "If you do get him what'll you do with him?"

"If I ever get him," Tish said grimly, "I'll know what to do with him."

But of course the man was a mile behind us by that time.

We had left the islands far behind us, and the last bit of land was out of sight. With her usual forethought Tish ordered us to put on our life preservers, and after that we set to work to endeavor to loosen the anchor rope from the ring to which it was fastened.

But the tension was too great, and careful search revealed no hatchet with which to cut ourselves free. Our knife had gone overboard with the first jerk. In this emergency my admiration for Tish was never greater.

"One of two things will happen," she said. "Either he will go down to the sea bottom, taking the boat with him, or he will strike for his native haunts, which to the north whale is probably the arctic region around Greenland. In the first event, we have our life preservers; in the second case, our sweaters. And as there is nothing more to do, we may as well have our luncheon."

Her courage was contagious, and while Aggie spread the cloth on our folding table, I brought out the sandwiches and coffee. I daresay the schooner had been in sight for some time, just ahead of us, before we noticed it, and Tish thinks that the whale was too excited to see it at all. Anyhow, we were within half a mile of it and heading directly at it when we first saw it.

Aggie was the first to see what was happening, and she ran forward and yelled to the other boat to head him off. But there was no one in sight on it, and the whale kept straight on. Within a hundred feet or so, however, he suddenly dived; the Swallow went on, however, striking the other boat in the center, and the jar must have loosened the anchor, for we remained on the surface.

It was then that a man carefully peered over the edge of the revenue boat and looked down at us.

"My land!" he said. "I was just waiting for you to explode!"

He then said that he had thought they had been struck by a torpedo, and on Tish explaining, he looked rather odd and brought two other men to look at us. In the end, however, we convinced them, and they invited us on board while they bailed our boat and fixed our engine.

The first man was the captain, and while Aggie made us some fresh tea in the galley Tish confided to him our real purpose, and showed him her badge.

He seemed greatly impressed, and said, "If more people would see their duty and do it, we would get rid of the rum evil."

He then said that they were also a part of the revenue fleet, or had been. He didn't know how long they could stick it out.

"I'm all right," he said. "But now you take Joe and Bill, there. They're not normal any more; it's the loneliness gets them. Nothing to do but wait, you see."

"You might try cross-word puzzles," Tish suggested.

"We had a book of them," he said dejectedly. "But Bill got mad one day trying to think of a South American river, in five letters, and flung it overboard."

Over our tea Tish discoursed of the reasons which had turned us from our original idea to the revenue service, and the captain nodded his head.

"I know Jerry," he said. "Now you take us. Wouldn't you think we could fish out here, and fill in our spare time? Not a bit of it. It's my belief Jerry's running liquor, and he won't let a revenue boat near the wharf."

But he had, he said, discovered a way to circumvent Jerry. He and Bill and Joe fished, all right, only they dried the fish and packed them in boxes.

"Some day," he said, "we'll land those fish, and old Jerry will find the market glutted. That's all; glutted." He had, he said, a hundred boxes in the hold already. "Only trouble is," he went on, "we're getting overloaded. If a big sea comes along, and one's due most any time, they may shift, and then where are we?"

It was just before we left, I remember, that he asked us if we wouldn't carry in a few boxes for him and land them at a cove on our island, where a friend of the captain's was living alone. And Tish agreed at once.

I have no wish to reflect on Tish; her motive, then as later, was of the highest, and for Charlie Sands to say what he does is most ungenerous. At the same time, her reckless kindness led us into serious trouble later on, and I hope will be a lesson to her.

We not only took the boxes of fish to Al Smith, at the cove, that day, but we made repeated excursions to the revenue boat from that time on, carrying back a dozen boxes or so at a time, and taking out an occasional batch of Aggie's doughnuts, a parcheesi game, and once a bottle of blackberry cordial.

"For *mal de mer*," Tish said kindly as she presented it, and it created a profound impression. Bill and Joe seemed quite overcome, and the captain was so moved that he had to walk away and wipe his eyes.

"It's not the gift," he said later. "It's the thought."

We had naturally not told Lily May. But one day when Mr. Smith, the captain's friend, was unpacking the boxes of fish at the cove, who should wander into sight but the child herself.

She came right up and looked at the boxes, and said, "What's that anyhow?"

"It's dried fish," said Tish. "And I'll thank you to say nothing about it."

I must say she gave Tish a very strange look.

"Well," she said, "I only hope you're getting something out of it."

"I am getting the pleasure of assisting people who need assistance."

"I'll tell the world you are!" said Lily May. And after giving Mr. Smith a most unpleasant look she went away again.

But the very next day, rounding the corner, who should we see but Lily May at Smith's wharf, sitting on the edge of the boat and smiling, and Mr. Smith talking in a very loud and angry voice. Once he even seemed to shake his fist at her, but she kept right on smiling.

She was certainly a queer child.

Then, one night early in August, we had another visit from Mr. MacDonald. He said that liquor was coming in from somewhere in quantities, and that trucks on the mainland were distributing it all over the country. I happened to have my eye on Lily May, and she turned pale. I said nothing to Tish, but from that time on Aggie and I kept a watch on her, and I really shudder to recall what we discovered. Night after night our boat was going out; sometimes with Christopher alone in it, and sometimes with Lily May also. And on one such night we quietly searched her room.

We knew she had practically no money, for her mother had been afraid she would run away, back to the Field boy. But under her mattress we found three hundred and twenty dollars, mostly in small bills!

I simply cannot record how we felt about it. Especially as in other ways the child was really quite lovable. She and Aggie had become great friends, and she would listen for hours while Aggie told her of Mr. Wiggins. But on Aggie's endeavoring to discuss bootlegging with her she would shut up like a clam. Aggie tried to draw her out.

"Of course," she said one day, "if we knew some of the reasons behind bootlegging, we might be more lenient."

But there was no use trying to gain her confidence. She only gave Aggie another of her strange looks, and got up and went away.

Tish knew nothing of our worry, and day after day we went out in the boat, watching for rum runners. On Tuesdays and Fridays we made our trips to the revenue boat, but on other days Aggie and I fished, while Tish stood erect with her glasses, sweeping the surface of the sea. She was particularly severe with the lobster men, and after showing her badge would search their boats carefully. On one such occasion a lobster fastened itself to her and remained unnoticed until Aggie gave a terrible scream. She had sat down on the thing.

But mostly life in the Swallow moved quietly enough. Aggie worked at a bag she was making out of steel beads, with a fishing line looped around her arm; a habit she was obliged to alter, after a very large fish one day unexpectedly took her hook and but for Tish's presence of mind in grasping her feet would have taken her overboard. And I did most of my Christmas fancywork.

And thus things were up to the twenty-ninth of August, a day, or rather a night, which none of us will ever forget. At two o'clock that afternoon three of us started out; at four in the morning I returned home alone, in such agony of spirit as can only be imagined when the facts are known.

V

IT WAS our day to go out to the revenue boat, and there were indications of a fog. Poor Aggie did not want to go. It was as though she had a premonition of trouble, but Tish insisted, and even took along some seasick remedy. Aggie, who has been somewhat bitter since, should remember that, and the real kindness which lay behind it.

We made jelly in the morning, so it was late when we started, and the fog was fairly thick already. But Tish took along a compass, and we started at two P.M. For once Lily May insisted on going along, although the sea was very rough, and she flirted quite dreadfully with the captain of the revenue boat while Joe and Bill were loading.

But she was seasick on the way back, and so was Aggie. I took the lookout, therefore, and it must have been four or five miles from land that I saw something straight ahead in the fog, and Tish turned out just in time to avoid a bell buoy. It was not ringing!

Tish at once stopped and examined it. It consisted of a small platform above which rose a superstructure with a bell at the top, and clappers which struck the bell as the sea moved it this way and that. But the bell had fallen down and now lay on the platform.

"This is a very serious matter," Tish said. "This buoy is here to save our shipping. Undoubtedly it marks a reef. And now when it is most needed its warning voice is stilled."

"I wish you'd still your own voice, Tish," Aggie groaned. "Or else get out on it and yell ding-dong."

It was an unfortunate suggestion. Aggie was taking a dose of her remedy for seasickness at the moment, and she did not see Tish's eyes as they traveled from her to me, but I did.

"You couldn't do it, Lizzie," she said. "You're too stout. But Aggie could."

"Could what?" said Aggie, giving her a cold glance.

"Your duty," said Tish gravely. "That bell must ring, Aggie. The fog is intense, and all about are—or may be—men who depend on its warning signal for their lives. Can we fail them?"

"I can," said Aggie shortly.

Lily May said it was all nonsense, but "Give me a hammer and I'll do it," she said. "I suppose I can stick it out for an hour or so, and after that I dare say I'll not care."

But Tish said the child was in her care, and she was to stay just where she was. And in the end Aggie crawled onto the bell buoy, and we placed one of the boxes on the platform as a seat for her.

"It will take only a short time," were Tish's final words, "to get to the coast-guard station. We shall return at once."

But it was a painful sight, as we moved away, to see our poor Aggie thus marooned, watching us into the fog with wistful eyes and ever and anon striking the bell with the hammer as she sat on the box.

I did not see her again until three o'clock the next morning!

It was when we had gone about six miles by Tish's watch, while I watched the compass, that Tish suddenly announced something was wrong.

"Either we've missed the land altogether, Lizzie," she said, "or we've passed right over the Baptist church and are now at Graham's grocery store."

I handed the compass to her, but the moment she took it the needle turned about and continued pointing toward me. It was very unusual, and Tish stared at me with a justifiable irritation.

"Don't stand there pretending you're the magnetic pole," she snapped. "Move around, and see what the dratted thing will do."

Well, wherever I went that needle pointed at me. As events proved, for Tish to blame it on my gold tooth was quite unjustified, but it was not until in a burst of irritation she had flung it overboard that we discovered the true cause.

Aggie's workbag, containing a magnet for picking up steel beads, was on my arm.

All the time the fog was growing thicker, so that we could not see ten feet in any direction. And although we kept moving we never seemed to arrive anywhere. Once, indeed, I thought I heard faintly the sound of Aggie's hammer striking the bell, but it was very feeble and soon died away.

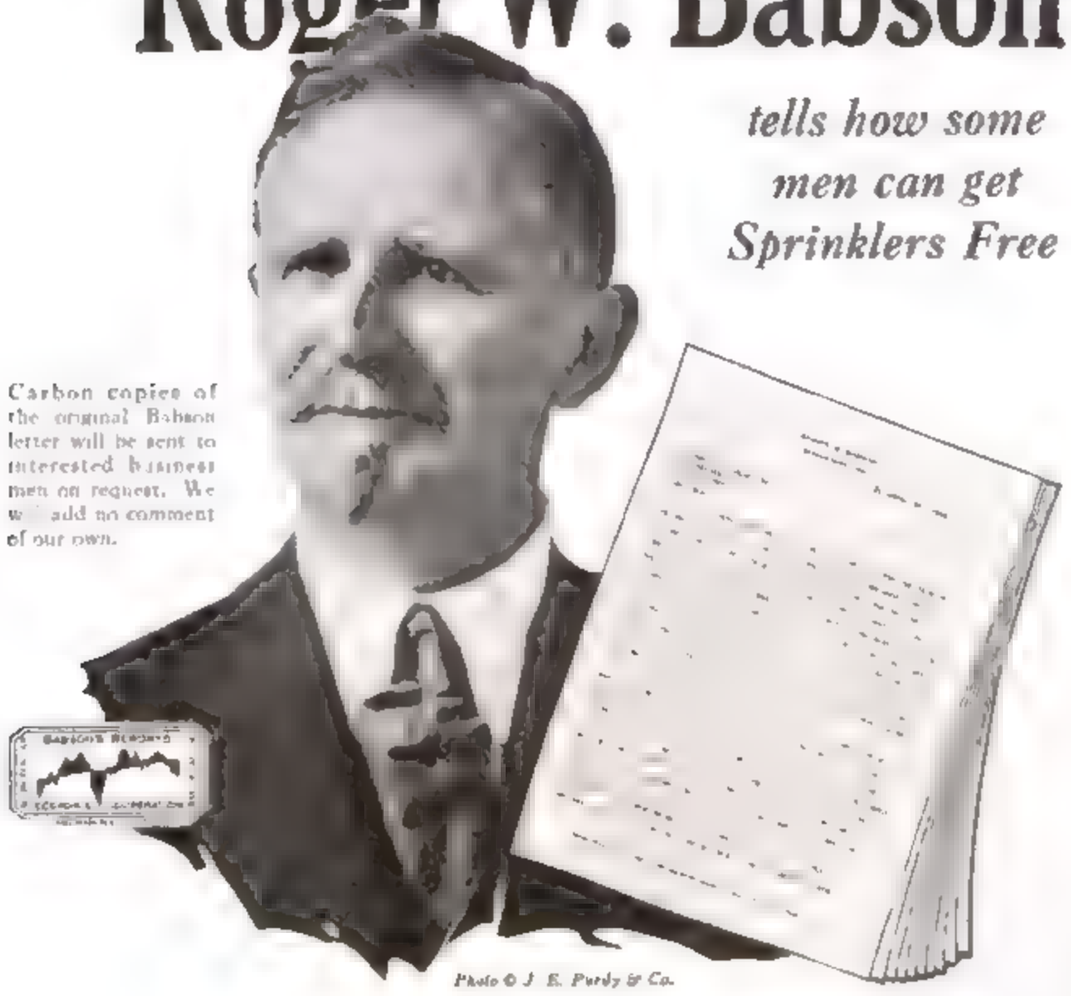
At seven o'clock it was already dark, and we had just two gallons of gasoline left. Tish shut off the engine and we considered our position.

"If we use all our gasoline the tide will carry us straight out to sea, and we may never get back," she said.

"And Aggie!" I said. "Our poor Aggie!"

Roger W. Babson

tells how some men can get Sprinklers Free



Carbon copies of the original Babson letter will be sent to interested business men on request. We will add no comment of our own.

Photo © J. E. Purdy & Co.

Babson's idea is this:

FIRE insurance is an inescapable expense. Sprinklers reduce that expense 50 to 90%. There is a plan which utilizes such savings to pay for the sprinkler system. Little or no cash investment is required of the property owner.

Common sense therefore demands that business men get this sure protection immediately.

WHEN Mr. Babson's attention was directed to the relation between adequate fire protection and low insurance cost, he at once discovered that a fundamental law was at work. This law touches the pocketbook of every man who is paying high fire insurance rates because his business is not properly safeguarded against fire. These men pay for lack of protection. In reality this means that they are paying for adequate protection without getting it.

Mr. Babson puts it this way—

"The business man who simply postpones sprinkler installation until his cash position warrants outright purchase is actually losing money if such postponement extends over a year. More important than this, he is doing without adequate fire protection in the meantime and possibly may, therefore, lose all his business in a disastrous fire with losses that no insurance will compensate him for."

This is quoted from a remarkable ten-page letter in which Mr. Babson classifies the whole problem of fire protection and fire insurance for business men. He has done this in a public spirited way to help cut down fire losses which he recognizes as a serious drain on the country's resources.

In a typical Babson way he has vitalized facts and statistics with keen observations which enable business men to find the answer to their own individual problems in the general question discussed.

If you are puzzled by the cost of insurance, on the one hand, and the cash investment required for sprinklers, on the other, you will find Mr. Babson's letter a document of real money value. If you have *any* fire risk, you want his letter. We have a carbon copy waiting for your request,—it's Mr. Babson's letter to *you*. Write for it *now*. Address Grinnell Company, Inc., 302 W. Exchange Street, Providence, R. I.

GRINNELL

AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER SYSTEM

When the fire starts the water starts

"Aggie is all right," she said impatiently. "At least she doesn't have to get anywhere. We do."

We decided at last until the fog lifted to save our gasoline, in case we had to get out of the way of some vessel; and Tish -who can knit quite well in the dark—got out her work. But Lily May seemed to have recovered, and was acting very strangely.

For instance, she roused once from deep thought to suggest that we throw the boxes of fish overboard, and she seemed quite worried when Tish refused.

"Why should I?" Tish said. "They represent money and effort. They have a certain value."

Lily May muttered something about a thousand dollars and ten years, which I did not catch, and then became silent once more. But when, about seven o'clock, we all heard the engine of a boat not far off and Tish was for hailing it at once, she sharply said we'd better not.

"Nonsense!" said Tish, and had started to call when Lily May put a hand over her mouth.

"Haven't you any sense?" she demanded. "It may be a revenue boat."

"And what if it is?" said Tish.

Lily May sat down on the edge of a thwart and stared at us.

"Look here," she said, "is the little old bean gone, or has that shot of blackberry cordial gone to my head? What about this stuff you're loaded with?"

"If there is any fine connected with running fish," Tish said shortly, "I have yet to hear of it."

"Fish!" said Lily May in a disgusted tone. "I could do better than that myself. Why not canned corn? Or artificial legs? Or bunion plasters?"

"Fish," Tish repeated. "Dried fish. And if you dare to intimate ——"

"Oh, don't be so silly!" said Lily May, and yawned. "Now see here, you may be older than I am in years, but I was old when I was born. And I can't remember the time when I didn't know whisky from fish."

"Whisky!" said Tish in a terrible voice.

"Booze," said Lily May. "You're loaded to the gunwales with booze. You've landed, so far, about a hundred cases of first-grade Canadian Club, and if you haven't made more than I have out of it you've been stung. That's all."

Tish got up at that and gave her a really terrible look.

"You have made money out of this iniquitous traffic?" she demanded.

"Oh, a bagatelle," Lily May replied languidly. "I had to protect you, you see. If you will run liquor ——"

"Silence!" Tish thundered. "What have you made?"

"I got three hundred for keeping Christopher busy while you unloaded," she said a trifle sulkily.

"Christopher?" Tish said in a dazed manner.

"He's in the revenue service," said Lily May. "So am I, for that matter. There's been hardly a day since we came when I couldn't have arrested you all. But it would have upset mother a lot. If you don't believe me ——"

She turned up her skirt, and I shall never forget Tish's eyes when she saw what I saw. That chit had her revenue badge pinned to the top of her stocking!

It was after that that our dear Tish was taken with a sudden shuddering spell and we had to give her quite a heavy dose of blackberry cordial. It is possible that in the darkness we gave her more than we intended, on an empty stomach, and there is undoubtedly a small percentage of alcohol in it to preserve it. When, later on, she insisted on opening one of the boxes and on tasting its contents before she would be entirely convinced, the combination was unfortunate.

She lapsed into silence soon after that, rousing once to shed a few tears, a most unusual proceeding for her, and with her voice slightly thickened she said, "We have been ushed by those sons of Belial, Lizzie. I musht think of a way to shettle with them."

She dozed a little then, but shortly thereafter she wakened and said a sea serpent had just stuck its head up beside her, and what if it should find Aggie? I was greatly alarmed, but Lily May was quite calm.

"She's only slightly binged," she said, "but she will sleep it off. Do her good probably; like having a good cry."

I pass over the next few hours. Tish slept, and we drifted about at the mercy of wind and tide. About midnight a gale came up and gave us considerable trouble, as the boxes kept shifting. Lily May once more suggested flinging them overboard, but I dared not do this without Tish's consent, and when I roused her and asked her she gave me no satisfaction.

"Shertainly not," she said. "It's evidench. Never destroy evidench, Lizzie."

"She'll snap out of it after a while," Lily May comforted me. "But she's sure gifted. I'll bet a brandied peach would give her the D. T.'s."

I was about to reprove her when I suddenly perceived that the wind had lifted the fog, and there was even a pale moonlight. And at that, Lily May clutched my arm and pointed ahead.

We had indeed been drifting with the tide, and the schooner was just ahead, within a hundred yards or so. We were moving slowly toward it.

I wakened Tish, and this time she responded. I can still see her, majestic and calm, clutching the rail and staring ahead. I can still hear the ringing tone of her voice when she said, "The hour of vengeance is at hand, Lizzie."

"I'll tell the world it is, if you go up there," said Lily May.

But she brushed the child aside, and immediately Bill yelled from the schooner, "Stand by, there! What do you want?"

"We're looking for trouble, Bill," said Lily May. "If you have any around ——"

But Bill recognized her voice, and he smiled down at us.

"Trouble's my middle name, ladies," he said. "Come up and make yourselves at home. Hi, cap!" he shouted. "Here's company."

I had not an idea of what was in the wind until I saw Tish pick up her knitting bag. Her revolver was in it.

How can I relate what followed? Tish went up first, Lily May was on the ladder, and I was in the very act of tying up, our rope in my hands, when I heard Tish say, "Hands up! You are under arrest."

Immediately on that, a most terrible uproar broke out above, and a shot rang out. Just after that my poor Tish's revolver fell into the boat with a terrible thud, and so startled me that I let go of the rope. There was a frightful noise going on overhead, and as I drifted away I heard another shot or two, and then the captain's voice.

"I've got her, the h—— cat!" he called. "Start the engine, Bill. We'd better get out of here."

And the next minute the engine of the schooner was starting and they were getting the anchor up. The schooner was moving away.

I cannot write my sensations without pain. The schooner starting off; my dear Tish a prisoner on that accursed boat, helpless, possibly injured; and Lily May, who had been placed in our care, on that accursed vessel.

I stood up and called.

"Tish!" I said in agony. "Tish, where are you?"

"I am here, Lizzie," I heard the dear familiar tones. And that was all.

In a few moments I was alone on the bosom of the raging deep, and Tish and Lily May were on their way probably to the Canadian border.

I have no very clear idea of what happened next. As I had no knowledge of a motor I could but experiment, and finally about two A.M. I did start the engine. I managed the steering fairly well after a time, and started back. The fog was quite gone by that time, and it was clear moonlight. I seemed to be going very fast, but I did not know how to stop the thing and could but keep on. I have one very clear and tragic impression, however. In the moonlight I passed the bell buoy where we had left Aggie—and Aggie was not there!

After that I remember little, except seeing our beach in front of me with a group of people on it, and steering at it. They have told me since that I came in on the top of a high roller, and that the Swallow simply crossed the beach and went up onto the lawn, where it stopped finally in the pansy bed, but I did not.

And then Christopher was lifting my head from a bottle of Canadian Club whisky as I lay on the ground, and saying in a shaken voice, "Where is she?"

"Gone," I said sadly. "They are all gone, Christopher. Tish and Aggie and Lily May. Gone."

"My God!" he said. "Lily May!"

"Canada," I said. "Or maybe England; or Spain. I don't know. But Aggie ——"

(Continued on Page 80)

STILL in its younger years—the building of closed motor bodies has become an art. In this development Collins & Aikman Plush has played an important part. For the latest models it is the preferred upholstery—luxurious and durable.

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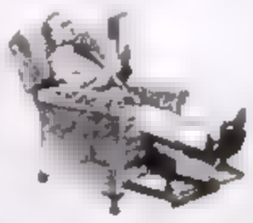

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(Continued from Page 78)

"What do you mean?" yelled Christopher. "Canada or England?"

"They've been stolen. Abducted. By rum runners, Christopher," I said. "But my dear Aggie ——"

And at that minute I heard a sneeze from the house.

"Aggie!" I cried. "Aggie!"

Then Hannah and Mr. MacDonald came up. Mr. MacDonald picked up a bottle and said. "You wouldn't believe me before. Is this eau de cologne or is it liquor?"

"Oh, get the h—— out of here," said Christopher.

They took me into the house, and there was Aggie sitting before the fire, still shivering, and with a very bad cold. She had her feet in a mustard foot bath with a blanket over it, for Mr. MacDonald would not allow her to go upstairs, and she burst into tears the minute she saw me.

"I'b udder arrest, Lizzie," she wailed. "I've beed soaked through, ad bit at by sharks, ad fired od, ad lost by teeth. Ad dow I'b arrested. It's just too buch."

She had lost her teeth, poor soul. She had taken them out because they were chattering so, and they had slipped out of her hand. She might have recovered them, but just as she was about to do so a huge fish had snapped at them and got them.

It had indeed been a day of misfortunes, and Aggie's were not the least. For Mr. MacDonald and Christopher had heard her sneezing on the bell buoy, and had fired at her before they knew her.

Then, when they did find her, she was sitting on a case of liquor, and nothing she could say did any good.

"I told theb it was dried fish," she said, "but the darded fools wouldd't believe be, ad whed they looked, it wasd't."

VI

AS SOON as possible Christopher and Mr. MacDonald had aroused the island, and every possible boat had started out. I telegraphed to Charlie Sands also, and he was on his way by the first train.

But all the next day went by, and no sign of the schooner or of Tish and Lily May. And as Aggie said, sitting up in bed with a bowl of junket—she could only eat soft food, poor thing—"We bay dever see theb agaid, Lizzie. They bay have to walk the plak or sobethig."

I spent all my time on the beach, awaiting news, and at evening Charlie Sands arrived from the mainland. He came over to me as I sat disconsolately on a rock, cutting up fish and feeding the sea gulls as our poor Tish had always done, and listened to my story.

"Now," he said when I had finished, "how many men were on that boat?"

"Three."

"Three," he repeated thoughtfully. "And my dear Aunt Letitia and Lily May. Is that correct?"

"And boxes and boxes of-f—of liquor, Charlie."

"I wouldn't worry about the liquor," he said. "I imagine by this time ——" He hesitated and sighed. "It seems rather a pity, in a way. Still ——"

"A pity!" I said angrily. "Your Aunt Letitia and Lily May Carter abducted, and you say it is a pity!"

"I'm sorry," he apologized. "Just for the moment my mind had wandered. Now let's see. They've had eighteen hours, and the percentage was favorable. I rather think—of course, I'm not sure—but I rather think it's about time something happened."

He then rose to his feet and looked out over the water, and said, "What kind of a boat was it anyhow?"

"It was a schooner."

"Of course," he said. "It would be a schooner, naturally. And while I am not a betting man, I'll wager ten dollars against a bottle of blackberry cordial that this is it now."

I leaped to my feet, and there, coming around the point of our cove, was the revenue boat! I could only stand and stare. Our beloved Tish was at the helm, and as we gazed she shouted to Lily May, who at once shoved the anchor overboard. As all the sails were still up, the boat listed heavily to one side, but it stopped.

There was no one else in sight, and this seemed to make Charlie Sands somewhat uneasy.

"By the gods," he said, "she's done away with them!"

But this proved to be erroneous. Our dear Tish, having brought the vessel to a halt, straightened her bonnet, and then drawing the small boat which trailed behind to the foot of the rope ladder, she and Lily May got into it and Tish rowed it to the shore.

Her first words were typical.

"I want a policeman, Lizzie," she said briefly, "and a room in the jail, and a bath."

"I doubt if the jails are arranged that way," said Charlie Sands, coming forward. "Still, we can inquire."

She had not noticed him before, and his presence startled her. I have never seen our Tish flinch, but she very nearly did so then. And she gave Lily May a curious look

"I have taken three prisoners," she said with dignity. "They are locked in, down below in that ship. And here's the key, for Mr. MacDonald."

She then felt in her workbag, handed a key to Charlie Sands, and started with dignity to the house. Charlie Sands looked at the key and then called after her.

"Is that all you've got?" he said.

She stiffened and glared at him.

"If you mean the curse of this nation, rum," she said coldly, "I have thrown it overboard."

"Not every bottle?" he said in a pleading voice.

"Every bottle," she said, and walked firmly into the house.

Lily May did not follow her. She stood eying Charlie Sands through her long lashes.

"Well?" she said. "Doesn't papa still love mamma?"

"I'll tell you that," he said sternly, "when you tell me something else." He then stooped and picked up a one-hundred-dollar bill which was lying on the grass. "Where did this come from?"

"Well, well!" said Lily May. "You are lucky, aren't you?"

"Don't look at me like that," said Charlie Sands. "Where did this come from?"

"They grow around here," said Lily May cheerfully. "Not everywhere, but here and there, you know. Like four-leaf clovers."

"It didn't by any chance drop from my Aunt Tish's workbag?"

"Well, you might call up and inquire," she suggested, and sauntered off to the house.

She spent an hour and a quarter getting dressed that evening, and when the Swallow and Christopher came back, Christopher almost crazy, she was sitting on the veranda doing her finger nails.

Hannah was laying the table inside, and she says she greeted him with "Hello, old egg! And how are things?"

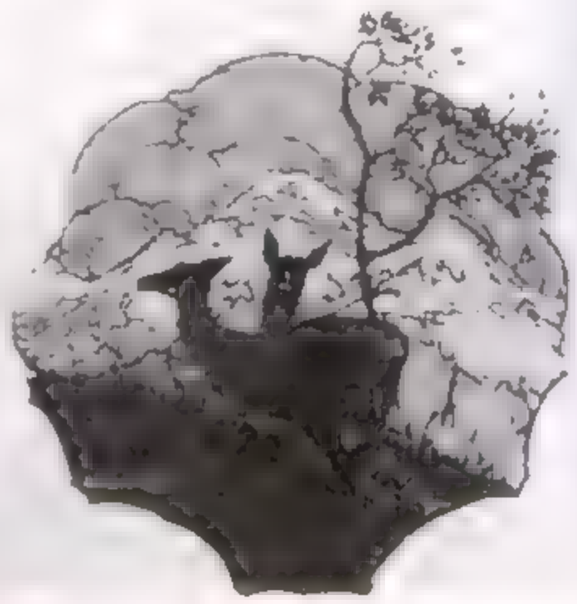
And that fool of a boy just got down on his knees and put his head in her lap and his arms around her; and when he looked up he said, "You little devil! I've a good notion to turn you over my knee and spank you."

As Aggie says, it was queer love-making, and there is no use trying to understand the younger generation.

"Under no circumstances," she says, "would Mr. Wiggins have threatened me with that. But then," she adds, "Mr. Wiggins would never have put on those dreadful clothes and pretended to be something he wasn't either. Times have changed, Lizzie."

For it turned out, that very night, that Christopher was Billy Field.

Never, so long as I live, shall I forget that evening around Aggie's bed, when Tish told her story. The bootleggers had tied her up at once, and even Lily May also. But Lily May was so quiet and



chastened that they had weakened, after a while, and had let her loose.

"And then what did you do?" asked Charlie Sands.

"I amused them," she said, not looking at Tish.

"I think," Tish said in a terrible voice, "the less said of that the better."

But it appears—for one must be frank—that Lily May saw that Tish was working with her ropes, and so she began to tell them stories. They must have been very queer ones, for Tish has never reverted to the subject.

"I told them the flapper story," she said to Charlie Sands, "and that new Ford one, and the April-fool joke."

Charlie Sands seemed to understand, for he nodded.

"Pretty fair," he said.

But it seems they relaxed after that, and then she got them started on mixing different kinds of drinks. She would say, Did you ever try this and that, with a drop of something else floated on the top? And she would taste the things they brought, and they would take the rest.

"It was Bill who went under first. He went asleep standing up," she said. And the captain next. But by that time Tish had freed herself, and she knocked Joe out with a piece of chain that was handy. And then their troubles were over, for they only had to drag them down below and lock them up. But they had been banging at the door all day, and Tish had had to make them keep quiet. She had the captain's revolver by that time, and now and again she fired a bullet into the door frame, and they would hush up for an hour or so. Then they would start again.

Our dear Tish finished her narrative and then rose.

"And now," she said brightly, "it is time for bed. I have done my duty, and shall sleep with a clear conscience."

"Are you so sure of that?" said Charlie Sands, and fixed her with a cold eye.

"Why not?" Tish asked tartly.

"One reason might be—piracy on the high seas."

"Piracy!" said Tish furiously. "I capture three rum runners, and you call it piracy?"

"Then there's no matter of money to be discussed."

"Certainly not," said Tish.

"Of seventeen hundred and forty-one dollars," he insisted. "At the present moment concealed in your bedroom."

"That money belongs to the church."

"I see. But the amount interests me. I can understand the seventeen hundred, and even the forty. But why the one?"

"Two months at eight hundred and seventy dollars and fifty cents per month," Tish said, staring at him defiantly. "Even an idiot could figure that."

"And you took it from those bootleggers?"

"I'd earned it for them."

"By force and duress?"

"Nothing of the sort. The man was asleep."

"Hijacking," he said softly. "Ye gods and little fishes! Hijacking for the church!"

He seemed a trifle dazed, although Tish carefully explained her position to him.

"I see it all," he said. "It sounds all right, but there must be a catch in it somewhere. I don't quite grasp it, that's all."

After a time, however, he got up and went to the door, still thinking, and called Christopher.

"Come in, you young impostor," he said, "and tell us how much you've had out of the summer."

"I couldn't quite make it," said Christopher sadly. "Five hundred for the boat and two hundred revenue salary. That's all."

"Certainly it's not all, Billy Field!" said Lily May. "I have three hundred from Smith, haven't I? That makes the thousand."

But Charlie Sands was holding his head.

"It sounds all right," he said. "The parish house gets a kitchen, and Field gets Lily May. Personally I think my Aunt Tish ought to get thirty years, but still ——" He groaned. "Rum running, assault and battery, piracy, straight larceny and hijacking!" he said. "And everybody's happy! There's a profound immorality somewhere," he added, looking around at us. "But where?"

He got up feebly. "I'm getting too old for much of this," he said. "Get me a stiff dose of blackberry cordial, somebody. And, Field, slip around to old MacDonald's and get a bit of something to float on the top."

When you build, you start a voyage

Some facts and figures to guide you

When you build a home, you hope to discover satisfaction right from the start. You expect to constantly *rediscover* satisfaction every day and every year. You need not make *unhappy* discoveries after a few short months have rolled around. The Lehigh Portland Cement Company holds out a principle as a sure "chart and compass" to guide you past all dangers to the permanent satisfaction you seek.

Whenever you see ways of cutting corners or cheapening to lower the first cost of building, make certain that the intended savings mean actual economy. Many people have cut a thousand dollars from the first cost, only to spend that amount, *and more*, in repairs. If a foundation starts to leak after the second hard rain it is easy to spend $200 making it watertight. And if you are compelled to take depreciation at 7% instead of a [OVER]

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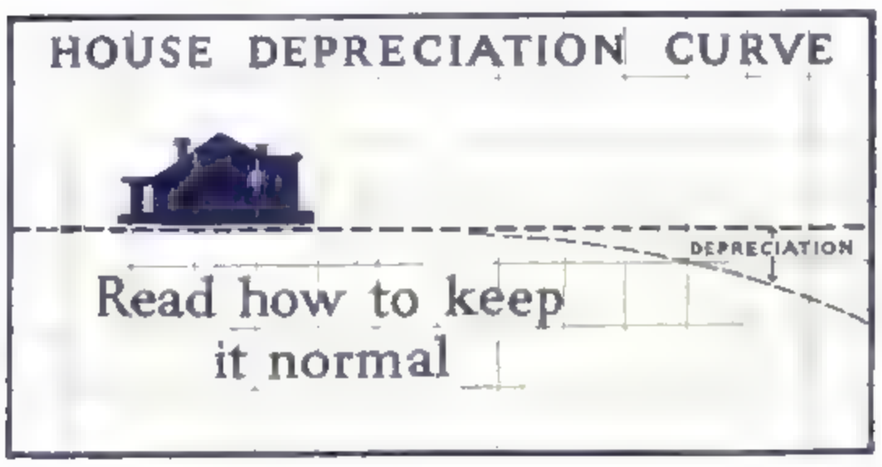


reasonable 2%, your satisfaction quickly vanishes into thin air. Most disappointments can easily be avoided by making certain of dependable materials and competent workmanship.

Put this strength into building

Some materials grow weaker each year, others hold their strength for many years, but good concrete made with Lehigh Cement actually grows stronger with age. This concrete bridge will last for all time. Already it is carrying loads amounting to thousands of tons daily, but its *full* strength will not be reached for many years. You can put that strength into whatever you build with Lehigh Cement. Remember that permanent satisfaction depends on:

[1] **Dependable materials** [2] **Competent workmanship**

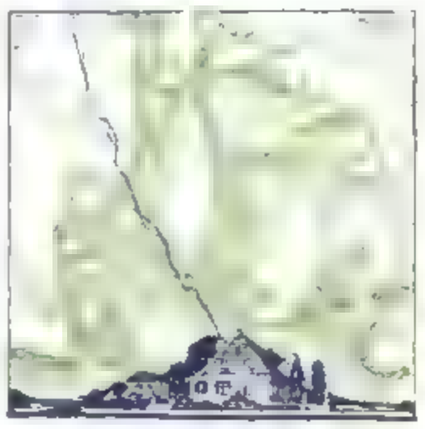
Improve homes already built

It is estimated that the average home changes hands about every 5 years. In five years people outgrow or become tired of the home they expected to enjoy for the rest of their lives.

Many improvements are economically made and they add surprisingly to the resale value as well as to your satisfaction. Run your eye down the list at the right and you will see many suggestions worth considering, such as stuccoing to add warmth and charm, concrete steps to save paint and repair bills, or concrete walks and driveways to add attractiveness, convenience and permanence.

When you put money into such improvements remember that satisfaction depends on:

[1] **Dependable materials** [2] **Competent workmanship**



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EUROPE'S CUCKOO

(Continued from Page 7)

One of my Bolshevist statesman acquaintances says frankly: "The program of a world revolution required a sharp line of demarcation between direct action in revolution and all progressive socialism. Therefore at one time the socialist who proposed evolution rather than revolution was our hated enemy. Not so now. Though we maintain the purity of our purposes and will not merge with moderates, we no longer draw the line between methods, but rather give our indulgence to those whose ultimate purpose is like ours—the destruction of the present state, the present system of society, the present capitalistic economic system. We once had contempt for the intellectual and the mild socialist. No longer. We recognize that they prepare the ground for revolution. Furthermore, we recognize that in all movements for change it is the extremists, as we are called, who ultimately can gain control of the movement. Therefore we attempt to associate ourselves, without sacrificing our ultimate principles, with the Labor Party in Great Britain, with trade-unions everywhere, with all international movements, pacifist and otherwise—with all the forces which tend to break down the resistance of the present organization of property and society. Nationalism, in all cases, is our enemy. But we regard chauvinistic nationalism as helpful. In a sentence, we have ceased to storm the fortresses; we now seek to convert enough defenders of these fortresses so that they may open the gates."

There are the cuckoo's eggs.

Politically the direction from Moscow now tolerates the activities of moderate socialists, and indeed, as in England, seeks an alliance with them. After all, the ultimate purpose is the same—to sink the old ships. The right is reserved to ridicule the moderates. Whenever the moderates are defeated or baffled, as in the last British elections, the extremists say, "That is another case of the failure of political action to gain the ends of class warfare. Real warfare—direct action—will be the final effective method."

Key Industries Menaced

I have pointed out to Russian Bolshevist representatives that their published membership is not impressive. In the last report obtained from Moscow two years ago Great Britain was accredited with only 5000 members, France with 78,000, Italy with 24,000, Germany with 226,000, Czecho-Slovakia with 170,000, the United States with an affiliated list of about 29,000.

The answer of the Bolshevist is the answer of Emma Goldman; it does not take great numbers to make a good cuckoo's egg. The size of the thorn, to use another figure, is not indicative of the extent of the fester. When communism lacked a home office such as Moscow, little discipline was maintained, there was no seat of directive power.

I can remember sitting in as an unofficial observer at a spirited discussion between two great communist leaders in the old days in the United States. They were split as to policy and there was no appeal from them to a higher authority. It so happened that one of them was setting forth a theory of fighting strategy which every country of importance now has tasted.

"It will be necessary," said one of them, "to distinguish between ordinary trades and the key industries. We can afford to allow the moderate organizations—the collective-bargaining groups—to have the factories. Direct-actionists should specialize on the key industries such as agriculture, railways and all means of distribution, and mines. I care nothing as to whether ordinary industries are organized by crafts. When it comes to railways, mines and food supply, they must be organized so that all employes strike at once. In this way the hand is on the throat of the capitalistic system. I care nothing if factory workers make bargains with employers. We ought to keep bargains out of reach of employes in key activities so that they may be free to strike."

So far as extreme views are concerned, the little intense man, sipping beer, had prophetic vision. His outline of strategy has since been followed by the generals of revolutionary labor movements. Railway and transport workers' and miners' strikes in Great Britain have been unsuccessfully attempted on this same theory; transport and utility strikes in Italy and Germany have been inspired on this idea that key industries are keys to direct revolutionary action. In the United States we are familiar with the attempts to take railways and mines out of the hands of ordinary union organizations in order to make them fighting machines of free, direct action.

Such a policy is no longer without a stimulating home office. Such a policy, as a member of the French Chamber of Deputies has said to me, can be dictated from Moscow, not because Moscow has particular interest in the key-industry style of class warfare but because a newly hatched cuckoo can call to its mother and receive flying instructions. The next ten years may see many strikes in key industries which will fool the public and even many of the strikers by appearing to be a protest as to hours or wages, whereas in fact the strategy behind it will be based on feeling out the strength of the present economic system and will be directed from the City of the Kremlin.

Moscow's Change of Front

The vital fact to face is that Russian Bolshevism has learned that it is not necessary to enroll a man and stamp him as a communist in order to make him serve its cause.

MacDonald, who in many ways was a moderate and efficient socialist premier of Great Britain, was used by Moscow. He was used by Moscow rather skillfully. The shrewd four who have stepped into Lenine's shoes were reasonably successful in procuring from MacDonald recognition first and the opportunity to say to him afterward, "Come now, my good fellow, socialism by constitutional steps is really somewhat feeble and wearisome. It is a nice subject for George Bernard Shaw to discuss at the Fabian Society, but doesn't it betray the masses? We believe that the masses want a stronger brew, and relief, not after a hundred years, but somewhat sooner."

Of course this effect of the cuckoo's egg is double. First, it creates the impression in the rank and file of socialism that the rank and file have other stronger means at their command if they choose to reach for the weapons. Second, it tends to make conservatives feel that moderates are harmless—certainly more harmless and preferable than out-and-out Bolshies.

Five and even three years ago the purpose of Moscow was centered on the method of scuttling the old ships of state, economic and social systems. The idea was that of direct and immediate revolutionary action. Socialists who quarreled with this method, even though they approved scrapping the old systems and organization of society, were the target for Bolshevist venom. Today the end rather than the method is emphasized. The eggs are to be laid painstakingly, patience will be given for their hatching, tolerance will be given various shades of revolutionary thought and even evolutionary thought so long as it is aimed at scuttling the ship. Today, although attempting to keep the Communist International pure within its own organization and firm in advocating direct action, communist groups are given latitude to associate themselves with socialist groups such as the Labor Party.

In brief the cuckoo who once wanted to seize the nests of the nations is satisfied now to lay eggs therein.

I asked a certain diplomat who receives on his desk the most voluminous and perhaps the best reports on Russia which come out via Riga, whether it was his opinion that Bolshevism has been losing ground in Europe.

He said, "Yes—if you mean Bolshevism as a labeled article for immediate consumption. But if you mean something quite different—if you mean an influence which promises to keep alive the proposal of revolution in one form or another, then I regard the stream of Bolshevism as an increasing rather than a diminishing force."

Today the most pressing political problem, because so universally present in Europe and beyond Europe, is the question of how to treat the Russian cuckoo. It used to haunt the statesmen of Europe during the years when I was serving officially abroad. I sat seven weeks beside it at the Genoa Conference. I heard it when I went to make official calls at foreign offices. Bolshevist statesmen have talked to me about it. I have been in Russia and know something of the great but undeveloped resources of Russia and also how much difficulty there will be, even under the most favorable circumstances, to develop them. I know a little more than most Americans of first-hand information about the great human resources of Russia—the millions of clean and youthful blood and of yearning minds who today are rendered helpless and inexpressive because a different type of mentality is in command and because, by controlling the centers, the railway junction points and the system of communications, these masters can prevent the great mass of Russians from germinating and organizing a protest.

I have learned that whenever the question arises, What shall we do about Russia? someone says, "First, let us find out the truth about Russia." Whereupon someone else cites some report about Russia such as Ossendowski's Beasts, Men and Gods; and then someone else exclaims that this report is anti-Bolshevist and paints a lurid and inaccurate picture of Russia's horrors. Someone else says, "I know a man, a semiofficial investigator, who says that conditions in Russia are becoming day by day better"; but still another person says, "Oh, we all know how the Russian authorities take foreigners in charge and only show them what they consider is the bright side." Finally there is a shrugging of the shoulders and a weary sigh and a statement, "We must get the truth about Russia."

Of course we all know that a good many lies have been told about Russia, but it is absurd to believe that the world does not know already the substantial truth about Russia. There is so much truth already not open to controversy and accepted everywhere that this fetish to get the truth about Russia is ridiculous.

The Bolshevist program is known. The fact that debts have been repudiated is known, the nationalization of property is known. No one denies the fact of a ruthless policy of executing great numbers. No one asserts that revolution in Russia has been a loving and tender business; no one denies that by some fault of circumstance or character of leadership it has been bloody. No one denies that there has been a régime of compulsory labor. No one believes that it has worked. No one denies a great degree of industrial stagnation. No one denies that there has been a struggle to drive out religion. No one asserts that the institution of the family and old standards of morals have been lifted higher by the new régime.

Bolshevist Bargaining

No serious mind believes that there is much democracy left in Russia—in the sense that the majority may control their destinies. Those who would assert that Bolshevism has given more liberty or happiness than czarism would have a hard time finding evidence to support them.

It is known that economic conditions in Russia are improving. But they are improving by the gradual swing-back toward the very social and economic systems which Bolshevism was designed to destroy. Paris, London, Berlin and Rome have under their noses instances of Russia making an appeal to exiled industrial leaders to come back and restore, for the Russians, their wrecked industries. Although still holding to the technical nationalization of property, Bolshevist leadership, in order to induce a restoration of capital and management, is ready to make bargains for long leases on such terms that they are substantially a reinstatement of the institution of private property.

It is known that the political leadership which succeeded Lenine represents a field of contest and personal jealousies which may create internal conflicts.

What then is this mysterious truth about Russia which we must seek?

A British general who has just come out of Russia after painstaking and friendly investigation, has stated to me the correct answer to this question. He says, "The truth wanted about Russia is not the truth concerning Russia's yesterday or today; what the nations of Europe are still wanting is forecast and prophecy. What peoples are searching for is information as to the

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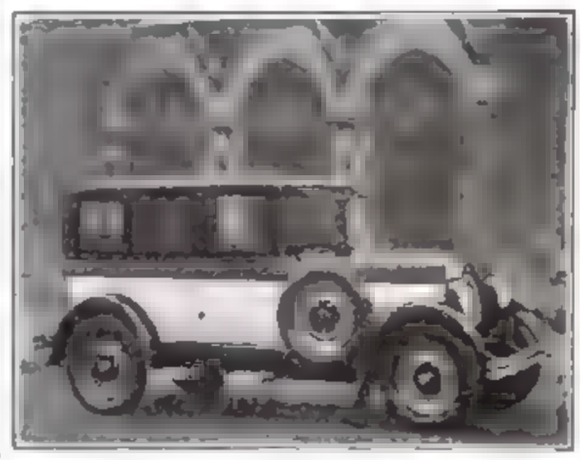

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probable effect of recognizing Russia—of proposing the present Russian régime for membership in our club."

Because that question is rising again in the United States it is worth while to look at Europe's experience. Returning to Europe after a year's absence I do not find that the two schools of thought about recognizing Russia have changed in any marked degree. More than three years ago it was plain that leaders of Russia's foreign affairs of the shrewdness of Georges Tchitcherin were playing the old game, taken from the book of Oriental diplomacy, of keeping the other nations apart and breaking up solid fronts by appeals to cupidity and jealousy. At the Genoa Conference the world obtained nothing from Russia except clamor for loans, but the world afforded to Russian strategists a great platform for the airing of propaganda. Russian diplomacy walked back and forth on that stage, holding up the bait of resources to the capitalistic world. Russia was saying, "You make no progress when you all try to deal with me as a family, but come to me one by one! I have choice titbits. First come, first served." And to give point to the lesson, Russia made a treaty with Germany almost under the conference's nose. Whereupon nations began to look askance at each other and whisper, "Who'll be next?" Moral principles were shoved a little on one side; I still have the vivid impression left by one perplexed statesman who said to me across our table in Genoa, "It's a great mistake. How venal! But if the others are going to do it—well ——"

Anything like a solid front was broken. Recognition and treaty making with Russia have progressed on the gold-rush basis since then—Italy, England, France, Czecho-Slovakia, and so on, and so on. A League of Nations, with something of a proposed mission to secure cooperation among nations to enforce moral principle and to uphold international ethics, has not even lifted an effective little finger to oppose independent action in compromising with a nation which has broken international ethics and sanctity of obligations into smithereens.

A Poor Argument

The Russian diplomacy has won. Tchitcherin may wake up in the morning and grin satirically at the fact that some new national voice is saying, "Oh, I never believe in smashing the window of principle in order to take out the jewels of cupidity, but when the window is broken and everyone else is reaching for handfuls, well ——"

It is this point of view which is the backbone of that school of thought which is in favor of recognizing Russia. It is the backbone, but not all the skeleton; there are also the bones of idealism. The case for the recognition of Russia goes on to assert that the time has come when a blockade against the Bolshevist principle and practice no longer operates to keep that tide from flowing outward, but rather is a hindrance to the balm of the world's restoratives which would flow into Russia. "Break down the barriers," say these thinkers, "and instead of communism flowing out upon the world, the world can turn in its stream of influence, which will liberate the helpless Russian masses and restore in Russia not only the capitalistic system but the old-established standards of international integrity." The idea, as the British general would probably say, is to elect the fellow to the club and hope to make a gentleman of him.

As to this, certain observations are not out of place. First of all there is no club. If recognition of Russia is based on this high plane it is surprising that separate and sometimes surreptitious action has replaced the picture of nations going hand in hand to do something nice for Russia. Second, it is extraordinary to find the trustees of Bolshevism who avow a purpose to make the world red, seeking recognition in order that the world may enter Russia and wash her sins away. I suppose we may credit Zinoviev, Kamenev, Trotzky and Tchitcherin with certain advantages in knowing the truth about Russia. Third, those nations which have already recognized Russia with a missionary gesture give no testimony that the tide flows according to schedule. The cuckoo at once comes forth from Russia and lays two eggs where only one was laid before.

On the whole, if I were engaged as an attorney for the affirmative as to recognizing Russia, I should rest my case on the practical rather than the idealistic basis.

I would say, "The moral bars are down, let's walk in."

I would say, "Furthermore, if we let Russia alone she may some day couple up with some industrial power like Germany, which could lend Russia management for the making of munitions, and then we might have a red army crawling over the map of Europe." Lloyd George used to paint this horror in vivid coloring.

I would say, "Furthermore, look at the great resources of Russia. The world needs her wheat and her fish to eat, her timber to supply the deficiency in housing, her buried mineral wealth must be wrung from her soil. And besides, if concessions for any plums are to be passed, let's be on hand when the platter comes around."

Facts to be Suppressed

There are some facts I would suppress. One of them is the truth about Russia's economic standing before the war. Trade with Russia, business with Russia, investments in Russia before the war were startlingly small. The efforts of the Russian propaganda have made us believe that Russia is a kind of gold mine and the key to the world's economic future. So far as the immediate prospects go, it is nothing of the kind. Whatever of natural resource was locked up in Russia in 1914 is much less accessible now. If it appears as the world's great prize it is because of the skillful work done by the Bolshevist bait danglers. Foreign trade as a bait for international entanglement of the United States is a pricked balloon because our entire foreign trade is something about one-twentieth of our national business. But take Great Britain, which under the spell of the Russian hypodermic supposed that she was to be revivified by Russian trade. In 1913 the fraction of British foreign trade accredited to Russia was about one-thirtieth! And this was before Russia, rooked and lame within, had lost Finland, Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania and a part of the new Poland. Old Russia had about 170,000,000 people; disease, exile and death have reduced that number to a figure probably less than 60,000,000.

Were I the attorney for the affirmative in the case for recognition of Russia I should want to suppress the fact that Russia as a present military and economic power is in fact a good deal of a ten-cent carnival show which has been advertised as a two-dollar three-ring circus.

If anyone wishes to probe into the real facts as to agreements with Russia he can examine the results of trade agreements and political recognition accorded to Russia by Great Britain and Italy.

A former member of a British ministry has said to me, "When all the eyewash is wiped away, the making of political and economic agreements on paper must, I confess, result in no real change. The only change I can point out is that by recognition we have given away to the Bolshevist Government something which it would pay for in concessions. The citizens of nations which have no trade agreement and have given no recognition are apt to be favored rather than injured. French capital and French exploitation were conspicuously successful in Russia before French recognition of Russia appeared on the horizon. A noticeable influx of American capital and a substantial business by several large American industrial companies have been carried on regardless of recognition. Economic laws and concessions are not affected a great deal by treaties neatly inscribed. Indeed the prizes in Russia are much more often to be found dangling as bait before the nations which have refused recognition than before those which have accorded it. Great Britain has made a trade agreement with Russia and has recognized Russia, and nothing new whatever has happened except a great deal of trouble for the Labor Government, which went on its nose by dealing with Russia and opening the door for subversive machinations."

When I was in Italy great things were expected of recognition of Russia and a trade agreement. It was supposed that the "granary of the world" was going to feed Italy. After a year not a quart measure of Russian wheat had arrived, because, as Russia told the Italians, the contract would have to be broken—there was no grain to export. Great prospects for concessions were held out. After a year I cannot find that a single Italian concession has been obtained. The correspondent of the London Times who has interviewed Italian manufacturers says that these industrialists state that they cannot deal with the Soviet Government, that two-year credits are demanded, that the neatly signed treaties have changed nothing, and that the color of Russian purchase money has not been seen in Italy.

If I were an attorney advocating recognition of the Russian Bolshevist Government, I would suppress whatever facts I have which indicate that that government has played a shell game and has victimized more than one simple statesman with straw behind his ears. I have no wish to speak in disrespect of a conscientious prime minister, now fallen, Ramsay MacDonald, but I quote from a speech he made at Derby on September 27, 1924, in regard to the proposed agreement for a loan to Russia.

He said: "An agreement with Russia on the lines embodied in our two draft treaties will bring work to fill the cupboards of our poor people." About the same time the Moscow paper, the Isvestia, announced: "Not one farthing of the loan will be spent in England. It is intended to use the entire amount to give further subsidies to the nationalized industries of Russia, to employ 1,800,000 unemployed and to distribute factory products to peasants on credit." It was this kind of simplicity which wrecked the Labor Government in England, which brought Great Britain to the verge of an unparalleled humiliation in an international confidence game, and let the cuckoo lay two eggs in the British nest where only one could be laid before.

The philosophy of a Hughes or a Millerand based upon the long view that international law and ethics are worth supporting, that recognition is approval, that it betrays the Russian people as well as the cause of other nations, may appeal to those who are not deceived by the lure of the overestimated Russian bait or by a moral standard which says, "Everyone else was helping himself and what can a man do under the circumstances?"

Soviet Trickery

But were I supporting as an advocate the "ungenerous and coldly analytical view" of Hughes I would in addition to ethical argument point out that Europe has a lesson for us in the subject of the cuckoo and its eggs. Some may like the cuckoo eggs. Some may not fear them. But two admissions must be made. The first is that the presence of the cuckoo's eggs changes the dominant political question from a question as to what we shall do to improve the present ships of social and economic and political organization, to the question as to whether or no we shall sink these ships. While the cuckoo's eggs are there we shall have The Question. The second admission is that recognition and political dealing will give the cuckoo a chance to lay two eggs where only one was laid before.

A representative of Lenine once argued to me that if I could assist in getting the American Government to recognize Russia he would undertake to have his government guarantee against using Bolshevist propaganda in the United States. I paid as much attention to that as to the sighing of the wind outside the window.

The MacDonald government in England found out something of that poppycock obligation. This is how it works: First, there is recognition of Russia. Whereupon there appear in one's nest, diplomatic officers, secretaries, consuls, trade delegates and other functionaries. These are subject in whole or in part to the principle of diplomatic immunity. They are by established courtesy or law free from search, arrest, interrogation. If then from next door or the next room tons of literature and constant letters go forth urging revolution it becomes difficult to answer the claim of the representatives of the Soviet Government that they have nothing whatever to do with these cuckoo eggs. They will say, "It is true that these eggs came from Moscow. But heaven forbid that anyone should say they are official eggs. They are unofficial eggs. They were laid by the Communist International."

This has become an old story in Europe. Mussolini knows it. Ramsay MacDonald learned it in the incident of the Zinoviev letter inviting the British Army to revolt.

There are some Americans who may believe that if we cannot deal with the cuckoo eggs we had better give up; some who would let the cuckoo lay them aplenty and not worry about the result.

But Europe will tell you this—when you take the cuckoo in, do not be astounded to find your nest full of cuckoo eggs.

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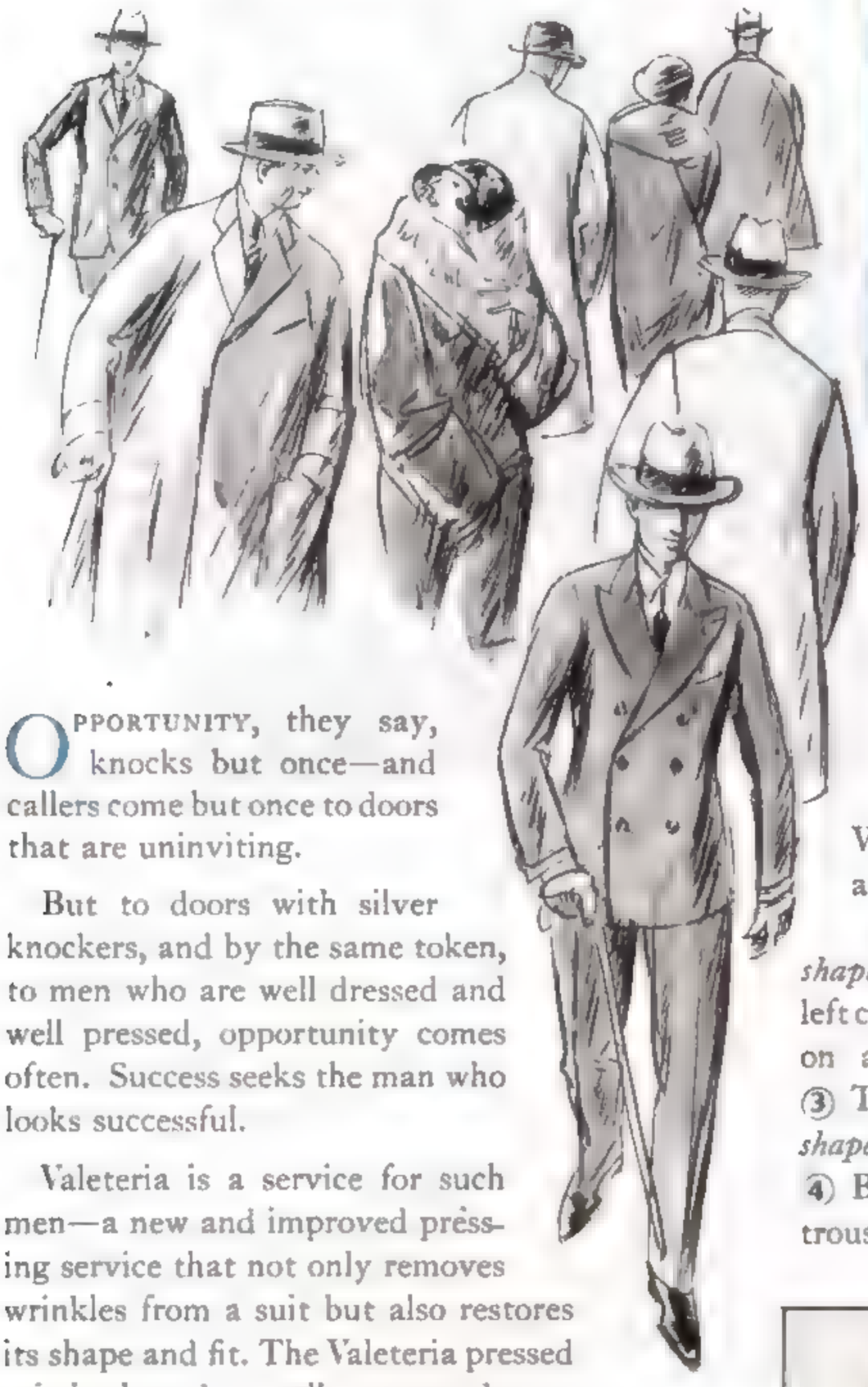

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THE TRANSIENT WOMAN

(Continued from Page 9

putting bread to rise in a patent mixer, wondered what Orin would say to the famous blue stockings. Perhaps he ought to know; and yet who was there to tell him? If he had eyes, of course, he could see for himself; but where a woman was concerned, he saw nothing but the sweet ensemble, Opal had proclaimed, with more than a trace of contempt. He never looked to see what she had on.

Ernestine, putting the mixer on the shelf over the stove, hearkened to the rattle of a latch. Orin and his wife were coming in the back way. High words had evidently passed between them.

"Why not shovel me under the sod for good and all?" Opal was saying bitterly. She swept through the kitchen all on fire. Her eyes held a sort of dusky menace, they were so alive and hot there, under the wide margin of her hat. "I suppose you've got detectives on my trail," she whispered over her shoulder. Her usually charming voice was hoarse.

"Detectives! You don't need to hire them here," Orin said, actually amused, even with the weight of cold despair at his heart. "Yes, I've got detectives enough, in all conscience. I don't need them, either. I've simply said this man Bristol isn't a proper man for you to associate with."

Wrath boiled in his throat. This woman stripling, satin-armed, her eye dropping slow fire, was tormentingly remote from him, baffling in her willfulness.

Opal said huskily, "I think you're the most unreasonable man I ever saw. You're so constituted that you can't enjoy yourself in this world, and you won't let other people enjoy themselves if you can help it. But I did give you credit for being free from anything so vulgar as jealousy."

Old Fan, sitting in the dining room in a horsehair chair which lacked a caster on its off hind leg, clicked her needles, darted her brown eyes hither and yon, croaked, "Lower your voices, both of you. Do you want the neighbors in?"

This appalling threat of the neighbors coming in to inquire what the matter was seldom failed to moderate the tones of embroiled householders the village over. But it had no effect on Opal, who had nothing but biting contempt for all those people.

"I suppose," she muttered, sinking down at the dining-room table, "you expect me to take a piece of clothesline and lash myself to you, simply because I married you. I'm yours, your property, and when a man puts in an appearance who does make some pretenses of getting on in the world, I'm to be cooped up within four walls just to be got away from his influence."

She choked, clutched her throat and sank forward in a wild fit of sobbing, dashing her forehead down on the table and crumpling the centerpiece with its wreaths of pale fat yellow roses in high relief. She was withdrawn from her husband, body and soul. He put a hand on her shoulder and she shrugged it off. Sulks. He had a horror of these. They bore the same relation to a tantrum that doldrums did to a cyclonic storm. Give him the storm every time. Sulks made him feel as if he had got into some morass and were sinking bodily. A fatal dumbness replaced tears and cries, her face, seen only in profile, no matter from what angle he approached her, would have a pale mopped look. She would do her hair over unbecomingly and lose even her good looks with her good nature.

The cold misery of that reproachful atmosphere might persist for a day—for three days. He stared down and a gray cloud crept over him. He looked infinitely forlorn. Ernestine stood tall and silent in the kitchen, her heart in her throat. She could feel the outpouring of her sympathies. It was like being in a trance, or having Old Fan's gift of second sight. A wave of embarrassment passed through her from crown to heel. Her heart was a crowded confusion of emotions.

Old Fan got up and squeaked past Orin at her heavy tread, throwing out a voiceless suggestion that she knew what she would do if she were a man and married to a girl like that. She shook the kitchen fire vigorously—she was always getting foul of the stove since her blood had thinned—put on coal, coughed, and came back again, still saying nothing; but her bright eyes, after a flash of contempt in the direction of Opal's shoulders, roved into Ernestine's neighborhood.

Opal snatched at her hat, ran upstairs and slammed the bedroom door.

"Wants me to go to the city," Orin muttered, sitting forward in his chair. "Right when I can pull the fat out of the fire here, with this small-boat contract, she tells me her friend Bristol can place me with his crowd. I can't stomach that man Bristol. I told her that Bristol was a little too much of everybody's dog to be a friend of hers as long as she was wife of mine. She flew off the handle then."

He got up and stopped, finding Ernestine standing near him with a sympathetic shine in her embarrassed eyes.

"She's just been overdoing," the girl whispered. "She'll be all right in the morning."

"Ern," he muttered heavily, "looks to me like she's one too many for me."

The girl turned away quickly, slipped out of the room, feeling a rush of tears coming to her eyes—tears which he must never see.

A neighbor had telephoned the house to say that Orin's heifer had slipped its chain and made off along the Indian Trail. Ernestine went in search of it. Where the trail narrowed, she stood still, twirling a red maple leaf in her lips. On her left the harbor, on her right big pines clustering on the ledge, finding toe holds and finger holds where an inch or two of soil had rifted in between folds in the stone. Through the pines in the middle distance she saw the sun glow on a rack of yellow birches.

She had forgotten the heifer. But she could hardly have said, herself, what her mind was running on. Whatever her thoughts might have been, she broke off suddenly, listened, amazed at the stillness of the woods when the wind sank, half frightened by its accusing voices when it went on again, tumbling last year's dead leaves about. It had mysterious answers to her questions. Scent from the fallen leaves, rank and musty, touched her nostrils. A breath from off the water stirred her hair. This blended fragrance streamed through her, full of haunting promise, flooding her with vague seductions, subtle intimate allurements.

What fullness of life there might be back of this drift of natural odors, colors, if only that other factor might be present. An intangible something, half memory, half anticipation, made the present like a wistful interval. And yet the present, this very now, had so keen an edge, such heavy portents.

A dead stick cracked, deep in shadow. Ernestine looked fearfully in between the trees. No further sound but of sundry little birds, and these went among the thickets with a wavering flight that brought the quick pouring of warm blood through her veins. Nothing; and yet a sense that some shadowy form, or intertwining forms, had slunk past her in the hemlock shades, widened her eyes and brought out prickles on her body.

She fled away from this silly fear, running fleetly, skimming over the great worn roots of the trail, and coming out after a little on a rough ledge covered with gray moss and lichen. From here, coming out on that smooth savanna at the foot of Jacob's Ladder, where the ridge road for wagons ended, she stopped short and sank to her knees. She buried her hot face in the cool shining tufts of a kind of tender grass that grew here. A waft of tingling emotion went through her. She lifted her head and looked again at that sight, herself concealed by alders.

It was like Old Fan's second sight again. At the foot of Jacob's Ladder, in the midst of that grove of tall pines so nobly spaced, Opal was standing huddled up in Bristol's arms. Her face, so glowing, so pretty, against the gray rock beyond, exhibited those last touches of importuning beauty—chisel breaths, the sculptors call them. It was all beautiful. The harbor floor was so unruffled that a ship at anchor far out appeared as if swimming in the air. A violet shade increased along the farther shore, and fiery lights twinkled and blazed there, where the dying sun kindled warm fires in the windows of those bleak houses. It was extreme ebb and the kelp ledges showed villainous streaks along the blue.

Beautiful—and ominous. Ernestine, with a shiver of dread as at something incredibly wicked, as if a breath from the pit had seared her, so that she felt the hot glow the whole length and breadth of her body, lay face down, throbbing, counting the violent beats of her heart, her arms stretched wide on the cool grass. When she ventured to look again the guilty pair had vanished, and the heifer, stilt-legged, sneering little nose aglearn, had got into the foreground.

The day came again when Ed Bristol would ordinarily have visited Old Fan at her store; but she was having one of her sick days, she sent down word to him. Still, she was not flat on her back; her head was clear enough, she found; and after dinner she had Opal telephone him to bring his samples to the house.

Ernestine wondered if Old Fan had lost her wits. It was outrageous to encourage the man to come on the premises like this; worse than outrageous to use Opal as her mouthpiece. That was adding fuel to the flames. But there was no help for it. When Bristol stopped his car in front of the house, Ernestine opened the door to him. His long narrow jaw was blue, his brown eyes were quick as lancets.

Ernestine's own eyes were held by the burnish on his vast tan boots. The man was asking for Fan. The girl ushered him into the parlor, where Opal was sitting flicking a sunk key on the piano keyboard. She struck a lingering chord as Bristol went in, and broke off short.

"Play on, sweet spirit," Bristol urged her.

"Won't you please to sit down?" Opal said in a cool voice. The man took too much for granted altogether, this voice inferred. She indicated, not the couch with the three overlapping half moons, but an uncomfortable spindle-legged rosewood chair with lyre back and double concave seat.

"Aren't we getting rather formal?" Bristol chuckled; but he obeyed, slid one leg over the other, scraped his jaw, then put his finger tips together with a pious look at the ceiling. This baffling poise, these quick changes, the phantom essence of this black silky thing with her obvious inciting lack of solid virtues, her fugitive tints and shades of character—made her infinitely desirable to the transient. That quality of touch and go enraptured him.

Ernestine went upstairs to acquaint Fan with the fact of the man's presence in the front parlor. But the old lady, with her sixth sense, or because she had looked out of the window, knew about it already. She would be down presently, she said. She had a flat ribbon to put over the bald patch on her head and her dress of mercerized silk to crawl into, with other weighty dispositions.

"Ask Opal to entertain him for a quarter of an hour," she said with a wicked gleam in her eye.

Ernestine went down the stairs more slowly than she had gone up. Near the bottom, she lingered in spite of herself. She heard Bristol say, within, "I'll bet we could lick our weight in wildcats this afternoon."

"I simply don't feel like horseplay this afternoon," Opal snapped, "and I certainly don't know what there was in my manner to warrant you acting as if you thought I did."

Then, almost with the same breath, she laughed, rippled, yielded very likely. A low murmurous exchange followed. Ernestine looked back up the stair well with a sense of shame and panic. Old Fan's heavy tread was easily audible. She was going back and forth, unhurried, the nails in the loose board there creaking and drawing. She meant to take her time. It was a kind of trap, since they might look for Orin any minute now.

He mustn't see the man in the house. He mustn't know that he had been there even. Ernestine slipped out through the kitchen, the back kitchen, the woodshed, the washroom. These were all direct connected in the L. Orin usually came up from the shipyard through the lower meadow and the old wood road. Ernestine made certain that, coming upon the house from the meadow, he could not see Bristol's car standing in the road. The L of the house intervened. But to make doubly certain, she shut the barn door.

A thunderstorm was coming up. At any time thunderstorms frightened her—she thought it might be a birthmark, like fear of spiders—but now its oppressive menace

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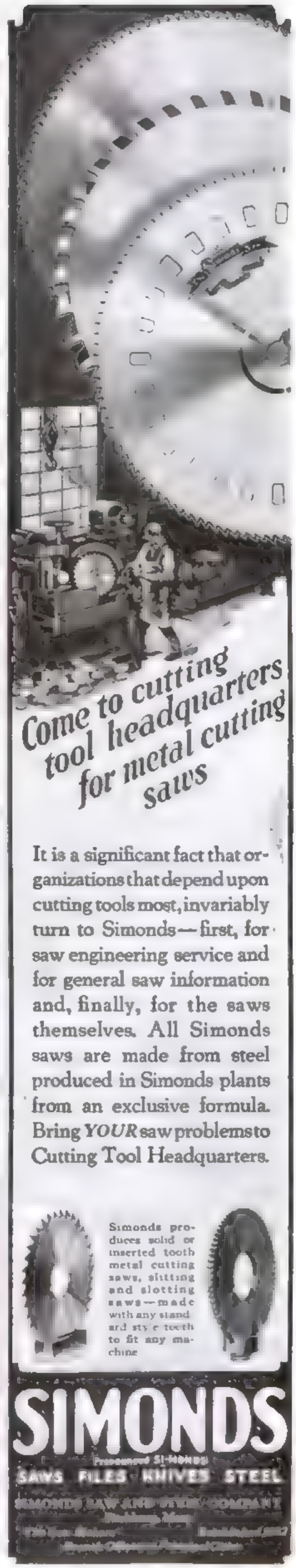
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fairly made her quail. The towering thunderhead was like a retributive force lifted against her for her silence. Yet how could she have spoken?

She drew a deep breath, and suddenly saw Orin's head moving along over the stone wall at the back of the garden plot, which had been plowed and harrowed. He came over the wall at a place where it was broken down, and walked toward the barn, catching up a hoe from the top of a beehive. When he caught sight of Ern, he flourished the hoe handle, smiled.

"Came a little early," he said. "Thought you might need comforting."

Ernestine felt queer.

"It does look dreadfully black in the northeast," she said. "I—I was just wondering if the hens were all shut up."

She was wearing a chintz apron strapped over her shoulders; a pretty flowered thing with pockets.

He stole a look at her and said gruffly, "I'll see to them."

She drifted after him, her heart in her throat. What could she say to him to put him on his guard? Did she want to put him on his guard? What if he could know of this terrible debate going on inside her? But he plainly had not the least suspicion of her. When she had hinted at leaving, he had said at once that there could be no question of that. They couldn't do without her for a day.

A solitary hen was out. They drove her back and forth between them. Ernestine spread her skirts, the hen flew up into her face with a squawk. She cried out and dashed it back to earth again. Silly hen. It wouldn't look any more foolish with its head cut off. She felt as if her own head had been cut off. Orin shut the hen-yard gate, took up the hoe again and began to hoe a channel across the middle of the garden. It must be drained, he said. It was too wet to plant even now, on account of the water coming off that ledge to the east.

They idled, and touched on this aspect and that of the familiar scene. The familiar was their life. Ernestine knew that she could hold him here as long as she asked questions.

"Where shall we plant corn this time?" she inquired, feeling it on the tip of her tongue to tell him to go in and beat that man within an inch of his life.

Orin leaned on his hoe and considered. The apple trees shaded this ground, he said, and corn needed every advantage. It had to be planted, the Indians used to say, when the leaf of the white oak was no bigger than a mouse's ear. And even then it made a close race of it with the frost. Decoration Day to Labor Day was all it had.

They might, of course, do away with the apple trees, or perhaps a half of them; but they had been there so long, they seemed a part of the landscape. They had both noticed before, and both now agreed, that felled trees leave an emptiness behind out of all proportion to the space they fill.

The squall was coming close, following down the ship channel. Ernestine took half a dozen sheets off the line and dropped them into a basket. Had Bristol gone? She dared not yet retreat into the house. She listened for the sound of his car starting up, but heard nothing on that side of the house. She withdrew a little into the barn, Orin coming after her with the basket. He set that down gently on the wheelbarrow, which had no sideboards. He was in no more hurry than Ernestine herself.

"You're as white as this sheet," he said. "You great goose, don't you know this house is equipped with lightning rods from one end to the other?"

"They say those are what attract the lightning," Ernestine urged. "They're fearfully old-fashioned."

He grinned.

"Try the middle of a feather bed," he chuckled. That was an allusion to the fact, well attested, that Ernestine had once jumped for hers in good earnest, as a last resort. "Don't you worry," he went on, pinching her elbow, "lightning will never strike this house."

The girl had caught her lip and was staring at him. Lightning would never strike!

"I suppose everybody that's ever been struck has had that same conviction," she murmured.

She had got a streak of rust on her cheek somehow, very likely off that iron hinge on the hen-yard gate. Orin dipped a clean handkerchief under the tap against the rear wall and let water run on it.

"Hold still a minute. It's the contrast makes you look so peaked. Let me get that off."

"Anybody'd think I was made of porcelain," Ern quavered, holding still. "I guess I won't dissolve."

She thought the fierce beating of her heart in her throat must be visible to him. But he was intent on the rust smear.

"It's silly to be afraid, I know," she went on, just to be saying something. "I'm a fearful coward. It must be that I'm just afraid to die."

"Is there so much to live for?" Orin asked.

The question was out in a second. He could not credit his own ears. She felt his touch drop away from her. Tears stood in her eyes, great hot tears. There was no winking them away. She turned her head down, betrayed in that one swimming melting look she had directed at him.

At that instant a fierce dart of white lightning ripped the turf on the adjoining hill. They could positively hear it strike and smell the smoke of it, and right on its heels there came an ugly thunderclap.

Ernestine recoiled fairly into Orin's arms. For how long a time? That was what, in the retrospect, she couldn't answer. There had been time enough at least for another flash to show her wide eyes the interior of the barn; all those old bits of harness hanging from wooden pegs, the whitewashed stall, with its top board scalloped where the old horse in his days of nature had eaten it away.

But these details were no more painfully brilliant than the glimpse she had had of her own soul and of Orin's. He did love her still then. For this second—was it longer?—the giant wall between them had crumbled. She had lain in his arms in that purple dusk, staring at the rain which slanted in, sluiced from the eaves, lashed in her face, drummed musically on a tin pail bottom up just outside the barn.

Neither of them very likely could have said how long that condition had obtained. They lived in those seconds enormous stretches of the life intended for them. The man, in his hour of folly, had thwarted her predestined claim. Now they were lifted on a running wave and let down.

Ernestine found herself free and clear of his arms. She felt as if the lightning had ripped through her physically. She ran into the kitchen without a word.

The whole front of her dress, she found, was drenched with rain. She changed aprons. Her round throat and cheeks glistened in the mirror to the left of the stove. She put her head into a towel, drew it slowly down until her eyes appeared, with their guilty light, staring. One of her cheeks burned with a higher color than the other. That was like the badge of her wrongdoing, testifying to this something strange, shocking, but -yes, exhilarating, in the midst of the familiar. She could understand Opal's shortcomings more easily, perhaps, now that she had put herself on a par with that unlucky woman.

The front doorbell rang. Ern dropped the towel, touched her hair briefly and ran through the house into the hall. It was another ministerial candidate for the vacant pulpit at the church, she saw as soon as she opened the door. Old Fan was a great church worker. A gaunt man of forty-five with a wry red mustache entirely concealing his mouth, introduced himself as the Rev. Horace Atwood. He had been given to understand that he was to come here for supper.

"Please come in," Ernestine said.

Mr. Atwood removed his black hat. The door back of them was snatched open. Young Mrs. Gault and Bristol were standing there together. A light of recognition came into the runner's eye.

"Hello, padre," he said, and held out his hand. Mr. Atwood had been, it seemed, chaplain of his regiment.

Opal, dead-white, was not so hospitable. She fell back against the door jamb, her hand hovering over her heart.

But Ernestine had not stayed to see that terror light in the young wife's eyes. Old Fan, having taken the padre under her wing—she had come down in her mercerized silk—Ernestine whipped back into the kitchen, thinking to hold Orin there until Bristol should be out of the house.

She was no more than just in time. She shut the door into the dining room at the very instant that Orin opened the door at the other end of the kitchen.

"His nibs has come," she whispered, motioning through the shut door. "And you didn't get your hair cut after all. It's way down over your collar. You're a perfect tramp to sit down at table with a minister."

She was amazed by her own self-possession. She looked at him askance while he was washing, slowly revolving his hands under the tap. Did he suspect? How could he? There had been no time. She had done her work well at least. What must he think? That image of her love, sprung on his senses by the treacherous lightning flash, had done its fatal work. Better almost if that bolt had struck her down at his feet for good and all.

He made no allusions of any kind. In fact he said nothing, and that was most disturbing. Even after they had got sat down to supper, she felt a fearful constraint in the air. Orin had not dared to look at her once.

When he asked for Opal, Old Fan said harshly, "She's upstairs. She's sent word down that she isn't coming down. She's got one of her sick headaches coming on."

The minister, Mr. Atwood, had taken this contagion of reticence. He could hardly find his voice at all. It had lost itself in his Adam's apple, which slid up and down with plenty of working space in the aperture left by a bold wing-tab collar. Old Fan made what pretense there was of keeping the conversation alive. She ate sparingly, and then sat with her hands folded on the edge of the table. Her somber eyes seemed to pierce the hiding place of all their secrets.

When at length Ernestine passed Mr. Atwood the plate of dark cake, imploring him to get it gone, she remembered that this was another of the phrases that stuck in Opal's crop. Opal was a stickler for purity in spoken English.

Perhaps she had better run up and see if anything was wanted.

"If you'll excuse me, I'll just take a run up to the upper regions," she said, as they were rising from table.

The second story of the house was usually referred to as the upper regions by its occupants. They said when they were going to bed that they guessed they would retire to the upper regions. Opal had made a sneering jest out of the phrase.

Ernestine, shutting the hall door tight, went up the carpeted stairs lightly and stopped at Opal's door. She listened, rapped, opened it at once without waiting for invitation. She looked toward the bed. It was laid open, Opal was not in it. She was sitting on the little low cane-seated bench in front of the dressing table with its triple mirrors—furniture which she had imported into the house against its very grain. The window was open and in her excitement she had forgotten to pull the shade. Outside was the dreaming note of mid-June after a rain. The sprigged muslin curtains swayed. By the light of the candles in turned mahogany sticks with blue shades, Opal's shoulders gleamed white. Every muscle of her body was tense. The famous blue stockings were laid across the back of a chair with her dress. She laid her slim fingers, stripped of their rings and damp with rose water, over Ernestine's mouth.

"Don't you—don't you lisp a syllable of this," she whispered fiercely. "I'm clearing out. I'm *de trop* here."

"I—I thought you were sick," Ernestine faltered.

"So I am—sick—sick to the soul—sick of everything and everybody!" Opal cried under her breath. She came to herself enough to snatch down the shade. "Ern, promise me you'll hold your tongue."

"Where is—he?" Ernestine whispered.

"Waiting, outside the house. He's got his car at the bottom of the hill."

"Orin'll be coming up."

"Tell him I'll rest better if I sleep alone tonight. Ask him if he minds sleeping on the couch in the dining room just this one night."

Ernestine could not believe her ears. Opal had said she was *de trop. De trop!*

"Opal," she cried, "it's not—not because of—of me you're leaving? Not because you think that I—that he—that Orin ——"

Opal stared. A kind of grim amusement twisted her beautifully cut and colored lips.

"So the wind sits in that quarter, does it? Ern, shame on you. Well, the Lord has delivered him into your hands. You'll get the reversion, as Amby says. Only keep cool. Wait, don't go down with that expression on your face. It's a dead giveaway."

"Opal, you couldn't get away without their hearing you. Not out that front door. It sticks," Ern whispered. "And then those awful creaky stairs."

"I'd thought of that. I'm going through this window. Those old shingling steps are there, and Golloup left his ladder standing this afternoon when he was fixing the chimney. This affair began with a ladder and it may as well end with one. Ern, don't think of giving me away. Ed isn't out of earshot now and there could easily be a rumpus between those two men if the cat was let out of the bag. Allow me to know."

She tumbled a brown traveling dress over head and shoulders. Emerging, she gasped, "If you do tell him, I'll kill myself on the spot. I'll take an overdose of this." Her fingers went out to a dark bottle on the window sill. Ernestine felt the room, with its subtly dual personality—it was Orin's no less than Opal's—spinning round her feet. Opal thrust her out at the door.

"Keep him employed," she whispered.

But there was a sound of voices in the hall. They were letting the minister out at the front door just as they had let him in there. This door was seldom used and more difficult of access, and so constituted a more honorable exit. That opening in the house wall had a distinction lacking to the back door. It usually stuck. It did so now, and Orin brought the flat of his hand against it heavily and swayed back on the glass handle. The whole front wall of the house shook, the doorbell jingled faintly on its facile spring, and the women at the top of the stairs trembled together.

"Guess I better go with ye a piece, it's so dark," Fan said.

She was one of the best workers in the church. Mr. Atwood was to lodge with one of the deacons, and he had represented to Fan that he had had a long bumpy day's travel and would like to get to bed early so as to get recruited up for the morrow. This was how they parceled out a candidate, so that as many as possible could have an intimate view of him within their four walls. He would breakfast with still a third family.

Orin, left alone, called up, "Anything wanted up there?"

Ernestine, feeling Opal's icy hand laid against her throat, said on a small voice, "No, we have everything, thank you."

The fat was in the fire now with a vengeance. Deviltry was in the air, and Ernestine had countenanced it. Worse, she had given deviltry for deviltry. But it was too late now to undertake to stem the tide, with Opal bent on going and everything on a shoe string the way it was. Her knees knocked together. There was no pith in her legs, she felt, going downstairs. They yielded with each step. She must look a sight, with all the blood rushing back on her heart this way. She could positively feel the guilty look written on her face.

When she opened the door into the dining room, Orin was taking the supper things out and piling them into the sink. Ernestine began to scrape and assort the dishes. Orin had often helped her at this lately. Sometimes he had taken her playfully by the arm, pushing her to one side so as to give him more room to get at them, and then she had protested, laughing, shoving back, getting tousled, pushing a strand of hair out of her eyes with the top of her wrist, her wet hand hanging limp. That was what Old Fan called training on, she recognized. He was always crying out for more dish towels, too, pretending that the one he had was wet through before he had wiped half a dozen dishes with it.

Tonight he said nothing at all. He wiped and stacked the dishes, taking tiny puffs at his corncob, and Ernestine watched his distorted reflection in the black window over the sink.

Old Fan came back into the house through the back entry, and she and Orin talked in low tones while Ernestine was putting the dishes on the pantry shelves. Those two were standing together at the foot of the front stairs, and Ern could hear Fan's harsh breathing between the rapid syllables, the cluck of her tongue. The bottom register of her voice was quite as low as Orin's. What if Orin should take it into his head to go up and see his wife? Had Opal left the house yet? She might have balked at that ladder, after all, since she was a dizzy-headed thing to begin with. Those shingling steps would not be the easiest things to negotiate in the dark, all wet as they were.

Ernestine heard Orin coming out through the house again, and panic seized her. She worked faster and faster at nothing at all.

(Continued on Page 92

These well known jobbers render an indispensable service to the American Public

You will find below the name of a Mueller Jobber who has helped to bring better living conditions into your community. The business of that jobber is to give your local plumber quick and easy access to the best of modern equipment. He is probably the most progressive distributor of plumbing supplies in your section—a wholesaler who has many thousands of dollars invested in equipment and stock, in order that your plumber may make your plumbing a source of uninterrupted sanitation and convenience. This Mueller Jobber is always alert to the welfare of the territory he serves. He is, indeed, rendering an indispensable public service.

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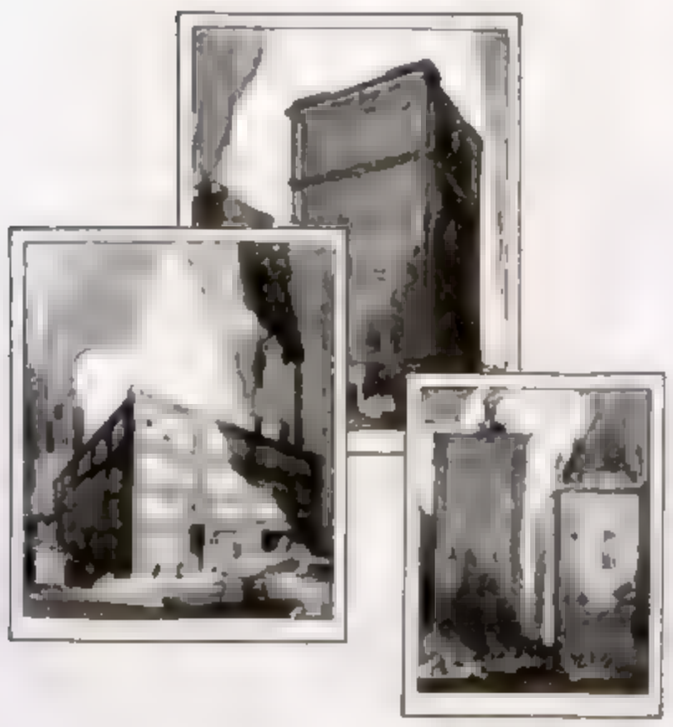
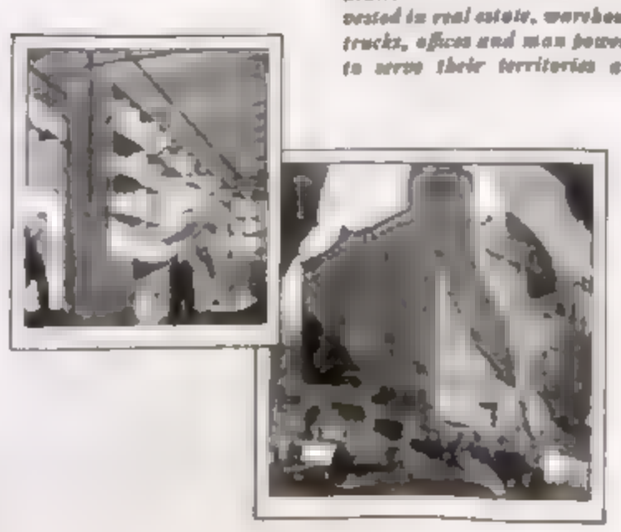


Mueller jobbers—all over the United States—have tremendous sums invested in real estate, warehouses, stock, trucks, offices and man power, in order to serve their territories adequately.



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Many times I've been called to homes whose owners were vexed at dripping, leaking faucets. I've known scores of households to be disturbed by faucets that were pounding, chugging, groaning or howling. I've seen spurting faucets that splashed anyone who opened them. And, unfortunately for the owners, I've been called hundreds of times to repair or remedy these faulty faucets.

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We know that the faucets, pipes and valves are the arteries which make your beautiful porcelain tubs, lavatories and sinks *living* conveniences. If these metal fittings should fail, we know that we would have failed to deserve the trust you placed in us. That is the reason Mueller products hold first place in our estimation. They protect both your interest and ours.

We know that Mueller products are designed right, made right and sold right. We know they will give you many years of uninterrupted satisfaction. And we know that we can always obtain any of the many Mueller patterns on short notice from a nearby Mueller jobber.

We, the expert plumbers of America, advise you to use Mueller products because they are, truly, plumbing fittings "without a fault."

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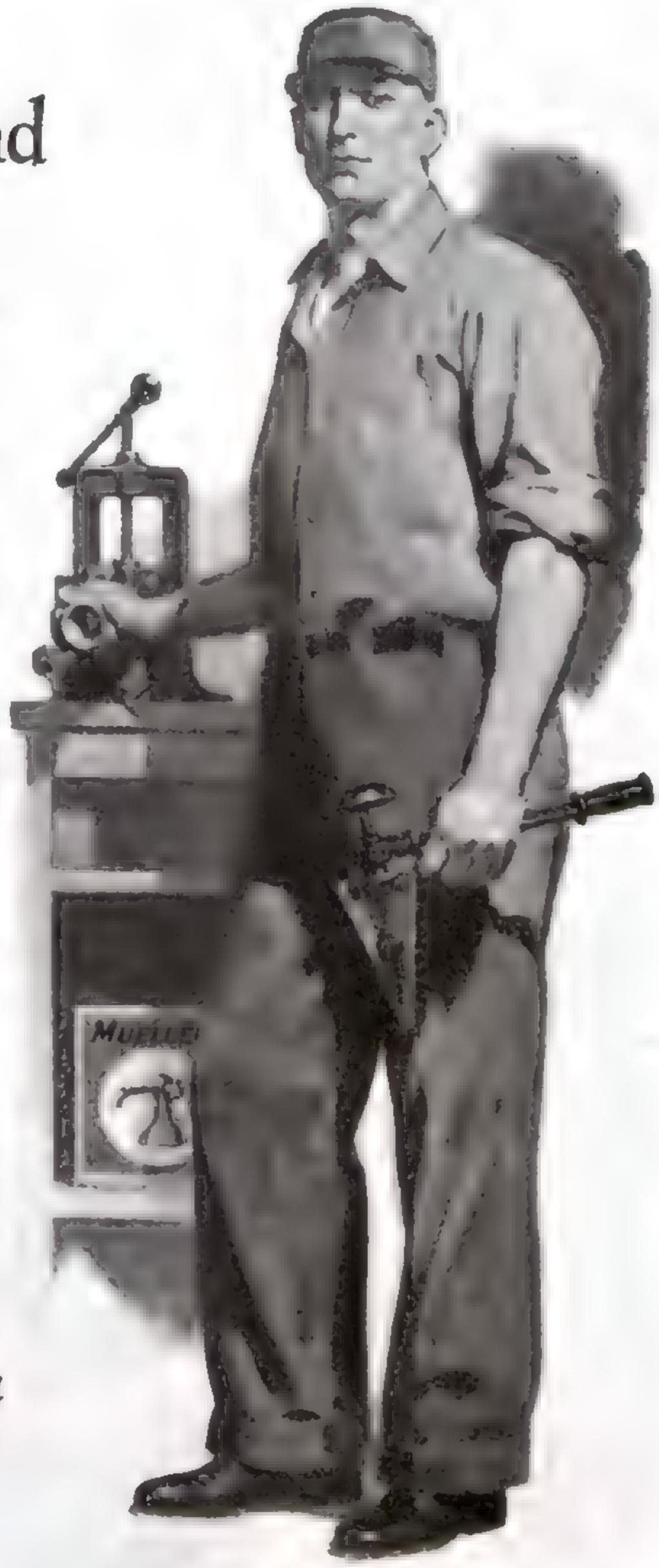

FAUCETS *faucets without a fault*

It is reassuring to note that the plumbers of America have enrolled themselves among the dependable business men of their communities. No longer are they merely "handy men." Today, the nation's plumbers are established MERCHANTS*—craftsmen who combine experience and skill with the business-like methods of a trustworthy profession. This is the type of plumber who recommends Mueller products — the kind of plumber that deserves your confidence and your patronage.*

(Continued from Page 89)

"Might have a game of checkers," he suggested, leaning in the doorway.

He seemed as mild as milk. Anyone might think that misbehavior was his middle name. But perhaps he was taking this casual note with her to reassure her, meaning to convey to her that he wouldn't overstep the bounds again.

They got out the board, opened it and put it on their knees. Lately they had played checkers often, waiting until it should be time for him to fetch Opal from the dance.

She caught her breath. She heard Opal saying again with that note of grim conviction, "I'm *de trop* here." One too many, that was the English of that. And hadn't those been Orin's very words? It might be that he hadn't tried so hard as he should have to please her in little things. He might have gone to dances oftener and made it a point to notice what his wife was wearing. He might have gone even to the extreme of providing her now and then with blue silk stockings.

Or even, if Ern had not been here for him to fall back on, he might have capitulated and taken Opal to the city. This game of checkers. It might have a good deal to answer for. He did like to be sitting there with Ern; she knew that in every fiber. They had not connived at it, either of them; but they had recognized it secretly, as beautifully opportune, considering how life had gone awry with them. Perhaps the fact that they had not the right to be too familiar with each other had its compensations.

What if Opal had seen them in that lightning flash, Ern in Orin's arms, as she had seen Opal in Bristol's? Who could have complained then? Ern felt every moment more forcibly that she had forced that wretched woman into the open.

"Jump," Orin commanded sternly. Ern jumped literally. He leaned back and surveyed her, sipping at his pipe. His coat was off, and she saw her handiwork at his wrists where she had turned the cuffs.

"Must—must I?" she gasped. Her knees trembled and all the checkers shook a little.

"Convince yourself," he said, putting out steadying hands to the edge of the board. "You tilt 'em off on the floor and I'll take that as a confession of defeat."

"Excuse me. I thought—I thought I heard something."

She had in fact thought that she heard Opal's weight applied to one of those old shingling steps over their heads. Involuntarily her eyes were directed thither.

"Might be a rat in the rafters," Orin suggested playfully.

"No; louder than that."

"Squeak of the old lady's chair then. She's rocking herself to sleep in her bedroom."

"No; softer than that."

"You're hard to suit, Ern."

Why didn't he get up and go and see? She wanted him now to make that discovery, but she had not force enough to tell him directly. He sat at ease, every muscle relaxed, and mouthed his pipe.

"I heard it then, seem's if," he said. "More as if somebody had just shut a door, ever so softly, wasn't it?"

Voiceless, Ernestine nodded. Now he must surely go and look for himself. He would find the rings, the disorder, the empty bed, all the dramatic evidences of flight. Ern shivered and crowded her round shoulders forward, twining her hands together between her knees under the board. The necessity for balancing these foolish little checkers almost made her scream out loud.

And Orin made no move to get out of his chair. It was the low horsehair chair lacking a caster, and when he sat in it, his knees just made the board level if she sat in one of the longer-legged high-backed chairs with stamped leather bottoms showing Columbus discovering America.

"Must have been the voice of conscience," he chuckled.

The voice of conscience! Ernestine sat frozen in her chair. Did he mistrust and still do nothing?

He had never been more phlegmatic in his life. He fumbled in his vest pocket for a match. He scratched it and applied the flame to the bowl of his pipe off at an angle, without putting up his other hand at all. She knew so well that motion, the lazy lowering of the lids, the tipping up of the elbow, the flourish of the big arm, that special grip of his mouth on the pipestem. He loved it, to be sitting here domesticated, caught in the toils, and somebody like Ernestine to chaff and poke fun at in his gentle way. Imposing on her credulity, she called it.

"An old house is always full of noises," he said. "Week's work to undertake to run 'em down." Having established the draft in his pipe by sinking down a knife blade inside the bowl, he continued comfortably: "You take that case where a flatiron of Mrs. Fisher's fell off the stove in the middle of the night last January. It shook the house when it fell and woke her out of a sound sleep. It wasn't thieves. What would there be to steal out of that house? And the rat doesn't live that could shove a flatiron off a stove, nor the cat either. She wanted Jared to investigate and he wouldn't. Saying you hear a noise in the middle of the night, you won't go far wrong if you just bury your head in the pillow, is the theory he works on. I told Kate Fisher if I was to give a guess I'd say it was old Arabella Fisher's ghost come back to give them a lift with the plain ironing."

He considered whimsically, while Ern's eyes besought him.

"Yes, ma'am," he drawled, "there's an explanation for everything, only some explanations don't explain. There's things that happen like these thunderstorms that come up against the wind and bring their own say-so with them, right in the face of probabilities. Like you and I sitting here opposite each other, playing checkers, after what we dreamed, and after what I did. You call that reasonable? I'm the man that jumped into the bramble bush and scratched out both his eyes."

"What can you be thinking of, talking this way under Opal's roof?" Ernestine whispered. Opal's roof!

"Blessed if I can tell you. You, I guess, and what a fool I was ever to let you get out of my hand."

The girl was conscious of a tightening knot within her breast which rose and rose as if the heart itself must break, unless this expanding force should spend itself. This was the first time he had ever shown by words that he knew what might be going on within her soul. She felt a bright danger in the mere sound of such seductive words. She sprang up, letting the checkers, the board, scatter on the floor.

"How can you say this now?" she quavered.

"How can I hold it back, Ern? If I shut my eyes now, you're liable to vanish. You're getting ready to take flight from here. What's the use denying it?"

She lifted her eyes to his at last.

"Flight? It was time. Orin, there's just wickedness on every hand. Do you know how shameless I am? Do you? You can't, or you'd never talk the way you do. You'd never undertake to speak of love to a woman who could do as I have. I see it now. I came here in the first place because I must have thought—yes, I did think that in the end she'd—she'd prove a transient."

"Transient?"

"Transient, yes. You wouldn't see. How could you, with all the vows you took? But I did, I tell you, as much as if I had forelaid for this night. I'm as guilty as she is; and she's left you, Orin, and I've sat here and let her go without lisping one syllable. I haven't raised a hand to stop her. She's just decamped."

The man stared, perfectly amazed. He slid his hands into his pockets and swayed on his heels.

"Decamped? So you've known it yourself then?"

"You mean," Ernestine cried faintly—"you mean you know it too?"

"Know it? Why, Ern, I downright cooperated with the woman. Haven't I been sitting here making flourishes, taking up your attention, shaking in my shoes all the while for fear you might come to know about it and put your foot down on it, you little Puritan? And all the while it had your heartiest indorsement."

"You've actually let her?"

Ern felt hysterical laughter flutter in her throat.

"Let her? How was I to hinder? Do you think I would use force? She's a free agent. Did you want me to take a piece of clothesline and lash her to my back?" Those were Opal's very words. "What good would that have done? The mischief had been done already. She was sick to death of me, and then with an opportunity like this arising ——"

"Opportunity?" Ern cried. "I like your definition of opportunity! She's thrown herself into the pit, and you and I have sat by and watched her go. And then you have the audacity to think that I—that I could step into her shoes without—without the least compunction. Orin, I must leave this house tonight; I must go now," she muttered faintly. "We're just as good as separated by a thousand miles."

"Try to do it!" Orin whispered. "Try to leave this house, ever!"

They were not separated by the thousandth of an inch. His new confidence was born of that revelation in the lightning flash.

"Twist, squirm, try to get out of these arms. You can't put any heart into it. Look here, you were right. She's proved transient enough. She's gone, just the same as if she'd never been here. Did I ever, by look or act, suggest her going? It was the woman's nature."

"She's your wife in the eyes of the law," Ern cried. "Does that mean nothing to you?"

"My wife? Wait! You evidently haven't heard it all. There's one last piece of information. See if this will modify your views. Opal never was my wife."

Ernestine felt the movement of the earth about its axis. She trembled in his arms. Marvelous man, could he so easily dispose of that knot tied with the tongue? Pluck it loose just with the denial of his lips? She had been present at the wedding.

"That's simply childish," she uttered.

"Is it? It's sound law, notwithstanding. The fact is she was married as she stood. She had already made one man miserable, and he went away, and she had some makeshift information probably that he had died. I do her that justice. Well, so he is dead now; but he wasn't at the time Opal and I went through the ceremony. Atwood, it seems, married them. You know, this candidate. He told Fan, and Fan told me. Ern, you think I'd lie to you?"

"It seems just outlandish," Ern breathed. It could not dissolve her sense of guilt. "And even so, he's dead now, you say. So, even if she wasn't your wife in the beginning, where there's been—this relation, you can marry now. Orin, you must. There'll be a charge of bigamy against her if you don't."

"There'll be a charge if I do," he countered grimly. "But if she escapes and goes into another state, they'll never find her."

"Still, if she should lose heart, if she should come back, say, if this man Bristol tired of her, then ——"

"Ah, then, if she should come and want to be taken in, you think—you would go so far as to say the place ought to be waiting for her?"

"If we could only say our conduct had done more than just measure up to hers!" Ern whispered desperately.

There she touched him. She struggled out of his arms. The man's shoulders sagged, his head fell.

"Pity we lost our heads so late in the day then," he muttered. "Well, I had my chance. I did have it fair enough. There was a time when you stood ready to —— Why, you did love me, if any woman could! You were all on tiptoe, and I—I was too. What got into me? What devil got into my blood? Ern, where were my eyes?"

"It's too late to speculate about that," the girl breathed.

"You're going then?"

"In the morning, yes."

He looked at her aghast. He seemed on the point of getting down on his knees to her like a child to beg her not to leave him in the lurch. But then they heard Old Fan coming down the front stairs at her man's tread. The house shook under it. The pendulum of the little ormolu clock trembled against the spring with a faintly musical sound. Immediately after that tiny sound the front doorbell rang. The clamor was hideous. The man's face went gray.

"She's back already," he whispered. "She didn't have the nerve for it."

Ernestine felt herself go rigid to the finger tips. She prepared herself to see Opal standing in the doorway. Neither of them moved an inch. The girl was conscious of a desperate regret that she had not availed herself of this priceless opportunity. Why had she scrupled? She had meant to punish him for that hurt, that old hurt to her pride, which had smoldered with all her love of him. She could see now, in one dazzling second, how small that was. It was nothing, and she had sacrificed all the possible riches of the soul to it.

They heard Old Fan snatch open the front door. And immediately the Rev. Horace Atwood's voice made itself heard. He explained cumbrously that Brother Fisher had had illness in the family and needed his spare room. He had come back to see if they could take pity on him here.

Orin swept Ernestine before him into the dark kitchen and shut the door. It was hot there, suffocatingly so. In the darkness the stove lids glowed like cherry-red moons. She had forgotten and left the drafts open. Swept by emotion as she was, she could not help kicking at the front draft with her heel.

"We'll burn the house down," she cried.

"Take pity on me," he whispered. "Ern, Ern, take pity on me! Tell me this has been just a nightmare to show me what I could expect if ever I looked slantwise at any woman in the world but you. I've taken punishment enough. Ern, I'm a safe man for you now."

Then in the dark he felt the staggering breath of her unutterable relief. She held his head between her palms. Her wet cheek was hard against his.

"Are you so?" she whispered. "Well, I was always a safe enough woman for you. Too safe I guess. Only that's all there was to me. I never could be brilliant, not if I studied on it for a thousand years. I can't think now what a man like you can see in me to want me so. Truly I can't."

"Mrs. Modesty," he cried, "maybe for a man constituted as I am, a woman like you might be something in the nature of the second bramble bush."

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For it is in the tiny V-shaped crevices along The Danger Line that food particles lodge and ferment, causing acids which lead to decay. The gums become infected, bleed and recede from the teeth. Pyorrhea often follows. Undermined health—even heart trouble, rheumatism and kidney disease—may be the direct result from infection due to Acid Decay at The Danger Line.

Your dentist will tell you that milk of magnesia is a safe, thorough, effective means of counteracting the acids in the mouth which cause decay. Squibb's Dental Cream is made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. It cleans your teeth thoroughly and brings out all their natural beauty. It neutralizes the acids which attack the teeth. It stops Acid Decay. It reduces the peril of Pyorrhea. No dental cream can do more.

There's a pleasant tang to Squibb's Dental Cream that you and your family will like. To get children to brush their teeth regularly, give them Squibb's Dental Cream. It is safe for all—even the baby's teeth and gums.

E. R. SQUIBB & SONS—*Chemists to the Medical and Dental Professions since 1858*

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM
Made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia

SQUIBB'S MILK OF MAGNESIA—*The Standard of Quality—recommended* by physicians everywhere, may be purchased in large and small bottles from your druggist.

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THE HOLDUP

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phenomena—such as a sudden burst of dogwood or a breath-taking lift of distant snow—external Nature was abandoned to her own devices; they spoke of themselves. Which was as it should be from every point of view except that of elderly stage drivers.

The two sexes talk about themselves differently; therefore the girl told of circumstances of both inner and outer life, and the man displayed what he knew—or thought he knew. These two sorts of confidences happened to dovetail. Thus the vital points of her immediate moment were that she was leaving forever the scenes of her pedagogic labors to embark on new adventure and high emprise; that she had with her between five and six hundred dollars in savings, and that she would be more than glad when she could put it in a safe place. The most recent and spectacular matters of his knowledge were the alleged facts as to stage robbers. Having exchanged, they contemplated the combination aghast.

"Why in the world didn't you send it or keep it in a bank? Why did you bring it all with you?" he cried in dismay.

"Well, I did," she countered. "It's too late to think of that. What shall I do if we're held up?" Her hand went to her bosom.

"I wish I had a gun."

"Oh, no, no!" she cried, all aglow with a new trepidation. "Promise me you won't make trouble. It would be dreadful if you—if anybody were hurt!" She turned to him clear eyes troubled with dismay.

"Pshaw!" he disclaimed, with a reassurance somewhat belated. "There isn't one chance in a hundred that we'll be bothered at all. Think how many times this stage goes up and down and nothing happens! And who'd think just we two would be worth bothering with, anyway? And if there was anything very valuable in the Wells Fargo box, they'd send an armed guard with it. The driver told me so. Nobody would trouble to stop a stage unless he thought it was worth while. That's just common sense."

"I suppose it is," she acknowledged, achieving a smile; "but it's all I have, and I've worked for it. I don't see why I was so foolish as to bring it; but—but, you see, I'm all alone; I had no one to advise me." She blinked back obvious tears. "It's foolish, I know; but I'm getting so nervous!"

"There isn't a chance in a thousand -in a million," he reassured her. "I was foolish to mention the subject at all. And suppose we were stopped, they certainly wouldn't search a lady. Why, if I had more than two cents to bless myself with, and were absolutely sure we were going to meet robbers around the next bend, I'd give it to you to carry for safekeeping."

"But—but it's here," she confessed, touching the substantial little leather case at her side. "It's in gold."

"Gold!" he echoed blankly.

"Yes; I like it. It—it seems more real—when you've really worked for it little by little."

"Why, you're a regular little miser!" he laughed. "I'd never have suspected it!"

She smiled shyly.

"I expect I am," she confessed. "But it always seemed to me a more beautiful way to look at two years of your life than figures in a little book or dirty greenbacks."

He sobered.

"I should not have said miser," he said gently; "I should have said poet."

"But I am nervous," she confessed, when the bottom was reached and the racket had died.

"There's no earthly reason to be," he disclaimed; "but if you are, can't you hide it on your person?"

She blushed faintly.

"It's rather bulky, but perhaps I could."

In all their world was only youth—the youth of themselves, the wine of youth that was in the springtime, which they had breathed in and forgotten, but which now coursed through their veins. In their absorption they had ignored the driver, were oblivious of his very presence, except as part of the mechanism that carried them. But he had listened, a sneer of contempt curving his lips beneath his heavy beard; his eyes narrowed; his spirit still sore at the reminder that age must stand aside. Now he interposed.

"They'd search you," he said briefly over his shoulder, and chuckled noiselessly to himself at the blank silence that followed his words.

The two in the back of the stage stared across at each other. Somehow the interposition of the driver, the enunciation of his simple words, had given body to what had been at first only a fantastic speculation. Thoughts and fears that, unattended, would dissipate as the insubstantial mists they are, take on solidity through the mere contemplation of them. At a certain point common sense abandons the field to imagination. This was no longer an idle speculation; it was a crisis to be faced. Bona-fide stage robbers of flesh and blood replaced the dim wraiths of fancy and lurked beyond the nearest bend in the road.

The young man's brows were knit in thought. After an interval he leaned forward, lowering his voice so that the driver, strain his ears as he could, was unable to overhear. She bent toward him and their breath intermingled.

"Put it under my seat," he murmured. "It's strapped down and I don't believe they'd ever look there."

With one hand he cautiously unbuckled the heavy fastening and, shifting his weight, raised the corner of the cushion. She slipped beneath it the little bag. He refastened the strap and sat back. They looked at each other again, she with a brightened color, he with a brilliance of exultation in his expressive eyes. Something passed between them, the glow of a vital thing privately shared. The driver, disappointed over the effect of his remark, reëntered his glum and dour shell. About them the dark cloud thinned and once more the cheerful things of Nature shone through.

V

THE day wore slowly on. Early crisp freshness of morning gave way to a warm and grateful glow. Then imperceptibly the commanding sun and the compelling hours laid upon the slowly climbing stage the weight of weariness. The eddying dust clung and choked; the landmarks of bend of road, of stub and cliff and bridge and stately pine, interposed between themselves and their attainment long minutes of impatient expectancy. The horses tired and were exchanged at a wayside station. The new team sweated and strained up the ever-steepening grades. Over half-sunken bowlder, through deep-worn rut, into and out of half-mired mud hole, the wheels, one after the other, with painful deliberation, climbed and hovered and sank and climbed out again with weary groans. The driver sat like a graven image of accustomed patience. Time seemed to have stopped short of all accomplishment. Even the brief pause at noon for the greasy fried beefsteak and potatoes, the thick cup of strong coffee and the monumental slab of dried-apple pie failed to break the wide smooth band of sequence. Long since, the two passengers, except for a rare remark, had fallen silent. But it was a silence whose every moment seemed somehow to bring with it a subtle accretion as the airy and insubstantial dust motes, little by little and imperceptibly, had powdered the horses and the harness and the stage itself with a sun-shot mantle. They had seen each other for the first time that morning. They had known each other for uncounted years and were resting in the beauty of that attainment. From time to time the girl glanced shyly across at her companion, marking, with a feeling not of admiration so much as a comfortable and growing confidence, his wide frank eyes, the humorous quirk to his mouth, the crisp vital curl in his short-cropped hair. And she noticed other things now that first impressions did not reveal—a firmness of the cleft chin, a steel gleam deep in the eyes when for a moment their surface laughter cleared away. At such moments he looked older, more responsible, almost grave. Our parents tell us that the damsels of the '70's were of so exemplary a maidenliness that they never turned their thoughts toward one of the opposite sex until sought and besought; also that indications of preference always surprised and confused them. Eyes cast down; maidenly modesty stuff—perhaps.

VI

THE afternoon had fallen to its Indian summer, when time appeared to hang poised in equilibrium, when a light haze compound of monotony and comfortable somnolence and a little weariness lay over

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A quarter century of White transportation

To hold leadership a quarter century in any business an institution must render well a definite service of public benefit.

IT MUST contribute to the solution of some problem in life. And the strength of an institution's position at the end of twenty-five years directly reflects the worth of its contribution, the efficiency of the service it has rendered.

The White Company for a quarter century has been meeting a public want for transportation—continuously, dependably and economically, growing as the opportunity for service grew.

Recognition of its able performance of a necessary function has built up a confidence among the thousands and thousands of users of White transportation which makes them turn to The White Company again and again as their needs increase. Upon this confidence The White Company's past has been built. Its future will be.

Once abused, this confidence could not be retained. To hold it twenty-five years the company must have been well managed, the product must have been a good product and the facilities for keeping the product functioning must have been adequate and everywhere accessible.

The company is sound and strong, the leader of the industry, and the same hands and brains that built it still direct it.

The product has established records of performance which have no parallel. More White Trucks are in service than trucks of any other high-grade make.

White Trucks are everywhere—yet no White Truck is ever far from interested care.

There could be no richer reward for the service The White Company has been able to render than the opportunity for future service which the continued confidence of the public unfolds.

THE WHITE COMPANY
CLEVELAND

The detail of this quarter century of White Transportation has a profound interest for anyone engaged in furnishing any kind of highway transportation. It is briefly set forth in a booklet which we will be glad to mail free. Write The White Company, E. 79th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

WHITE TRUCKS

In the hubs of the universe

Fly wheels and gear wheels and pulley wheels, as well as vehicle wheels, stamp the wheel "man's most useful invention."

The principle of the wheel, applied in one way or another, makes possible not only transportation, but present-day industry and agriculture, and civilization on the whole.

At the hubs of wheels, in modern machinery of all kinds, including the motor vehicle, are Timken Tapered Roller Bearings.

Because of them, wheels revolve with less power, which saves the world much money.

These Dual Duty bearings carry not only the pure revolving motion in all wheel applications, but also the thrust or sidewise stress invariably present.

This precisely meets engineering requirements. Wherefore Timken Roller Bearings, pre-eminent in motor cars, are being ever more widely adopted for the flanged wheels of rail transport and the "cogged" wheels and drive wheels of all industry. Where there is rotation, there should be Timkens in modern mechanical design.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., *CANTON, O.*

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

(Continued from Page 94

the day, so that the progress of its hours seemed to have halted for repose. It seemed impossible that anything should happen, or that the slow smooth sequence should ever end. Then something did happen, with a suddenness and unexpectedness of impact that shattered all stability like glass.

The stage had surmounted a steep grade and the driver had pulled up his team to breathe it a moment before going on. Two men, their hats pulled down over their foreheads, their faces concealed up to the eyes by bandanna handkerchiefs, stepped quietly out from the bushes. One had a carbine which he carried at present; the other wore at his hip a revolver on the butt of which his right hand rested carelessly. There was no excitement, no melodrama, no quick movement; hardly even a feeling of tension, except that it was very evident that the two pairs of eyes were watching minutely every reaction on the part of those in the coach. For several seconds this watchful vigilance was unbroken by any word or movement. Then the man with the carbine spoke. His voice was unhurried and devoid of command. Rather, he seemed to issue advice.

"You, young fellow, stick up your hands and keep them up," said he; "and, Bob, you keep both hands on your reins."

The reactions to be watched by the two pairs of eyes above the bandanna handkerchiefs were varied. The driver exhibited a wondering and half sardonic incredulity. The young man seemed for a brief instant to grow ten years into maturity. The steel firmness that had but faintly and momently glinted far beneath, with the swift dissipation of carelessness, became for that instant the structure of his being. Then like a film these qualities were clouded. He raised his hands obediently and his face became blankly vacant. The girl's face, after her first small start of astonishment and dismay, expressed more solicitude than alarm. She leaned forward to address her companion in low swift words.

"Don't resist," she pleaded earnestly; "even if they find it, don't resist. It is nothing at all compared to ——"

"I'd set up straight if I was you, miss," broke in the man with the carbine.

She turned toward him a rather tremulous smile.

"I was just telling him not to make trouble," said she.

"That's good advice," returned the other; "but we'll tend to that."

She sat back, but continued to direct toward her companion looks of silent pleading.

The driver thrust the brake into its socket and crossed his legs comfortably.

"What's the notion?" he drawled. "Want my old watch? You boys practicing to go into the theayter?"

He received no reply. The man with the revolver stepped to the other side of the stage and dragged from beneath the seat the Wells Fargo strong box.

"Take her and welcome, boys," urged the driver; "and much good may she do you. I bet there ain't six bits' worth in the thing. I'll bet you the six bits there ain't; what say?"

The road agent made no reply, but produced a cold chisel and a hammer, with which he proceeded skillfully and rapidly to cut through the padlock. Throwing back the cover, he rummaged intently for a few moments. Then he rose excitedly to his feet.

"It ain't here," he told his comrade.

"Ain't there? You're crazy!" rejoined the latter.

"Look for yourself," growled the first.

He took the carbine while his companion in his turn went through the contents of the box.

"You boys been reading too many dime novels," jeered the driver.

The two men together advanced threateningly to the front wheel.

"You come through," advised the carbine threateningly. "Shell out! Where you got it hid?"

"Got what hid?" asked the driver relishingly, quite unimpressed.

"There's no use bluffing. We've got certain information of what's coming through. You better give up peaceable. If you don't ——"

The driver uncrossed his legs and sat up straight. He spoke now with energy, as though to end the matter.

"You amatoors make me sick," said he. "I don't know what you're talkin' about with your 'certain information.' But if you think I'm green enough to take on any funny business all by myself, you don't know much about stage driving. I was driving stage before you were weaned. Go teach your grandfather to suck eggs! If you think there's anything you're lookin' for aboard this stage, help yourself! She ain't so gosh-almighty big that you can't look her over. The day's young yet."

He sat back again, enjoying their discomfiture, for his sincerity was obvious.

"Your man that give you your 'certain information' must have got his dates mixed, boys," he continued after a moment. "I ain't hired by Wells Fargo and I don't know nothin' about their business; but if it will do you any good, I do happen to know that next week's run they're plannin' to send up a shotgun messenger with the box. Might have somethin' to do with what you're talkin' about." He grinned. "Shouldn't wonder if now they'd send up two shotgun messengers. If I was you ——"

"You shut up!" growled the revolver man. "That's enough out of you!"

The two consulted apart. They were plainly discomfited and angry. After a minute's low-voiced argument, the revolver man approached.

"What you got on you? Shell out!" he commanded.

The driver shifted his reins into his left hand and reached leisurely into the depths of his trousers pocket, producing a handful of silver which he contemplated with appraising eye.

"There you be," said he at last, extending his palm. "Either three dollars sixty or three dollars six bits, I can't rightly make out which. Buy yourselves a seegar, boys."

The road agent contemptuously struck down the open palm, scattering the silver in the dust. He turned to the occupants of the back seats.

"Shell out there," he commanded, "and step down and let's look you over. And don't you try to hide out nothing," he advised, his voice heavy with threat.

For the first time the young man spoke.

"There is no occasion for violence," said he. "I have on me just forty-five dollars and a watch. Here they are. Except for the Wells Fargo box, which you already have, the only other articles of value aboard this stage are about five hundred dollars in gold which that woman there has hidden under the seat I am sitting on."

A moment's complete paralysis succeeded. The girl, both hands clasped to her breast, stared with dilated eyes. The stage driver's jaw dropped; even the two holdup men stopped short. Then the girl's head flew up in a movement of haughty pride. The driver whistled softly.

"You dirty dog!" he said.

"Takes all kinds to make a world," observed the carbine. "Much obliged, young man. Now you can get it out and hand it over. Keep your hands in sight there."

The passenger coolly undid the buckle, raised the leather cushion and produced the leather bag.

"There you are," said he.

The revolver man took it, staring sneeringly. The young man was ringed by a cold, deadly hostility. He did not seem to mind it; nor, indeed, to be aware of it.

"Fork out that watch and money you spoke of," commanded the road agent. "Needn't think you're going to get off. Now step down and let's look you over. I hate to handle a skunk!" he remarked aside as he proceeded to search the young man. "Nothin' more," he voiced the result; and turned to the girl, who sat like a goddess in marble, staring straight ahead of her. "You anything valuable on you?" he demanded.

"I have a small watch and a wrist bangle and about ten dollars in change," she replied, icily distant. "It will do no good to paw me over, because that is absolutely everything I have."

"Let her be," broke in the carbine. "Now, Bob, you stay put for ten minutes. Sabe?"

"Don't try to teach your grandfather to suck eggs," repeated the driver, winding his reins around the brake.

The road agents melted into the acacias by the roadside. The girl made a movement as though to rise.

"I'd sit still a spell, miss," advised the driver. "These ducks are sometimes kinda touchy about anybody's movin' too soon."

The ten minutes passed. The driver sighed, stretched his arms, unwound the reins from the brake lever.

"If," said he, "I hadn't got to take this stage in right side up, or if I had any kind of a gun on me, you'd get your comeuppance right here and now, young man. If I was twenty years younger, I'd try it anyways. But I'll see that you get it when we get in, make no mistake there."

He started his horses suddenly, without troubling about the young man, who was still standing alongside the stage. But the girl spoke up.

"Please wait!" she requested in a high cold voice. Then, as the driver did not immediately respond—"I wish to sit in the front seat."

The stage stopped. She sprang lightly to the ground, drew her skirts aside to avoid even that contact with the other passenger, who actually made as though to assist her, and seated herself beside the driver. Her head was still high, and still she stared straight ahead of her. The driver had recovered his poise. He did not again start off so heedlessly.

"Throw that strong box aboard," he grunted at the young man; and then, as he was obeyed, he vouchsafed his other passenger a reasonable opportunity to clamber aboard.

The journey was resumed in utter silence. The stage moved now isolated from the springtime, impervious to the great joyous natural forces that had earlier made of it through the action of their magic a golden chariot of dawn. It was only a very heavy, creaky, weary old vehicle, indeed, freighted with bitterness and contempt and avenging intention; but especially with the wounded hurt bewilderment of a shattered vision and a vanished dream. Over the hills and far away it crept like a wounded creature with broken wings, until the laggard evening overtook at last the laggard miles and it came to the Alpine settlement of Gold King, which was its destination. But just previous to its entrance the young man had leaped lightly over the revolving wheel and had disappeared among the pines.

VII

IT WAS evening. The schoolma'am sat in the pine-board box she was to call her room, contemplating her loss. It had been with difficulty that she had at last gained this sanctuary. A large and indignantly sympathetic audience to the driver's narrative; the solicitous and secretly appraising school board who had employed her services; the few women of the place, genuinely desirous, through well-meant but redundant offerings and advice, of making this rather forlorn pretty creature feel more at home—all these had to be met with a high front of smiling deprecation or modest assurance or a skilfully self-defensive gratitude, as the case might be. And she had still an evening meal to pretend to eat, in company with some of these people, though the food choked her. And always beneath the surface had lain the leaden weight of her loss. At length she managed to escape on the easily to be believed pleas of weariness under her long day and trying experience, and had fled to her room and such comfort as could be gained from unbound hair and a loose negligee from the tiny vault-topped cowhide trunk.

The sense of her loss was heavy within her, too heavy for the relief of facile tears. In the 70's there was still such a thing as maiden reserve; not an artificial product of prunes and prisms teaching, but a native wild shyness, in which was a little self-distrust due to the feminine education of the times, a little hesitation within a fairyland once quitted forever lost, and perhaps a little too great a belief in illusory boundaries. But it existed as a reality; and as a result of it, the mere bestowing of confidence, which is now more or less careless and casual, possessed the significance of a proud yet humble treasure offering. It was this treasure whose loss she numbly mourned. To be sure, there was also a matter of some money; but that was, at least for the moment, forgotten. Its material appeal could not make itself heard over the keening of spiritual voices.

She drew aside the curtain and looked out. The hotel was on a slight rise and overlooked the low roofs of the mining settlement. They were silvered by the moon. Beyond them and below them the light caught on running waters. Then came the black velvet of the forests, rising steep on the opposite slope, where the moon found no friends. And above soared the majestic snow peaks, insubstantial as ghosts of their daytime selves, and over them the dark-blue sky. She dropped the curtains with a shudder. There was no comfort there. It was frosted, cold, aloof, unheeding.

The door behind her opened and shut quickly. With a sudden realization of her neglect to lock it, she whirled about to face her companion of the day. He was panting slightly, as though he had been in haste, but met her incredulous stare frankly. He spoke before she could recover.

"I am sorry to be so abrupt, and I apologize for entering your room thus," said he collectively, but in a low voice. "I saw you at the window. There seemed no other way, for the moment."

She recovered almost instantly, and her head went up haughtily. Two spots of color flamed in her cheeks. Slowly she slipped from her wrist the bracelet that encircled it, and extending her bare arm and opening her hand, let the bangle fall on the little table before her.

"The ten dollars you will find in the purse on the bed," she said, and superbly turned her back.

The young man's face flushed in turn, but his eyes flashed an appreciative admiration.

"You mistake—quite naturally—the reason for my presence," he rejoined quietly.

She made two quick steps back to the window and turned to face him.

"I can conceive no possible reason for your presence," she shot at him with the vehemence of repression. "If you do not quit my room instantly, I shall raise an alarm."

"Listen to me for one minute first."

"I have no desire to listen to you, nor can there be anything to say. Are you going?"

"I can explain."

"What is there to explain?"

She laid her hand on the lower sash of the window preparatory to raising it. He made one step forward and extended a long arm to the table whereon lay the bangle, then back to his former position. Beside the bangle now lay spread out to unmistakable recognition a thousand-dollar bill.

"What—what is that?" she stammered, as though in spite of herself.

"My wager against your bangle that I have something to explain," said he. "You shall decide."

She stared speechless for ten seconds. He appropriated her silence for assent.

"This afternoon I did what you were justified in thinking a cowardly and brutal thing. I told those men that, under the seat on which I was sitting, you had concealed something over five hundred dollars. This justly aroused not only your anger, and that of our worthy stage driver, but also the contempt and a certain anger on the part of the criminals who had stopped us."

He paused for comment so long that the girl was at length forced to speak.

"Well?" she challenged.

"I failed, however, to tell them," the young man continued, "that under the seat on which you were sitting was something over fifty thousand dollars in my charge."

The girl's hand dropped from the window sash, her lips parted and her eyes dilated in the bewilderment of this announcement.

"Shall I go on?" he asked at length.

She nodded slowly, unable to speak.

"For certain reasons it was absolutely essential that this very large sum of money be delivered here today. For still other reasons, we had occasion to believe that the secret of its conveyance had leaked out. For certain other reasons, the special armed guard that was to convoy it failed. In the circumstances I believed that the best chance lay not with the express strong box but in carrying it personally. Before you appeared this morning I placed it under the back seat."

He smiled at her with the ease of his old charm.

"That seemed the best chance," he continued. "It seemed likely they would make off with the strong box to open it at leisure—and too late. If they bothered us at all, it would be only to take what valuables were obviously available. That is why I thought your savings might be safe when I concealed them. That is the usual procedure. Unfortunately they opened it on the spot. There was immediately danger of a close search. I had to create a diversion. It was successful; and it was successful because its very cowardly brutality confused the issue even to those rough customers. I am sorry it had to be done, but it worked." He ended on a note of triumph.

A warmth, a radiance seemed slowly to displace the chill bleakness of the atmosphere in the little room. The two spots of

(Continued on Page 101)

Greeting Cards mean Friendship — and Friendship means Sunshine in Life

Scatter Sunshine with Greeting Cards

Members of The Greeting Card Association

Those who make Greeting Cards—and those who sell them—believe themselves to be truly people who help to scatter sunshine. They are "selling the thing that money cannot buy."

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THE VAN GORDER CO.
P. F. VOLLAND CO.

Days for Remembrance

1925

St. Valentine's	February 14
Easter	April 12
Mother's	May 10
Father's	June 21
Friendship	August 2
Hallowe'en	October 31
Thanksgiving	November 26
Christmas	December 25
New Year's	January 1
Every Day	Somebody's birthday, wedding anniversary or other occasion for good wishes

There is a Greeting Card for every occasion — sold by established dealers everywhere.

Selling the thing that money cannot buy

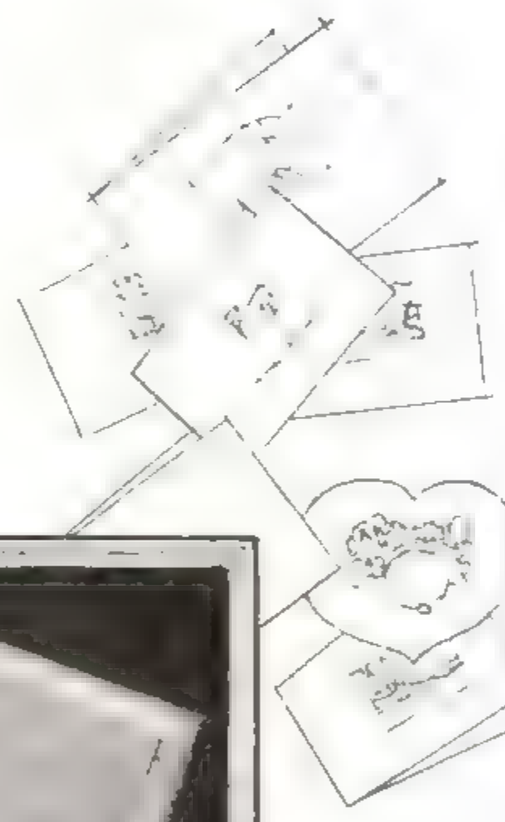
HAPPINESS! It lives in the friendly clasp of generous hands, in faces lit with joy and affection at our coming, in the touch and sight of old friends, in the hallowed memory of those we love, in the sacred tenderness for the little lives that depend on us.

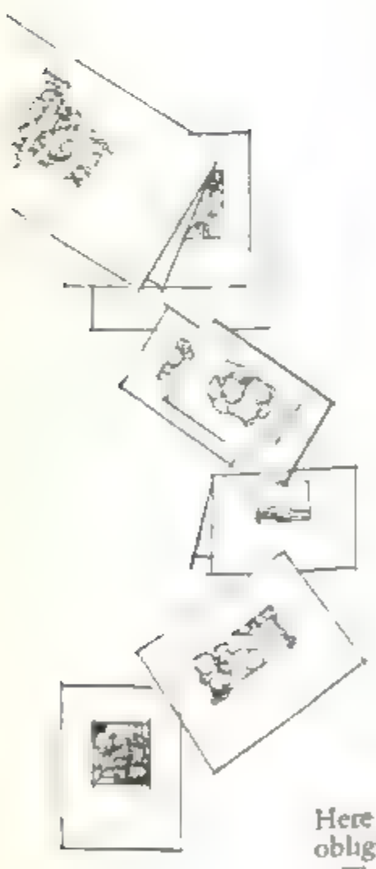
Such things are never bought. They burst forth like flowers in response to the generous warmth of spirit that comes forth from us. They are the reflected glow of what we give out ourselves in kindly thoughts, in helpfulness. And they come back to us as a greater blessing when we prove that we do not forget the absent loved one.

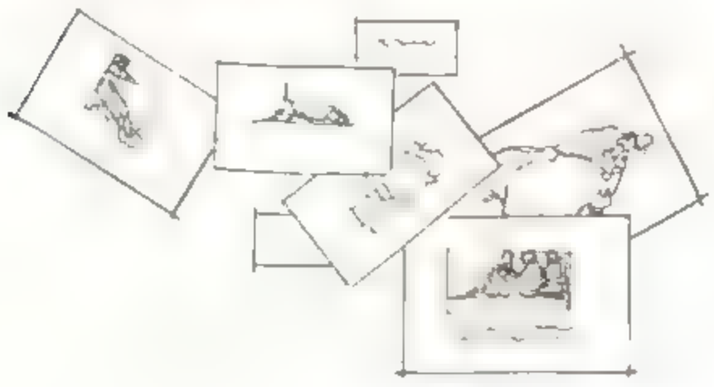
The Greeting Card is the messenger of friendship. It offers to friendship the chance to prove that it remembers. It offers to love the token that love asks, that it grow to a deeper love. It is a little, definite piece of human sunshine offered by friend to friend, by youth to age, by age to youth, by lover to lover. And whenever it comes, life seems a little kinder, the day a little brighter, and the heart a little lighter.

Is it a wonder that the Greeting Card Industry has grown from small to great things, or that it prepares its kindly greetings for all ages and all the wholesome occasions of a life—

Or that those who belong to the Greeting Card Industry, be they the ones who make the Greeting Cards or the ones who sell them, believe themselves to be truly people who scatter sunshine and sell that which money can never buy?







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THE most daring raider that sailed the seas during the World War was forced to dash for port after more than eight months of buccaneering—with more than 100 of the crew sick unto death and the remainder on the verge of the same peculiar illness.

What had happened? All had been rugged, picked men. They had lived well, seemingly, during their months at sea on a fare consisting mainly of meat, mashed potatoes, white bread, sweet cakes, tea and coffee, with occasional treats of fat and cheese. Yet it was found that the lack of certain vital food elements had made these strong men sick! The minerals and vitamins that must be part of a life-sustaining diet were missing. When these were supplied in the form of fresh vegetables, eggs, whole wheat bread, fresh milk and the juice of oranges the men quickly recovered.

Medical authorities are giving more and more study to the prevention and cure of disease by use of proper foods. If we wish to be well, happy and efficient, we must eat the right food.

We eat three supposedly good meals a day—and still we may be starving for the vital elements our bodies need. Some of the "prepared" foods of today have been robbed of important health-giving elements which Nature put in them. It is very easy to over-eat and still be under-nourished.

Many of our physical ailments could be avoided by giving proper attention to the selection of food. Nutrition is an individual problem and it varies according to age. For instance, the person of advancing years needs a greater amount and a greater proportion of "roughage" than a child. "Roughage" in the form of whole wheat, whole cereals, bran or bulky vegetables and fruits is necessary for health.

According to the American Medical Association vitamins are constituents of our food that are essential to health. Three are known at present designated as Vitamins A, B and C. (See chart below.)

A deficiency of "A" in the diet may result in symptoms of rickets and a disease of the eyes as well as lack of normal development.

A deficiency of "B" may result in the loss of appetite and symptoms of a disease of the nerves called beri-beri.

A deficiency of "C" may result in symptoms of scurvy.

A deficiency of any of the vitamins in the diet of children will result in impaired growth and health.

Vitamins in Foods

	"A"	"B"	"C"
BREAD, WHITE (WATER)	?	+	–
" " (MILK)	+	+	?
" WHOLE WHEAT (Water)	+	++	?
" " " (MILK)	++	++	?
BARLEY (WHOLE)	+	++	–
CORN, YELLOW	+	++	–
OATS	+	++	–
MEAT, LEAN	–→+	+?	+?
BEEF FAT	+	–	–
MUTTON FAT	+	–	–
PIG KIDNEY FAT	++	–	–
OLEOMARGARINE	+	–	–
LIVER	++	++	+
KIDNEY	++	++	+?
BRAINS	+	++	+?
SWEETBREADS	+	+	•
FISH, LEAN	–	+	•
" FAT	+	+	•
" ROE	+	++	+?
MILK, FRESH	+++	++	+V
" CONDENSED	+++	++	+V
" DRIED (WHOLE)	+++	++	+V
" SKIMMED	+	++	+V
BUTTERMILK	+	++	+V
CREAM	+++	++	+V
BUTTER	+++	–	–
CHEESE	++	•	•
COTTAGE CHEESE	+	•	•
EGGS	++	+	+?
ALMONDS	+	+	•
COCONUT	+	++	•
HICKORY NUTS	•	++	•
PEANUTS	+	++	•
PECANS	•	+	•
WALNUTS	•	++	•

	"A"	"B"	"C"
TOMATOES (Raw or Canned)	++	+++	+++
BEANS, KIDNEY	•	+++	•
" NAVY	•	+++	–
" STRING (FRESH)	++	++	++
CABBAGE, FRESH, RAW	+	+++	+?
" COOKED	+	++	+?
CARROTS, FRESH, RAW	++	++	++
" COOKED	++	+	+
CAULIFLOWER	+	++	+
CELERY	•	+	•
CUCUMBER	•	+	•
DANDELION GREENS	++	++	+
EGGPLANT, DRIED	•	++	•
LETTUCE	++	++	+++
ONIONS	•	++	++
PARSNIP	–?	++	•
PEAS	++	++	+?
POTATOES (BOILED 15 MIN.)	•	++	+?
" (" 1 HOUR)	•	++	+?
" (BAKED)	•	++	+
SWEET POTATOES	++	+	•
RADISH	•	+	•
RUTABAGA	–?	++	+++?
SPINACH, FRESH	+++	+++	•
" DRIED	+++	++	•
SQUASH, HUBBARD	++	•	•
TURNIPS	–?	++	•
APPLES	+	+	+
BANANAS	+?	+?	+
GRAPE JUICE	•	+	+
GRAPEFRUIT	•	++	++
LEMON JUICE	•	++	+++
ORANGE JUICE	+	++	+++
PRUNES	•	+	–
RASPBERRIES (Fresh or Canned)	•	•	+++

+ .. contains the Vitamin
++ . good source of the Vitamin
+++ excellent source of the Vitamin
– no appreciable amount of the Vitamin
? doubt as to presence or relative amount
• evidence lacking or insufficient
V .. variable

A WELL BALANCED DAILY DIET

1. Milk—a quart for a child, a pint for an adult—as a beverage or used in cooking.
2. Vegetables—Two daily.
3. Fresh Fruits—At least once daily.
4. Meat, or Fish, or Eggs or Cheese or Beans or Lentils.
5. Bread and Cereals—Preferably whole wheat and other entire grain.
6. Fat—Butter or other fat in some form every day.
7. Sweets—Best when taken in a moderate amount at mealtime.

Variety in the diet is absolutely essential. Children, especially, need pure milk, vegetables and fruit. An insufficiency of these foods is frequently the cause of thinness and stunted growth.

The mistake that many people make is in neglecting to use enough milk, whole wheat bread, fruits, vegetables and whole grain cereals from which the outer covering has not been removed—rice, wheat, oats, corn, barley—the *natural* foods in which vitamins and minerals are most plentiful. Without them the teeth, blood and bones will suffer, and bodily functions will be interfered with. Without vitamins there can be neither growth nor health.

Make no mistake—the most important health law is the law of keeping well by eating the right food.

Keep this page where you can refer to it readily for guidance. If upon your judgment depends the choice of food for your family, remember that you have their health in your keeping.

Good food is not necessarily expensive. The cheapest food is often most nutritious. The most expensive food is frequently harmful. The important thing is wise selection. Select your diet from the Vitamin Chart on this page so that the proportions of Vitamins A, B, C are equally well balanced.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company recognizes the great importance of making certain that good food is not spoiled in the cooking and has prepared a practical new Cook Book which tells how to prepare food to obtain the greatest amount of nutriment.

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HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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(Continued from Page 97)

red on the girl's cheeks faded, giving place to a new diffusion of color. Something within her that had been hard contracted, swelled again to its wonted soft and rounded expansion. It was youth once more returning to its own.

"Suppose—suppose it had not worked," she managed at last. She comprehended, but full realization was slow; there were confusions slow to dissipate, and her mind grasped for bridging small details.

"I suppose I should have had to fight," he submitted. "You see, I was in charge."

"Unarmed?"

He smiled boyishly.

"Oh, I had a gun—alongside the seat."

"That would have been terrible!" she shuddered. "Oh, horrible! I am glad."

"That's good! That's the real thing I came for! But by rights I do not really win our wager. It was cowardly and brutal." He picked up the bangle. "Perhaps I may keep part of the stakes?" he questioned her with his eyes, then slipped the bracelet into the breast pocket of his shirt. "Good night," said he, and laid his hand on the door.

She awoke to energy.

"But wait! This isn't mine!" she cried, indicating the thousand-dollar bill.

"You do not imagine we could permit you to lose your savings," he reproached her.

"But it wasn't so much, not nearly."

"Talk that over with Wells Fargo," he rejoined lightly, half opening the door.

"Wait! Wait! I cannot —— Who are you?"

He paused to flash back at her.

"I'm a shotgun messenger," he smiled, "and I'm assigned to this run. Good-by—until next time."

He vanished, the door closed softly behind him, and his quick light steps could be heard down the long corridor.

She flew to the window, raised the sash, leaned out. His figure emerged from the darkened doorway of the hotel, turned to wave a hand, disappeared in the shadows. She strained her sight after it, then raised her eyes. The great ghosts of mountains across the way had drawn close about in a majestic and benign fellowship. Over them the stars in the dark blue of the night sky twinkled in laughing friendliness. Youth, outflinging, buoyant, confident youth breathed in the intoxication of the night breeze.

And on the table lay the thousand-dollar bill—forgotten.

THE LION AND THE UNIFORM

(Continued from Page 15)

"Golly, Eustace, they has shuah stang you good an' proper!"

Mr. Gribble detected the note of genuine sympathy and looked down in surprise. True, he and Florian had never been open enemies; but on more than a single occasion Eustace had wilted Florian with his intolerant manner and his vitriolic tongue. Yet the face of Darktown's fashion plate was wreathed in sympathy and his demeanor was one of vast friendliness; so Eustace anathematized himself for his dislike of the past and draped one arm affectionately around Florian's narrow shoulders.

"A conspiracy!" he sibilated.

"Uh-huh. An' that ain't all. I bet you feel just like an accident goin' somewheres to happen."

"I am incommensurately miserable, Mr. Slappey. This is a vast and onerous trick which is being purpletrated upon me and I shall protest vehemously."

"Tha's the way to talk! I woul'n't let nobody put no such of a thing over on me."

"M'm! Of course they have got me. If I refuse to play this part, my contract becomes canceled and of none effect. It says so in writing. Of course, that's what they desire. It is a perfidious performance."

"Gosh! If I knowed all them big words I woul'n't care did I have a job or not."

"There have been times in my life," confessed Eustace with amazing candor, "when I have longed to reduce my vocabulary to two words—and to be entitled to use them with authority."

"What them words is?"

"Ham and eggs!"

"Well, hush my mouf! Think of you bein' hungry!"

"I prefer not to. But that confession will clarify to you my preference for not terminating a contract which carries with it a satisfactory weekly honorium. And if I don't gladiate for them they will dispense with my professional services and I shall again have to seek employment in my native heath of Chicago."

Florian shook his head and linked his arm in that of the other man.

"Le's us walk downtown an' inhale a few barbecue at Bud Peaglar's place. I always feels happier after I has et hearty."

They moved slowly down the street, discussing in bitter tones the catastrophe which was preparing to shake hands with the imported star. Eustace was more troubled than he cared to admit—and he admitted a great deal.

It did not occur to him that this scheme against his continued residence in Birmingham was justified. He could not see that he had destroyed the tranquillity of the Midnight lot and therefore materially impaired the efficiency of that well-oiled organization. He saw only that he was being efficiently victimized, and in all the city of more than two hundred thousand persons there was no one save Florian Slappey who cared to hear his troubles.

He was exceedingly contrite as to Florian; he wondered whether Florian had forgotten—or forgiven—the many occasions when he had staggered that gentleman with an acid word or supercilious gesture. He now craved Florian's friendship. He experienced a deep affection for him as they sat shoulder to shoulder in Bud Peaglar's and swallowed drafts of steaming coffee and sank their teeth in succulent barbecue.

"What you got to do," announced Mr. Slappey suddenly, "is think."

"Think? I never heard of thoughts killing lions."

"Brains can do anything. Ain't you ever seen them advertisements of a man makin' a lion crawl away by just lookin' him in the eye?"

"Yes, I've seen them. But maybe this lion hasn't."

"Tha's true. But there must be a way out. I tell you, Mistuh Gribble, I has been caught in a heap of tight places in my life, an' there ain't ary time yet my brain has th'owed me down."

"You mean you might conceive a plan?"

"I might."

Eustace's hand tightened on Florian's arm.

"If you only could!"

"Gimme twenty-four hours, Eustace. I has got the workin'est brains! Meantime you just strut yo' stuff aroun' that lot as though fightin' lions was the fondest thing you was of."

Eustace promised. At the door they separated, Eustace walking down Eighteenth Street swinging his cane with assumed insouciance. For a few moments Florian stood watching him, then a faint smile played across his lips and he moved in the opposite direction.

"Poor feller," he murmured. And then, more sharply, "But ain't he gosh-amighty uppity?"

The following day was one of jollification on the lot of the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc. News of the approaching discomfiture of the despised Mr. Gribble had been bruited about, and wherever that gentleman went he was greeted with triumphant grins. As for Eustace, he bore up nobly and made himself more thoroughly detested than ever. Once he lounged against the corner of a building and overheard a wager.

"Five dollars it is!"

"Done with you! Remember, Ise bettin' he gits et up."

"Tha's it."

"'Co'se the lion don't have to swaller clothes an' all."

"Right! An' I feels pow'ful sorry fo' the lion."

Beads of cold perspiration stood out upon the Gribble forehead. Even money that he would act the part of a lion's dinner!

The prospect was not enticing. Eustace was fond of his job, but he was even more attached to his life. He was in a highly nervous state when he met Florian Slappey that night.

Florian made a poor job of concealing his elation. He was fairly bursting with news, but despite Eustace's best efforts to extract from the Beau Brummell of Darktown the reason for the latter's enthusiasm, Florian waited until he was safely ensconced with his companion in a corner of the modest lobby of the Cozy Home Hotel for Colored.

Then he made his declaration.

"Eustace," he bubbled, "you is saved!"

"From combating against that lion?" There was a pathetic eagerness in Eustace's voice.

"Uh-huh."

"You're not deluding me, are you?"

"I woul'n't dilute you fo' nothin', Eustace. All day long I has been keepin' my brain busy. An' when finely my big idea come along I went right down an' held conversation with the gemmun which owns that lion."

Mr. Gribble felt a grand passion for Florian. He ached to indicate to his friend that he was grateful.

"How did you work it, Florian?"

"Easy," remarked Mr. Slappey. "Just by readin' an' usin' my head."

"And the lion will not be there at all?"

"Oh, shuah, he's gwine be there!"

"And me?"

"So is you."

Eustace frowned. This didn't sound so encouraging.

"But if I am there and the lion is there, what is to prevent his making a gastronomical feast off me?"

Mr. Slappey tapped his skull significantly. "Brains!" he murmured.

"Whose?"

"My own."

Mr. Gribble begged for information. Florian beamed.

"Splainin' my schemes is the most thing I like to do. Now I ast you: Has you ever heard about Androcles an' the lion?"

"Uh-huh." Eustace shook his head dazedly. "It don't sound reasonable."

"Now listen, Brother Gribble. It all happened thisaway, an' it's history. The lady down to the liberry shown it to me in a book. You see, this feller Androcles was an awful kind-hearted feller which would even have supported his mother-in-law or something if he'd of had one. Well, he was walkin' down the road one day, an' who should he see but the lion!"

"This same lion?"

"A worser one than this. Well, this lion was layin' down in a ditch kind of cryin' like his heart was busted, an' Mistuh Androcles walked right up to him an' says, 'Hey, lion, what's eatin' on you?' The lion he coul'n't talk no man talk, so he just looks up an' weeps a li'l' bit an' hol's out his paw, an' what should it be doin' but bleedin'."

"No?"

"Yeh; bleedin' real blood. An' Androcles, which has got a kind heart, he sees that ol' Mistuh Lion has done stepped on a thorn which same is in his paw an' he can't git it out, an' Androcles says, 'You poor kid, you suttinly must of been havin' a hell of a time!'

"An' with that he gits down on his knees an' whups out his pocketknife, an' fust thing you know he has cut that thorn right out of Brother Lion's paw."

"Goodness!" Eustace was enormously interested. "Did he really?"

"Didn't do nothin' else. An' that ain't all neither. Him an' the lion wishes each other good mawnin' an' Androcles walks on home an' lives happy ever after—fo' a li'l' while.

"Well, it seems that one day 'bout a month or six weeks later he gits in bad with the police an' they dump him into the big rock, an' when he gits tried the judge says, 'Androcles,' he says, 'I don't know whether is you guilty or ain't you, so this afternoon I takes you down to the bull ring an' th'ows you in with a lion. If that lion eats you up, it proves you is guilty an' also that you is dead. If he don't swally you, why then you is innocent an' out you gits.'

"Now Androcles thinks tha's a pretty bum way to judge, but what can he do? So that afternoon he goes down, an' hundreds of folks is there all dressed up like fo' a picnic an' the saxophones toot as if it was a dance or somethin', an' there is Androcles all dressed in a shroud an' the undertaker has got his ambulance ready, an' a gate opens an' who should come in but the ve'y same identical lion which Androcles had took the thorn out of his foot! Yas-suh, that ve'y same own lion. Well, he recknizes Androcles an' he comes up waggin' his tail, an' instead of eatin' Androcles up, he just licks his face an' says in lion talk, 'How is you, Brother Androcles? Fine weather us is havin'.' An' right off the crowd yells that Androcles is innocent an' they turn him loose an' he goes home with the lion an' they both eat a big dish of Brunswick stew fo' supper."

Mr. Eustace Gribble had listened raptly. When Florian finished speaking he clasped his hands rapturously.

"Gee! How fortunate that gentleman was!"

"You said it, brother. But he wa'n't no mo' fortunater than what you is gwine be."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean this"—Florian bent forward earnestly—"tomorrow night you is gwine down to the place where that lion is at an' you is gwine pull a thorn out of his foot."

"Just a minute." Eustace paled a bit. "I'm not so terribly anxious to fool around lions' thorns. How do I know that story really happened?"

Florian triumphantly presented a book secured that day from the Colored Free Public Library. He thumbed the pages and presented the volume.

"Read fo' yo'se'f," he commanded. "An' remember, it's all hist'ry."

Eustace was impressed. There were facts incontrovertibly in type. But certain doubts yet lurked.

"How do you know this lion is going to have a thorn in his foot, Florian?"

Mr. Slappey grinned.

"I slipped his keeper a five-spot to put it in."

Eustace was lost in admiration.

"But suppose he eats me up when I'm trying to extract said thorn."

"He cain't. He's in a cage an' you is gwine be outside lookin' in. Even does he git mad, he cain't reach you."

Mr. Gribble considered the matter from all angles. It appeared acidproof, and there was the book to back the theory.

"You are quite positive that after I have performed this kind service the lion will not forget my identity when we meet in the motion picture?"

"Shuh! Not a chance, cullud man! Lions never forgets nothin'."

At length Eustace agreed. It appeared to him that he had everything to gain and nothing to lose. Wherefore the following night he accompanied Florian to the old warehouse in North Birmingham, where the lion was stored awaiting the hour of his arena appearance, which was scheduled for the following day. Eustace was apprehensive. All day long he had been preoccupied. Two or three times he had visited that portion of the lot where the carpenters were working with diabolical speed to complete the arena where he was to be cast into the jaws of a man-eating beast. They seemed to take far too much interest in their work; and J. Cæsar Clump had announced that the shooting of that portion of the script was to be done at once, as they were already paying rental on the lion.

It was eight o'clock when they reached the warehouse. The lion's keeper greeted them. He was an undersized and apparently undernourished little man, who eyed askance the sartorial elegance of Mr. Gribble. He was more affable with Florian. They opened the door, and as the fresh air rushed through the building its rafters were shaken by a horrific roar. Eustace recoiled.

"I have changed my mind," he announced positively.

"Pff! Ol' lion cain't hurt you. He's in a cage."

The keeper said nothing. He moved forward toward the far end of the cavernous space, where a rusty iron cage rested. The place was lighted fitfully by a single carbon bulb which cast an eerie yellow light and sent ghastly shadows dancing about the walls. Florian was unafraid, and it was that person's attitude which lent courage to the wilted Eustace. He moved forward. The lion was large—much larger than Eustace had expected. Nor were his protestations entirely confined to whimpers. He was crouched in a corner, his eyes small and bloodshot, and occasionally he paused to lick his right front paw.

"You fixed him all right, mistuh?" inquired Florian.

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"Yes, he's ready." The keeper swung on the terrified Eustace. "Go ahead and yank it out. He can't get at you."

Eustace circled warily. The lion regarded him gravely. He was lying down, head resting on the sawdust, his red tongue occasionally licking the spot on that paw which contained the Androclean thorn.

It was Eustace's desire to postpone eventualities. He wished to see how a few friendly overtures would be received. But the keeper was ill-tempered and in a hurry.

"Grab it out!" he commanded.

Eustace stepped within range. He could see the thorn.

"Nice lion," he complimented. "Eustace Gribble wouldn't let any lion suffer if he could help it."

He inserted one hand through the bars. The lion did not move. Eustace's fingers closed around the end of the thorn. A quiver ran through the lion's body. Eustace yanked.

Out came the cause of the lion's misery. And then something quite unexpected happened.

The beast was galvanized into action. A terrible roar reverberated through the warehouse as the animal, with jaws dripping and agape, leaped straight up in the air the height of the cage. Eustace somersaulted away and dropped both the thorn and himself. The lion careened around the cage like one possessed, slamming himself ferociously against the bars, as though he desired nothing so much as to get through. Eustace picked himself up and started for the door, but Florian grabbed him.

"Hey! Wait a minute, Brother Gribble. Don't go spoilin' it all. Just stick around a while an' let ol' lion git a chance to reckernize you." He turned to the keeper. "Ain't that right, mistuh?"

The man nodded. Eustace remained—reluctantly. Lions were not at the moment very popular with him. He waited until the fury of the beast had abated somewhat, and he saw the lion eventually slink into a corner and lie there whimpering, precisely as had whimpered the jungle king in the Androcles story.

"See," encouraged Florian, "it don't hurt him no mo'. Look at him lickin' the sore place, an' see how grateful he looks at you!"

Eustace's spirits perked up a bit. There did seem to be a trifle of friendliness in the glance which the lion bestowed upon him. The animal appeared to be apologizing for all the trouble he had caused.

"Go on up an' pat him, Eustace, like the feller in the story done."

Mr. Gribble shook his head.

"I infantly prefer to wait until the wound has healed," he decided.

But he did circle the cage two or three times. The lion followed him with his eyes, but made no offensive move. Eustace took heart. After all, the book had foretold this reaction, and Eustace believed profoundly in books. When he departed, arm in arm with Florian, he was less apprehensive of the morrow.

"If it only works!" he sighed.

"It's boun' to, Eustace. Cain't he'p it. Di'n't that book say ——"

"Yes, the facts was elucidated clearly; but when that lion started roaring around ——" Mr. Gribble sought encouragement. "Didn't you think he appeared friendly before I and you left?"

"Friendly! Honest, Brother Gribble, that lion was lovin' you so much I bet he would of invited you into his cage for dinner if he had of had any."

"I think you're right, Florian. And by tomorrow afternoon when all the soreness has disappeared from his feets ——"

"Jus' like ol' Mistuh Androcles. He'll be plumb tickled to death to see you."

Florian continued to talk as they journeyed homeward; and when at length he left his companion, Eustace Gribble found himself looking forward to the great arena scene with less terror. After all, he had everything to gain and little to lose—unless one counted his life. Save for the initial outburst of passion on the part of the lion, that animal had operated according to schedule, even to the whimpering. And Eustace had noted approvingly that this particular lion was sadly in need of dental attention.

He visioned himself subduing the lion with a look. He mentally heard the plaudits of the colored Roman populace as he thwarted Clump's dastardly scheme by frolicking around the arena with the beast which had been programmed to chew him. Of course, it would take a bit of nerve; but after all, Eustace and the lion were good friends

He dropped off to sleep, murmuring contentedly, "Florian Slappey is certainly a perfect gentleman. Sorry I ever was disdainful of him."

Then morning dawned. It early became apparent around the Midnight lot that there would be no lack of extras to act as spectators of the afternoon's drama. Word had been sent out that an audience was desired and prominent colored folks came in droves to witness the dramatic discomfiture of the Chicago importation.

At ten o'clock Eustace Gribble appeared among them. He was garbed in a new suit of clothes flagrant with checks, and he was twirling his cane as insouciantly as though the world contained no such menace as a lion. One or two persons dared chaff him and he withered each of them with a few biting words.

"Golly Moses," ejaculated one of the would-be tormentors. "that feller ain't scared of nothin'. I bet he et raw lion steak fo' breakfas'!"

As a matter of fact, a night of slumber had heartened Eustace considerably. That morning he had reread the story of Androcles and again held converse with Florian. Between them, they had caused his courage to rise to the sticking point. Eustace almost believed that he desired this encounter with the lion.

The wardrobe mistress was kept busy concocting Roman gowns for the spectators. Old sheets were converted into near-togas and a laurel tree near by was well-nigh stripped of leaves that each good senator might sport a wreath.

At noon the lion arrived via truck. His cage, under the direction of the dilapidated keeper, was placed in a corner of the studio and a runway constructed between it and the arena. This arena was inspected by the keeper, who pronounced it safe.

"Could that lion jump the wall?" questioned Orifice R. Latimer earnestly.

"Naw! He couldn't jump a real thick match stick."

The shooting was scheduled for two o'clock. At 1:30 Eustace strutted upon the set. He was a thing magnificent in his abbreviated Roman garb, set off by shining aluminum wear which a misguided art director fancied might have been worn by lion-taming gladiators. Around the noble brow of Mr. Gribble was a narrow band of baby-blue ribbon, which was tied in a bow at the rear of his head and thence descended in two thin pennants. He carried a small sword, and his demeanor was so unafraid that the very crowd which had come to jeer him emitted a small cheer.

The camera was rigged up on a safely elevated platform. At ten minutes before two o'clock J. Cæsar Clump appeared to explain the action of the scene. He rehearsed the preliminaries and shot them.

"An' now," he bellowed through his megaphone, "Mistuh Gribble heah, which his screen name is Marx Antony, has th'owed the villyun over the wall an' notified the public that he's gwine fight that lion single-handed. He walks out to the middle an' bows an' ev'ybody cheers an' waves their han's. Then Opus Randall, which is playin' the part of the Roman Empire, waves his han' an' the door opens an' in comes the lion. Is you ready, Brother Gribble?"

Brother Gribble hesitated. He debated earnestly an eleventh-hour retirement, but in the stands he caught a glimpse of Florian Slappey, and Florian waved a cheery greeting. A faint derisive smile played briefly about the lips of Eustace Gribble.

"Bring on your lions," he commanded. "I'm r'arin' to get at 'em."

Clump addressed the camera

"Ready!" he shouted. "Walk out yonder, Eustace. You folks up there give him a cheer. Action! Cam'ra!"

The scene was on. There was no make-believe about the excitement and enthusiasm of the crowd. No one of them had ever before seen mortal combat between man and lion. As for Eustace, that histrionic artist began to wish himself well out of it. Suppose something should go wrong! But pshaw, it couldn't! Didn't the book say

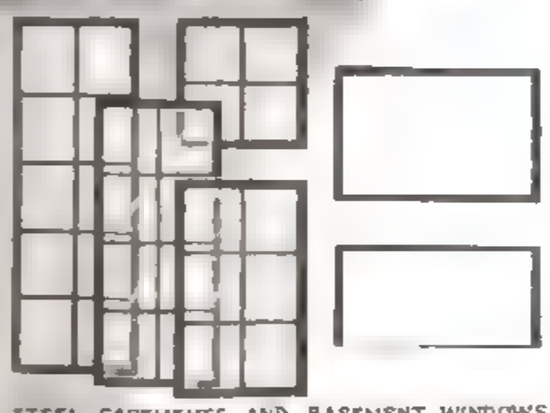
"Gate!" came the stentorian voice of the director. "Open that gate!"

Eustace, ever the actor, faced the passageway from which the lion was coming. He stood in an unconsciously dramatic attitude, tin sword extended, laurel wreath slightly askew, knees unaccountably trembling. *(Continued on Page 105)*

THE TRUSCON WAY

Every building need, large or small, is amply met by Truscon Products. Our fifty-acre modern plant, 58 branch offices, 18 well-stocked warehouses and innumerable dealers combine to give you a thoroughgoing service. The economies of large-scale production, efficient manufacturing and low-cost distribution are passed on to you in greater value.

Truscon Standard Buildings—all sizes and types—meet your individual requirements. Truscon Copper Steel Windows—daylighting and ventilation for every type of structure. Truscon Steel Joists—fireproof construction at the cost of wood. Truscon Metal Lath—prevents cracks in plaster and stops fire. Truscon Reinforced Concrete—a product and system for every structural need. Other Truscon Products include Foundry Flasks, Steel Platforms and Boxes, Steel Poles, Steel Inserts and Steel Stampings.



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STEEL STAMPINGS

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TRUSCON STEEL CO., YOUNGSTOWN, O.

Warehouses and offices from Pacific to Atlantic. Addresses in phone books. Canada: Walkerville, Ont., Foreign Div.: New York

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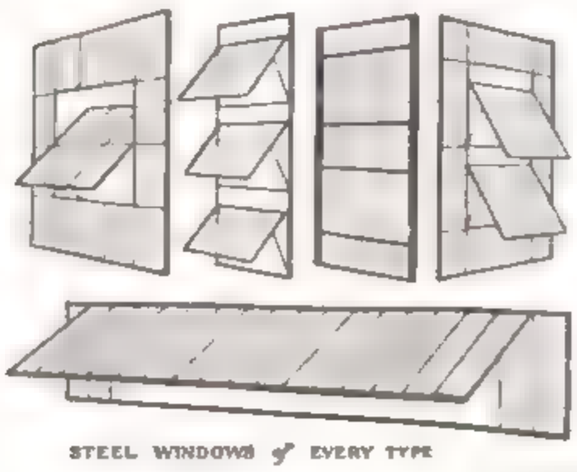

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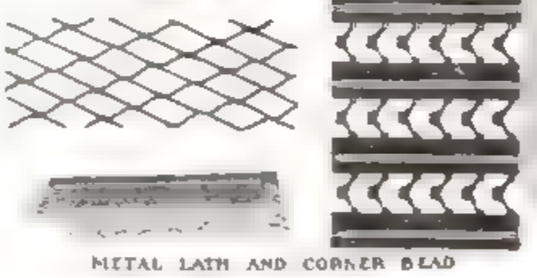

METAL LATH AND CORNER BEAD

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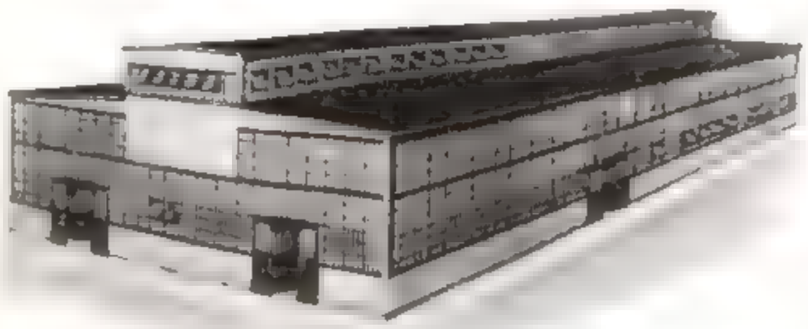
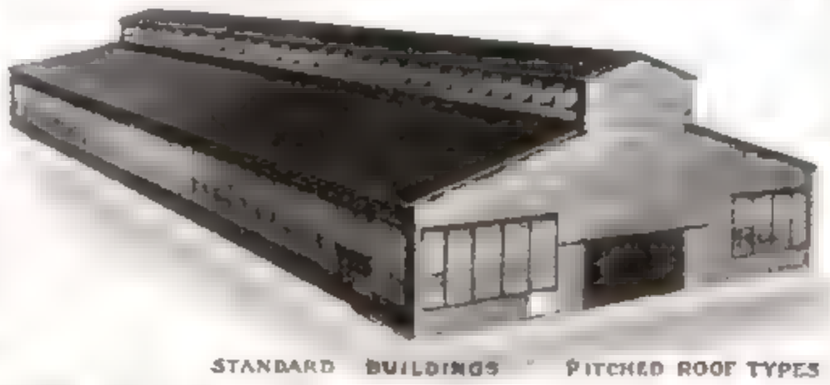


STANDARD BUILDINGS FLAT ROOF TYPES



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CONCRETE REINFORCING, STEEL WINDOWS AND DOORS, STANDARD BUILDINGS, TRUSSES, STEEL ROOF DECKS, STEEL JOISTS, POLES HY-RIB & METAL LATH, HIGHWAY PRODUCTS, PLATFORMS AND BOXES, FOUNDRY FLASKS, STEEL STAMPINGS

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TRUSCON STEEL CO., YOUNGSTOWN, O.

Send Free suggestion on building to be used for_____

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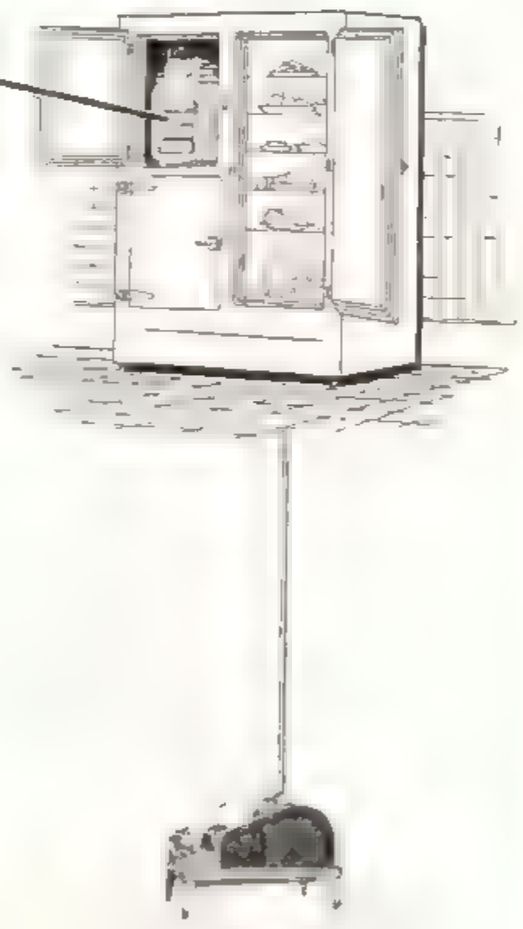
Make your Ice Box a Frigidaire



The Frigidaire cooling coil is placed in your present ice box. The simple and dependable Frigidaire mechanism is placed in the basement, or wherever desired. The installation is easy and convenient—it requires only a short time.

For new homes, or for homes where the present ice box has outlived its usefulness, there are complete Frigidaire models in which the mechanism is built into a refrigerating cabinet of the finest possible construction. Any Frigidaire model can be fitted directly into the kitchen or pantry plans for a new house.

GENUINE Frigidaire electric refrigeration, with all it means in health and luxurious convenience, is now available for a relatively small investment.

The complete cooling unit can be quickly installed in the ice compartment and your refrigerator instantly becomes a Frigidaire, maintaining a dry, germ-free, even cold—keeping food fresh and good—making ice for table use—freezing new and delicious desserts—ending the possible annoyance and uncertainty of an outside ice supply and proving a source of satisfaction appreciated only by Frigidaire owners.

The local Frigidaire distributor or dealer will tell you which of several models will best suit your needs—or write today for catalog and complete information.

DELCO-LIGHT COMPANY, *Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Dept. B-1, DAYTON, OHIO*
Makers of Delco-Light Farm Electric Plants, Electric Pumps, Electric Washing Machines and Frigidaire Electric Refrigeration.

Frigidaire
ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION

(Continued from Page 102)

"Gosh!" he whispered. "I hope Mr. Androcles wasn't a liar!"

At an order barked by the director, Professor Aleck Champagne's Jazzphony Orchestra blared saxophoniously forth from the stands. The crowd rose and cheered, a few of them shedding their togas to disclose the latest Eighteenth Street styles. And then, slowly, the gate swung back. There was a gasp as the lion appeared! He wasn't so very much of a lion, but he looked imposing as he stood at the arena entrance wondering what it was all about. The cage bars were gone, the syncopation of the orchestra beat upon his eardrums with a circusy sound. Lacking anything else to do, he advanced into the arena.

Eustace did not move. He ignored Clump's command that he launch an attack. But neither did he retreat. President Latimer edged alongside the bewildered director.

"Dawg-gone my hide," he whispered, "us is gwine lose out!"

"What you mean—lose out?"

"Eustace ain't scared of that lion a-tall."

"Who says so?"

"He ain't runnin', is he?"

"Prob'ly he's too scared."

"Shuh, Cæsar, does you reckon he ever would of went this far if he had been scared? Ain't you sawn him struttin' his stuff all over the lot this mawnin' like lions was the fondest animals he was of? Seems like to me he must of discovered that this is a tame lion which ain't never hurt nobody an' woul'n't know how to if he wanted. Tha's where we made a mistake, bein' so dawg-gone careful he woul'n't git kilt. Us has just simply pulled a bone and is out a heap of money."

J. Cæsar sniffed, but he was worried. Certainly Eustace showed no signs of terror, and terror was the emotion for which the director had prayed. For one thing, the scenario had been written that way. And for another thing, he knew that if Eustace overcame the wild beast, the dissension which had previously existed on the Midnight lot would be as nothing to what would follow.

"C'mon, Eustace! Fight 'im!"

But that Eustace refused to do. He stood his ground and eyed the beast. The lion could make nothing of it. He walked forward a few mincing steps and tried to see out of his age-bleared eyes. To Eustace it appeared as though the animal was looking directly at him. He quivered with apprehension. This, then, was the ultimate test. If the Androclean theory was correct ——

He did not know that the lion could not see that far. All that he did know was that after gazing in his direction for a few moments, the lion settled down comfortably and prepared to go to sleep!

And then Eustace knew that victory was his. Back surged truant courage. Mister Androcles had, indeed, chronicled truly. Eustace felt that he and the lion were buddies. He turned and posed for the camera, waving his little sword majestically. Then he walked quite confidently toward the lion.

The lion blinked. There was something familiar about the approaching human; something which even the tin clothes could not entirely disguise. Eustace came closer; the lion did not move. The once-injured paw was slightly extended.

Eustace was in the grip of exaltation. He was at peace with the world in general, and in particular with this lion. He was grateful to the paw which had enabled him to do the beast a favor. He dropped to one knee beside the animal and rested his hand affectionately on that paw.

And then the lion remembered! The great body quivered, the jaws opened slowly, the muscles gathered for a spring. A roar shook the arena!

Mr. Eustace Gribble, of Chicago, took the hint. It required no unusual powers of perception to understand that the lion was exceedingly peeved and that his anger was directed against Eustace individually.

Fortunately, Eustace's sword tripped him as he leaped away and the strangely active lion passed over the sprawling body. Mr. Gribble uttered a shriek of terror, scrambled to his feet and started traveling, the lion in earnest if rheumatic pursuit.

Now the spectators were on their feet, shrieking hysterically. Two women fainted. Orifice Latimer was held spellbound and the director was leaping up and down in a delirium of excitement and joy.

The cameraman cranked earnestly, swinging his machine this way and that to catch the mad, ecstatic chase around the tiny arena. Eustace's mail-clad legs were working like pistons, his feet kicking up puffs of sawdust as he smashed record after record.

The lion kept coming. His jaws were wide and dripping. His roars were of terrific volume. Eustace wanted to scream, but breath was too scarce just at that particular moment. His brain was in a turmoil; nothing that he owned was operating save his legs, his lungs and the instinct of self-preservation.

Around and around they whirled. And then, with a wild shriek, Eustace did the impossible. With a single leap he negotiated the arena wall. The lion tried valiantly, and missed. But Eustace did not know that the animal had failed. Up the aisle he fled, his face white with fear. Over his shoulder he flung a parting word:

"Call him off, Cæsar! Call him off! I resigns from your old company!"

He disappeared in a cloud of dust. The keeper sauntered into the arena and led the exhausted and docile lion away. J. Cæsar Clump turned to his chief.

"Well," he remarked, "I guess Mistuh Gribble is just about passin' Nashville by now."

The crowd dispersed, jabbering excitedly. It had been a red-letter day. J. Cæsar Clump was enthusing vociferously over the comedy possibilities of the scene just filmed—"Best li'l' ol' scene we ever has shot."

Someone joined the director and president. It was a little man, immaculately clad. J. Cæsar Clump slapped him enthusiastically on the back.

"Florian Slappey," he applauded, "you shuah has done what you promised!"

"Ain't it the truth?" grinned Florian. "But fo' a minute or two I thought maybe something had went wrong."

President Latimer dropped an affectionate hand on Florian's shoulder.

"Splain to us how you done it, Brother Slappey. Fust off, how you got Eustace to try it, an' secon', what happened to that lion all of a sudden."

Florian explained graphically about Androcles and the lion, and then about Eustace's visit to the lion's cage for the purpose of extracting the thorn which the keeper had inserted. They listened raptly.

"But," questioned Orifice R. Latimer, when Florian had finished, "wasn't you takin' a terrible chance?"

"How come?"

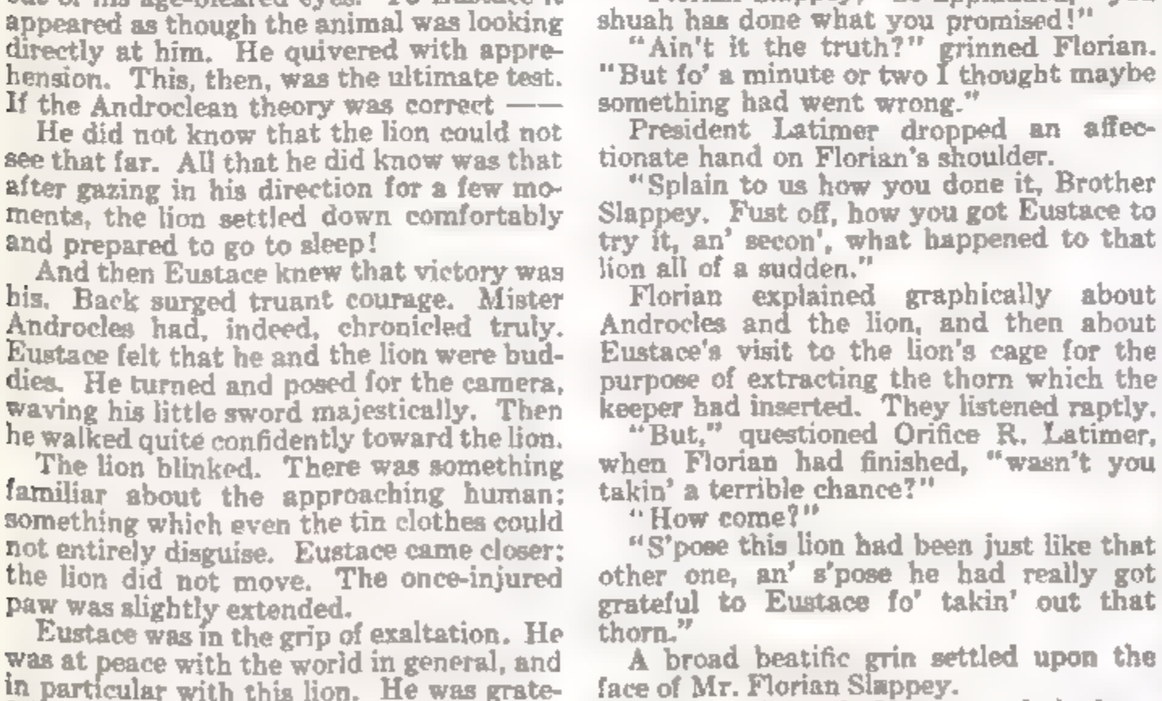
"S'pose this lion had been just like that other one, an' s'pose he had really got grateful to Eustace fo' takin' out that thorn."

A broad beatific grin settled upon the face of Mr. Florian Slappey.

"Not a chance! You see, that thorn which the keeper put in the lion's foot an' which Eustace yanked out wasn't no thorn at all."

"Not a thorn?" Latimer was dazed. "What was it?"

"That," explained Mr. Florian Slappey triumphantly, "was a fishhook!"



This book is the key to real business success

Successful experiences of eighty (80) [illegible] told in this book.

Sending for these books does not obligate you in any way.

Two Books FREE

The Multigraph is the back-bone of direct-mail advertising. Tens of thousands are in use. It reproduces form letters in a personal way, and prints artistically and economically. It is simple to operate, a pleasure to use and can be purchased on easy payments.

Is Your Business Listed Here?

Agencies, Associations, Banks, Brokers, Builders, Churches, Clubs, General Stores, Government Depts., Hotels, Insurance, Investment Houses, Jobbers, Libraries, Lumber, Lodges, Mail Order, Manufacturers, Municipal Depts., Public Service Corps., Publishers, Retailers, Schools, etc., Specialty Concerns, Wholesalers

Then a Multigraph Will Save You Money

Walter Sharp, "From factory to you" business man of Los Angeles, suddenly ran out of a special system-form. *With his Multigraph* he printed 1,000 of them in one hour. *That's service!*

Temple, Oklahoma, is but a speck on the map, but the B. & O. Cash Store in that town of 905 people does a million-dollar business in a year. *Their advertising is printed on the Multigraph.* Business comes from all over the country, mail-orders amounting to nearly $100,000 annually.

You'll Find the Multigraph Will Save You Money.

Don't turn to the next page without clipping the coupon below and mailing it. *It will save you money.*

Remember that *success strikes you where you live. More profits* mean something. *Go get them.*

One tells how to *save* money and *earn* money — how to print at savings of from 25% to 75% — how to make your sales and advertising work more effective—how to put variety into your sales promotion work—BY USING THE MULTIGRAPH.

It is a book in keeping with this remarkable machine. Full of pictures of the equipment, instructions explaining how to use it, type faces, borders, ready-to-print cuts available to Multigraph users—everything you want to know before selecting the exact equipment for your needs.

The other book, now in its second edition, *tells how others have increased sales and profits and have saved money on printing.* Satisfied users wrote it, eighty of them contributing photographs, samples of their work, and explaining in detail what the Multigraph has accomplished for them. It has been well called "the greatest collection of *definite facts* on direct-mail advertising ever printed."

How It Saves

If you really want success, begin practicing economy in your printing.

H. J. Borgmann Co., Stamford, Conn., saved $800 on printing in four months.

The Frank E. Davis Fish Company, Gloucester, Mass., reports Savings for the year of $17,600.46."

Howard Automobile Company, Los Angeles, Cal., saved $344.00 in "*A typical month*".

The Engineers Club, Philadelphia, reduced their printing bills fully $800.00 a year *by using the Multigraph.*

"*Just when we [illegible]*" is of more importance to Lord and Taylor, New York City, than the mere saving of 33⅓% on the printing of letters, bulletins, forms, etc. The Multigraph saves them *time* and *plenty of money.*

Harding Bros., Emporia, Va., say, "We hardly see how we could do without it (the Multigraph) *and stay in business.*"

The Syracuse Washing Machine Company (the *Easy Washer*) paid for their complete Multigraph investment *the very first year* through savings on imprinting alone.

How It Sells

And as for selling! Walter Sharp Mfg. Co., Los Angeles, B. & O. Cash Store at Tempe, Okla., Marquette Variety Store, Chicago, Ill., The [illegible] Co., Napoleon, O., The France Mfg. Co., Cleveland, O., Shearer Motor Co., Sunnyside, Wash., are a few examples—*all tell remarkable stories of sales achievements with the help of the Multigraph.*

And for *variety* of uses, read these! The Industrial Bureau of the Board of Trade of Baltimore estimates that the Multigraph was of real aid in attracting $42,000,000 worth of plant and equipment to that city.

One mailing of a Multigraphed letter developed a $5,000 policy, a $10,000 policy and three income policies for the Little Rock agency of the Aetna Life Insurance Company.

A mere Multigraphed postal card mailed to 191 farmers sold a carload of salt for the Maxwell Company, Epworth, Ia. Cost-per-ton selling, 22 cents.

In the East, West, North, and South, in businesses large and small, *the Multigraph is paying for itself over and over again.* Use the coupon for vital information.

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES COMPANY
1800 E. 40th St.
CLEVELAND, OHIO

THE MULTIGRAPH

If You Want to Save Money on Printing and Increase SALES and PROFITS

Get this coupon into the mails, and consider that you've done yourself a good turn. Send no money, but *do* check the coupon carefully. Any concern spending $100 or more a year should have a Multigraph. These books will bring you the facts that prove it.

USE THIS COUPON TODAY

Check Uses You Are Interested In and Mail Coupon Today

My Business Is _____

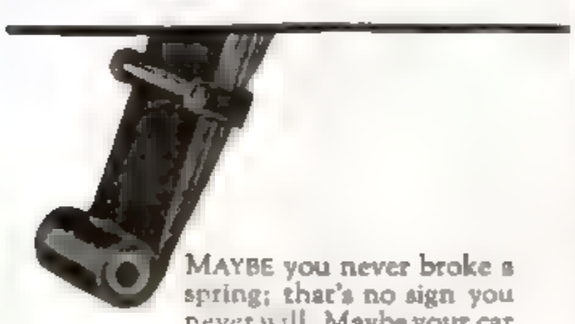
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Printing
- ☐ Billheads, Statements
- ☐ Booklets and Folders
- ☐ Direct Mail Advertising
- ☐ House Organs
- ☐ Imprinting
- ☐ Office-Forms
- ☐ Receipts, Checks, etc.
- ☐ Shop-Forms
- ☐ Stationery
- ☐ Store-Papers

Typewriting
- ☐ Bulletins
- ☐ Form Letters
- ☐ Envelope-Stuffers
- ☐ Inside System-Forms
- ☐ Notices
- ☐ Price Lists
- ☐ Reports

Think about
your springs
for a minute or two



MAYBE you never broke a spring; that's no sign you never will. Maybe your car rides very easily; it might ride easier.

Harvey Springs are a result of engineering design; not just leaves put together in the shape of a spring. The number and shape of the leaves; their length and thickness; the way they're assembled; the steel and its treatment; all these make a difference.

The difference is in longer life to the springs; and easier riding.

We make springs for the job they have to do; special steel made for us, specially forged and treated by us. Designed scientifically for easy riding and long service. Guaranteed to fit.

When you need springs, ask for Harvey Springs. There's a service station that can supply them.

HARVEY SPRING
& FORGING COMPANY
Dept. C, Racine, Wis.

We have a new spring oiling device, and oil to go with it. Better use them on your car. A well oiled spring is better and lasts longer. Send for the booklet, "Springs and their care."

Harvey
RACINE

THE HOUSE WITHOUT A KEY

Continued from Page 21)

He threw the paper down. The Reverend Mr. Upton entered the smoking room.

"I left my newspaper here," he explained. "Ah, did you care to look at it?"

"Thank you, I have," John Quincy told him.

The old man picked it up in a great bony hand.

"I always buy a Transcript when I get the chance," he said. "It carries me back. You know, I was born in Salem, over seventy years ago." John Quincy stared at him.

"You've been a long time out here?" he asked.

"More than fifty years in the foreign field," answered the old man. "I was one of the first to go to the South Seas; one of the first to carry the torch down there—and a dim torch it was, I'm afraid. Afterward I was transferred to China."

John Quincy regarded him with a new interest.

"By the way, sir," the missionary continued, "I once met another gentleman named Winterslip—Mr. Daniel Winterslip."

"Really?" said John Quincy. "He's a cousin of mine. I'm to visit him in Honolulu."

"Yes? I heard he had returned to Hawaii and prospered. I met him just once—in the 80's, it was, on a lonely island in the Gilbert group. It was rather a turning point in his life, and I have never forgotten." John Quincy waited to hear more, but the old missionary moved away. "I'll go and enjoy my Transcript," he smiled. "The church news is very competently handled."

John Quincy rose and went aimlessly outside. A dreary scene, the swish of turbulent waters, dim figures aimless as himself, an occasional ship's officer hurrying by. His stateroom opened directly on the deck, and he sank into a steamer chair just outside the door.

In the distance he saw his room steward, weaving his way in and out of the cabins under his care. The man was busy with his last duties for the night, refilling water carafes, laying out towels, putting things generally to rights.

"'Evening, sir," he said as he entered John Quincy's room. Presently he came and stood in the door, the cabin light at his back. He was a small man with gold-rimmed eyeglasses and a fierce gray pompadour. "Everything O. K., Mr. Winterslip?" he inquired.

"Yes, Bowker," smiled John Quincy, "everything's fine."

"That's good," said Bowker. He switched off the cabin light and stepped out onto the deck. "I aim to take particular care of you, sir. Saw your home town on the sailing list. I'm an old Boston man myself."

"Is that so?" said John Quincy cordially. Evidently the Pacific was a Boston suburb.

"Not born there, I don't mean," the man went on. "But a newspaper man there for ten years. It was just after I left the university."

John Quincy stared through the dark.

"Harvard?" he asked.

"Dublin," said the steward. "Yes, sir." He laughed an embarrassed little laugh. "You might not think it now, but the University of Dublin, class of 1901. And after that, for ten years, working in Boston on the Gazette—reporting, copy desk, managing editor for a time. Maybe I bumped into you there—at the Adams House bar, say, on a night before a football game."

"Quite possible," admitted John Quincy. "One bumped into so many people on such occasions."

"Don't I know it?" Mr. Bowker leaned on the rail, in reminiscent mood. "Great times, sir. Those were the good old days when a newspaper man who wasn't tanked up was a reproach to a grand profession. The Gazette was edited mostly from a place called the Arch Inn. We'd bring our copy to the city editor there—he had a regular table—a bit sloppy on top, but his desk. If we had a good story, maybe he'd stand us a cocktail."

John Quincy laughed.

"Happy days," continued the Dublin graduate with a sigh. "I knew every bartender in Boston well enough to borrow money. Were you ever in that place in the alley back of the Tremont Theater?"

"Tim's place," suggested John Quincy, recalling an incident of college days.

"Yeah, bo. Now you're talking. I wonder what became of Tim. Say, and there was that place on Boylston—but they're all gone now, of course. An old pal I met in Frisco was telling me it would break your heart to see the cobwebs on the mirrors back in Beantown. Gone to the devil, just like my profession. The newspapers go on consolidating, doubling up, combining the best features of both, and an army of good men go on the town. Good men and true, moaning about the vanished days and maybe landing in jobs like this one of mine." He was silent for a moment. "Well, sir, anything I can do for you—as a mutual friend of Tim's ——"

"As a friend of Tim's," smiled John Quincy, "I'll not hesitate to mention it."

Sadly Bowker went on down the deck. John Quincy sat lonely again. A couple passed, walking close, talking in low tones. He recognized Jennison and his cousin.

"Between us we ought to be able to keep this young woman entertained," Jennison had said.

Well, John Quincy reflected, his portion of the entertainment promised to be small.

v

THE days that followed proved that he was right. He seldom had a moment alone with Barbara. When he did, Jennison seemed always to be hovering near by, and he did not long delay making the group a threesome. At first John Quincy resented this, but gradually he began to feel that it didn't matter.

Nothing appeared to matter any more. A great calm had settled over the waters and over John Quincy's soul. The Pacific was one vast sheet of glass, growing a deeper blue with every passing hour. They seemed to be floating in space in a world where nothing ever happened, nothing could happen. Quiet, restful days gave way to long brilliant nights. A little walk, a little talk, and that was life.

Sometimes John Quincy chatted with Mrs. Maynard on the deck. She who had known the islands so many years had fascinating tales to tell, tales of the monarchy and the missionaries. The boy liked her immensely; she was a New Englander at heart despite her glamorous lifetime in Hawaii.

Bowker, too, he found excellent company. The steward was that rarity even among college graduates—an educated man; there was no topic upon which he could not discourse at length and brilliantly. In John Quincy's steamer trunk were a number of huge imposing volumes—books he had been meaning to tackle long ago. But it was Bowker who read them, not John Quincy.

As the days slipped by, the blue of the water deepened to ultramarine, the air grew heavier and warmer. Underfoot throbbed the engines that were doing their best for Barbara and an early landing. The captain was optimistic; he predicted they would make port late Monday afternoon. But Sunday night a fierce sudden storm swept down upon them and lashed the ship with a wet fury until dawn. When the captain appeared at luncheon Monday noon, worn by a night on the bridge, he shook his head.

"We've lost our bet, Miss Barbara," he said. "I can't possibly arrive off Honolulu before midnight." Barbara frowned.

"But ships sail at any hour," she reminded him. "I don't see why—if we sent radios ahead ——"

"No use," he told her. "The quarantine people keep early hours. No, I'll have to lay by near the channel entrance until official sunrise—about six. We'll get in ahead of the Matsonia in the morning. That's the best I can offer you."

"You're a dear, anyhow," Barbara smiled. "That old storm wasn't your fault. We'll drown our sorrow tonight with one last glorious dance—a costume party." She turned to Jennison. "I've got the loveliest fancy dress—Marie Antoinette—I wore it at college. What do you say, Harry?"

"Fine!" Jennison answered. "We can all dig up some sort of costume. Let's go!"

Barbara hurried off to spread the news. After dinner that evening she appeared, a blond vision straight from the French court, avid for dancing. Jennison had rigged up a impromptu pirate dress and was a striking figure. Most of the other passengers had donned weird outfits; on the Pacific boats a fancy-dress party is warmly welcomed and amusingly carried out.

John Quincy took small part in the gayety, for he still suffered from New England inhibitions. At a little past eleven he drifted into the main saloon and found Mrs. Maynard seated there alone.

"Hello," she said. "Come to keep me company? I've sworn not to go to bed until I see the light on Diamond Head."

"I'm with you," John Quincy smiled.

"But you ought to be dancing, boy. And you're not in costume."

"No," admitted John Quincy. He paused seeking an explanation. "A—a fellow can't make a fool of himself in front of a lot of strangers."

"I understand," nodded the old lady. "It's a fine delicacy, too; but rather rare, particularly out this way."

Barbara entered, flushed and vibrant.

"Harry's gone to get me a drink," she panted. She sat down beside Mrs. Maynard. "I've been looking for you, my dear. You know, you haven't read my palm since I was a child. She's simply wonderful"—this to John Quincy—"can tell you the most amazing things."

Mrs. Maynard vehemently shook her head.

"I don't read 'em any more," she said. "Gave it up. As I've grown older I've come to understand how foolish it is to peer into the future. Today—that's enough for me. That's all I care to think about."

"Oh, please," the girl pouted.

The old woman took Barbara's slim hand in hers and studied the palm for a moment. John Quincy thought he saw a shadow cross her face. Again she shook her head.

"*Carpe diem*," she said. "Which my nephew once translated as grab the day. Dance and be happy tonight, and let's not try to look behind the curtain. It doesn't pay, my dear. Take an old woman's word for that."

Harry Jennison appeared in the door.

"Oh, here you are," he said. "I've got your drink waiting in the smoking room."

"I'm coming," the girl said, and went. The old woman stared after her.

"Poor Barbara," she murmured. "Her mother's life was none too happy either."

"You saw something in her hand?" John Quincy suggested.

"No matter," the old lady snapped. "There's trouble waiting for us all if we look far enough ahead. Now let's go on deck. It's getting on toward midnight."

She led him out to the starboard rail. A solitary light, like a star, gleamed in the distance. Land—land at last.

"Diamond Head?" John Quincy asked.

"No," she said. "That's the beacon on Makapuu Point. We shall have to round Koko Head before we sight Honolulu." She stood for a moment by the rail, one frail hand resting upon it. "But that's Oahu," she said gently. "That's home. A sweet land, boy; too sweet, I often think. I hope you'll like it."

"I'm sure I shall," replied John Quincy gallantly.

"Let's sit down here." They found deck chairs. "Yes, a dear land," she went on. "But we're all sorts, in Hawaii, just as it is the whole world over—honest folks and rascals. From the four corners of the globe men come to us, often because they were no longer welcome at home. We offer them a paradise, and some repay us by becoming good citizens, while others rot away. I often think it will take a lot of stamina to make good in heaven, and Hawaii is the same."

The tall, emaciated figure of the Reverend Mr. Upton appeared before them. He bowed.

"Good evening, madam. You're nearly home."

"Yes," she said. "Glad of it too."

He turned to John Quincy.

"You'll be seeing Dan Winterslip in the morning, young man."

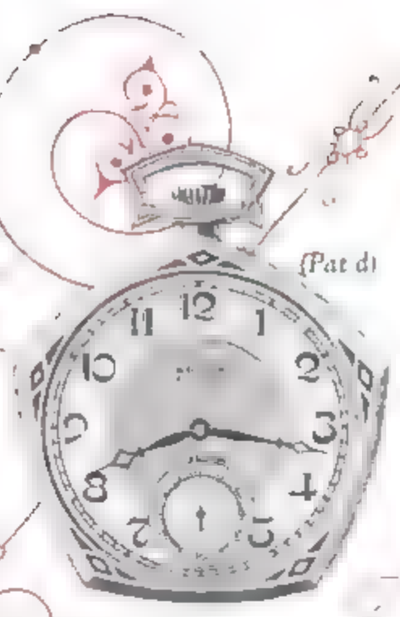
"I expect I shall," John Quincy replied.

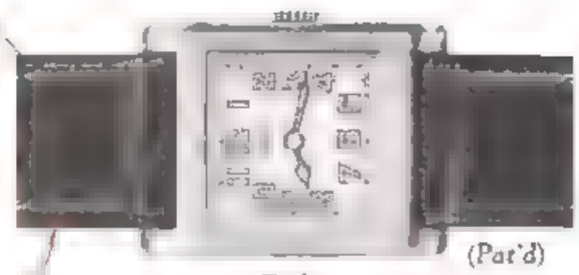
"Just ask him if he recalls that day on Apiang Island in the 80's—the Reverend Frank Upton."

"Of course," replied John Quincy. "But you haven't told me much about it, you know."

"No, I haven't." The missionary dropped into a chair. "I don't like to reveal any secrets about a man's past," he said.

(Continued on Page 109)





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There are just two ways to make a watch thin.

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ULTRA-VERITHIN WAY
PATENTED

Your windows are the lamps which light your rooms by day

By Helen Richmond

You know how carefully you study the lighting effects in your rooms at night. The colors of your lamp-shades must be just right—not too vivid, or the light will be too bright; not too dark, or the light will be cold and harsh.

Think of your windows as the lamps which light your rooms by day! And apply the same lighting principles. Beautifully tinted window shades have been designed that will do for daylight just what lamp-shades do for lamp-light. They're made in *Columbia* tone-colors.

With these colored shades you can catch the light at its very source and modulate it to just the quality your rooms need. Suppose your home is bathed in crude sunlight all day long. Window shades in cool tones will take away all the glare—leave just a mellow diffused radiance. And in the home closely surrounded by towering trees, window shades in clear, bright hues will transform the light—fill it with warmth and vitality!

You'll find that windows shaded in this way become real decorative units. And they're not only beautiful in themselves, but they shed beauty on rooms illuminated by them. Exquisite rugs and hangings grow even more lovely in this soft glow. There's a pervasive atmosphere of restful comfort to which your guests instantly respond.

For all their beauty, the various qualities in which these new *Columbia* shades are made bring them well within the means of any purse.

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Years of steady, easy-running, non-slip service! That's what you get when you mount your shades on Columbia Rollers. You're never annoyed with rollers giving out here and there around the house and having to be replaced. Once your shade is on a Columbia Roller, your troubles are over!

Read "Beautiful Windows" by Elsie Sloan Farley, the interior decorator, and you'll find it simplicity itself to tone the daylight in your rooms. This attractive little book is profusely illustrated and full of thoroughly practical interior decorating ideas. Suggestions suited to every taste and purse. Send 10 cents for a copy to *Columbia* Mills, Inc., 225 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Some colors great decorators advise

Circassian Brown
Persian Gold
Etruscan Ivory
Chamois
Stained Honey
Plaza Gray

(Color names Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

As with any other artistic medium, the new *Columbia* tone-color window shades should be used discriminatingly to get the best effect. You should study the tone of your walls and furnishings—and especially the kind of light your rooms receive. In rooms where the light is crude and glaring, shades in such colors as Circassian Brown, Etruscan Ivory and Plaza Gray are suggested. There's no less light with these colors but the radiance is modulated, losing its excessive brightness.

The home protected by trees from direct rays of sunshine presents a different problem, for here during the greater part of the day you have a cold, thin light. Window shades in the warmer colors—Chamois, Stained Honey, Persian Gold—will help you make the most of the faint illumination. The light, filtering through, takes on vividness from the soft, bright tints. Your cool and often gloomy rooms actually become cheerful and cosy.

Columbia GUARANTEED WINDOW SHADES *and* ROLLERS

(Continued from Page 106)

"However, I understand that the story of Dan Winterslip's early life has always been known in Honolulu." He glanced toward Mrs. Maynard.

"Dan was no saint," she remarked. "We all know that."

He crossed his thin legs.

"As a matter of fact, I'm very proud of my meeting with Dan Winterslip," he went on. "I feel that in my humble way I persuaded him to change his course—for the better."

"Humph!" said the old lady. She was dubious evidently.

John Quincy was not altogether pleased at the turn the conversation had taken. He did not care to have the name of a Winterslip thus bandied about. But to his annoyance, the Reverend Mr. Upton was continuing.

"It was in the 80's, as I told you," said the missionary. "I had a lonely station on Apiang, in the Gilbert group. One morning a brig anchored just beyond the reef and a boat came ashore. Of course I joined the procession of natives down to the beach to meet it. I saw few enough men of my own race

"There was a ruffianly crew aboard, in charge of a dapper, rather handsome young white man. And I saw, even before they beached her, midway in the boat, a long pine box.

"The white man introduced himself. He said he was First Officer Winterslip, of the brig Maid of Shiloh. And when he mentioned the name of the ship, of course I knew at once; knew her unsavory trade and history. He hurried on to say that their captain had died the day before and they had brought him ashore to bury him on land. It had been the man's last wish.

"Well"—the Reverend Mr. Upton stared at the distant shore line of Oahu—"I looked over at that rough pine box—four Malay sailors were carrying it ashore. 'So Tom Brade's in there,' I said. Young Winterslip nodded. 'He's in there, right enough,' he answered. And I knew I was looking on at the final scene in the career of a famous character of the South Seas, a callous brute who knew no law, a pirate and adventurer, the master of the notorious Maid of Shiloh—Tom Brade, the blackbirder."

"Blackbirder?" The missionary smiled. "Ah, yes, you come from Boston. A blackbirder, my boy, is a shipping master who furnishes contract labor to the plantations at so much a head. It's pretty well wiped out now, but in the 80's! A horrible business; the curse of God was on it. Sometimes the laborers came willingly—sometimes. But mostly they came at the point of a knife or the muzzle of a gun. A bloody, brutal business.

"Winterslip and his men went up the beach and began to dig a grave under a coconut palm. I followed. I offered to say a prayer. Winterslip laughed—not much use, he said. But there on that bright morning under the palm I consigned to God the soul of a man who had so much to answer for. Winterslip agreed to come to my house for lunch. He told me that, save for a recruiting agent who had remained aboard, he was now the only white man on the ship.

"During lunch I talked to him. He was so young; I discovered this was his first trip. 'It's no trade for you,' I told him. And after a time he agreed with me. He said he had two hundred blacks under the hatches that he must deliver to a plantation over in the Kingsmill group, and that after he'd done that he was through. 'I'll take the Maid back to Sydney, dominie,' he promised, 'and turn her over. Then I'm pau. I'm going home to Honolulu.'"

The Reverend Mr. Upton rose slowly.

"I learned later that he kept his word," he finished. "Yes, Dan Winterslip went home and the South Seas saw him no more I've always been a little proud of my part in that decision I've had few rewards. It's not everywhere that the missionaries have prospered in a worldly way, as they did in Hawaii" He glanced at Mrs. Maynard. "But I've had satisfactions, and one of them arose from that meeting on the shore at Apiang. It's long past my bed hour; I must say good night."

He moved away. John Quincy sat turning this horror over and over in his mind. A Winterslip in the blackbirding business! That was pretty!

"Sweet little dig for me," the old lady was muttering indignantly—"that about the missionaries in Hawaii And he needn't be so cocky. If Dan Winterslip dropped blackbirding, it was only because he'd found something more profitable, I fancy." She stood up suddenly. "At last," she said.

John Quincy rose and stood beside her. Far away a faint yellow eye was winking. For a moment the old lady did not speak.

"Well, that's that," she said finally, in a low voice. "I've seen Diamond Head again. Good night, my boy."

"Good night," John Quincy answered.

He stood alone by the rail. The pace of the President Tyler was slowing perceptibly. The moon came from behind a cloud, crept back again. A sort of unholy calm was settling over the hot, airless, deep-blue world. The boy felt a strange restlessness in his heart.

He ascended to the boat deck, seeking a breath of air. There, in a secluded spot, he came upon Barbara and Jennison and stopped, shocked. His cousin was in the man's arms, and their bizarre costumes added a weird touch to the scene. They did not see John Quincy, for in their world at that moment there were only two. Their lips were crushed together fiercely.

John Quincy fled. Good Lord! He had kissed a girl or two himself, but it had been nothing like that.

He went and stood by the rail outside his stateroom. Well, what of it? Barbara was nothing to him—a cousin, yes; but one who seemed to belong to an alien race. He had sensed that she was in love with Jennison; this was no surprise. Why did he feel that frustrated pang deep in his heart? He was engaged to Agatha Parker.

He gripped the rail and sought to see again Agatha's aristocratic face. But it was blurred, indistinct. All Boston was blurred in his memory. The blood of the roaming Winterslips, the blood that led on to blackbirding and hot breathless kisses in the tropic night—was it flowing in his veins too? Oh, Lord, he should have stayed at home, where he belonged!

Bowker, the steward, came along.

"Well, here we are," he said. "We'll anchor in twelve fathoms and wait for the pilot and doctor in the morning. I heard they'd been having kona weather out this way, but I imagine this is the tail end of it. There'll be a moon shortly, and by dawn the old trades will be on the job again, God bless them." John Quincy did not speak. "I've returned all your books, sir," the steward went on, "except that one by Adams on Revolutionary New England. It's a mighty interesting work. I intend to finish it tonight so I can give it to you before you go ashore."

"Oh, that's all right," John Quincy said. He pointed to dim harbor lights in the distance. "Honolulu's over there, I take it."

"Yeah, several miles away. A dead town, sir. They roll up the sidewalks at nine. And let me give you a tip—keep away from the *okolehau*."

"The what?" asked John Quincy.

"The *okolehau*—a drink they sell out here"

"What's it made of?"

"There," said Bowker, "you have the plot for a big mystery story. What is it made of? Judging by the smell, of nothing very lovely. A few gulps and you hit the ceiling of eternity. But, oh, boy, when you drop. Keep off it, sir. I'm speaking as one who knows."

"I'll keep off it," John Quincy promised.

Bowker disappeared. John Quincy remained by the rail, that restless feeling growing momentarily. The moon was hidden still; the ship crept along through the muggy darkness. He peered across the black waters toward the strange land that awaited him. Somewhere over there Dan Winterslip waited for him, too—Dan Winterslip, blood relative of the Boston Winterslips and ex-blackbirder. For the first time the boy wished he had struck first in that dark attic in San Francisco, wished he had got that strong box and cast it overboard in the night. Who could say what new scandal, what fresh blot on the honored name of Winterslip, might have been averted had he been quicker with his fists?

As John Quincy turned and entered his cabin he made a firm resolution. He would linger but briefly at this, his journey's end A few days to get his breath, perhaps, and then he would set out again for Boston; and Aunt Minerva would go with him whether she wanted to or not.

VI

HAD John Quincy been able to see his Aunt Minerva at that moment, he would not have been so sure that he could persuade her to fall in with his plans. He would, indeed, have been profoundly shocked at the picture presented by his supposedly staid and dignified relative.

For Miss Minerva was sitting on a grass mat in a fragrant garden in the Hawaiian quarter of Honolulu. Pale golden Chinese lanterns, inscribed with scarlet letters, hung above her head. Her neck was garlanded with ropes of buff ginger blossoms twined with *maile*. The sleepy, sensuous music of ukulele and steel guitar rose on the midnight air, and before her, in a cleared space under the date palms, Hawaiian boys and girls were performing a dance she would not be able to describe in great detail when she got back to Beacon Street.

Miss Minerva was, in her quiet way, very happy. One of the ambitions of her life had been realized, and she was present at a *luau*, or native Hawaiian feast. Few white people are privileged to attend this intimate ceremony; but Honolulu friends had been invited on this occasion and had asked her to go with them. At first she had thought she must refuse, for Dan was expecting Barbara and John Quincy on Monday afternoon. When on Monday evening he had informed her that the President Tyler would not land its passengers until the next day, she had hastened to the telephone and asked to reconsider her refusal. And she was glad she had. Before her, on another mat, lay the remnants of a dinner unique in her experience. Dan had called her a good sport, and she had this evening proved him to be correct. Without a qualm she had faced the queer food wrapped in brown bundles; she had tasted everything—poi served in individual calabashes, chicken stewed in coconut milk, squid and shrimps, limu, or seaweed, even raw fish. She would dream tonight!

Now the feasting had given way to the dance. The moonlight was tracing lacy patterns on the lawn, the plaintive wail of the music rose ever louder; the Hawaiian young people, bashful at first in the presence of strangers, were bashful no longer. Miss Minerva closed her eyes and leaned back against the trunk of a tall palm. Even in Hawaiian love songs there is a note of hopeless melancholy; it touched her emotions as no symphony ever could. A curtain was lifted and she was looking into the past; the primitive, barbaric past of these islands in the days before the white men came.

A long heartbreaking crescendo and the music stopped, the swaying bodies of the dancers were momentarily still. It seemed to Miss Minerva's friends an opportune moment to depart. They entered the house and in the stuffy little parlor took leave of their brown, smiling host and hostess. The baby whose arrival in the world was the inspiration for the *luau* awoke for a second and smiled at them too. Outside in the narrow street their car was waiting.

Through silent, deserted Honolulu they motored toward Waikiki. As they passed the Judiciary Building on King Street the clock in the tower struck the hour of one. She had not been out so late, Miss Minerva reflected, since that night when a visiting company sang Parsifal at the Boston Opera House.

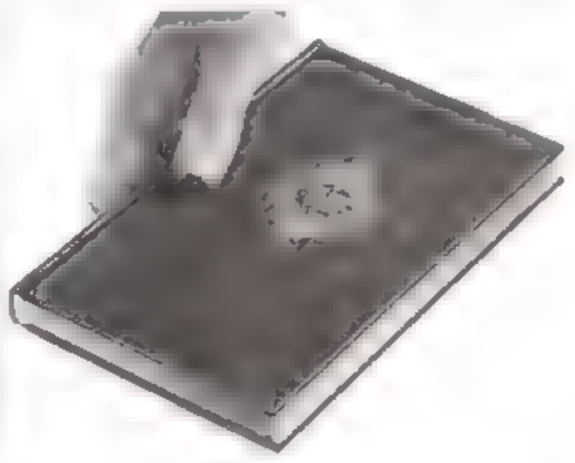
The iron gates that guarded the drive at Dan's house were closed. Leaving the car at the curb, Miss Minerva bade her friends good night and started up the walk toward the front door. The evening had thrilled her, and she moved with the long, confident stride of youth. Dan's scarlet garden was shrouded in darkness, for the moon, which had been playing an in-and-out game with the fast-moving clouds all evening, was again obscured. Exotic odors assailed her nostrils; she heard all about her the soft, intriguing noises of the tropic night. She really should get to bed, she knew; but with a happy truant feeling she turned from the front walk and went to the side of the house for a last look at the breakers.

She stood there under a poinciana tree near the door leading into Dan's living room. For nearly two weeks the kona wind had prevailed, but now on her cheek she thought she felt the first kindly breath of the trades. Very wide awake, she stared out at the dim foaming lines of surf between the shore and the coral reef. Her mind strayed back to the Honolulu she had known in Kalakaua's day, to that era when the islands were so naïve, so colorful—unspoiled. Ruined now, Dan had said; ruined by a mechanical civilization ——

"But away down underneath, Minerva, there are deep dark waters flowing still."

The moon came out, touching with silver the waters at the crossroads, then was lost

Thousands say of this book. *"This is just what I have always wanted"*



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again under fleecy clouds. With a little sigh that was perhaps for her lost youth and the 80's, Miss Minerva pushed open the unlocked door leading into the great living room and closed it gently so as not to waken Dan.

An intense darkness ingulfed her. But she knew her way across the polished floor and set out confidently, walking on tiptoe. She had gone halfway to the hall door when she stopped, her heart in her mouth, for not five feet away she saw the illuminated dial of a watch, and as she stared at it with frightened eyes, it moved.

Not for nothing had Miss Minerva studied restraint through more than fifty years. Many women would have screamed and fainted; Miss Minerva's heart pounded madly, but that was all. Standing very still, she studied that phosphorescent dial. Its movement had been slight; it was now at rest again. A watch worn on someone's wrist; someone who had been on the point of action, but had now assumed an attitude of cautious waiting.

Well, Miss Minerva grimly asked herself, what was she going to do about it? Should she cry out a sharp "Who's there?" She was a brave woman, but the foolhardiness of such a course was apparent. She had a vision of that dial flashing nearer, a blow, perhaps strong hands at her throat.

She took a tentative step, and then another. Now, surely, the dial would stir again. But it remained immovable, steady, as though the arm that wore it were rigid at the intruder's side.

Suddenly Miss Minerva realized the situation. The wearer of the watch had forgotten the telltale numerals on his wrist; he thought himself hidden in the dark. He was waiting for her to go on through the room. If she made no sound, gave no sign of alarm, she might be safe. Once beyond that bamboo curtain leading into the hall, she could rouse the household.

She was a woman of great will power, but it took all she had to move serenely on her way. She shut her lips tightly and accomplished it, veering a bit from that circle of light that menaced her, looking back at it over her shoulder as she went. After what seemed an eternity the bamboo curtain received her, she was through it, she was on the stairs. But it seemed to her that never again would she be able to look at a watch or a clock and find that the hour was anything save twenty minutes past one!

When she was halfway up the stairs she recalled that it had been her intention to snap on the lights in the lower hall. She did not turn back, nor did she search for the switch at the head of the stairs. Instead, she went hastily on into her room, and just as though she had been an ordinary woman, she closed her door and dropped down, trembling a little, on a chair.

But she was no ordinary woman, and in two seconds she was up and had reopened her door. Her sudden terror was evaporating; she felt her heart beat in a strong, regular rhythm again. Action was what was required of her now—calm, confident action; she was a Winterslip and she was ready.

The servants' quarters were in a wing over the kitchen. She went there at once and knocked on the first door she came to. She knocked once, then again, and finally the head of a very sleepy Jap appeared.

"Haku," said Miss Minerva, "there is someone in the living room. You must go down and investigate at once."

He stared at her, seeming unable to comprehend.

"We must go down," amended Miss Minerva. "Wikiwiki!"

He disappeared, and Miss Minerva waited impatiently. Where was her nerve, she wondered—why hadn't she seen this thing through alone? At home, no doubt, she could have managed it; but here there was something strange and terrifying in the very air. The moonlight poured in through a small window beside her, forming a bright square at her feet. Haku reappeared, wearing a gaudy kimono that he often sported on the beach.

Another door opened suddenly, and Miss Minerva started. Bah! What ailed her, anyhow, she wondered. It was only Kamaikui, standing there a massive figure in the dim doorway, a bronze statue clad in a *holoku*.

"Someone in the living room," Miss Minerva explained again. "I saw him as I came through."

Kamaikui made no reply, but joined the odd little procession. In the upper hall Haku switched on the lights, both upstairs and down. At the head of the stairs there was a brief pause, then Miss Minerva took her rightful place at the head of the line. She descended with a firm step, courageous and competent, Boston at its best. After her followed a stolid little Jap in a kimono gay with passionate poppies and a Polynesian woman who wore the fearful Mother Hubbard of the missionaries as though it were a robe of state.

In the lower hall Miss Minerva did not hesitate. She pushed on through the bamboo curtain and her hand—it trembled ever so slightly—found the electric switch and flooded the living room with light. She heard the crackle of bamboo behind her as her strange companions followed where she led. She stood looking curiously about her.

There was no one in sight, no sign of any disturbance, and it suddenly occurred to Miss Minerva that perhaps she was behaving in a rather silly fashion. After all, she had neither seen nor heard a living thing. The illuminated dial of a watch that moved a little—might it not have been a figment of her imagination? She had experienced a stirring evening. Then, too, she remembered, there had been that small glass of *okolehau*. A potent concoction!

Kamaikui and Haku were looking at her with the inquiring eyes of little children. Had she roused them for a fool's errand? Her cheeks flushed slightly. Certainly in this big brilliant room, furnished with magnificent native woods and green with many potted ferns, everything seemed proper and in order.

"I—I may have been mistaken," she said in a low voice. "I was quite sure—but there's no sign of anything wrong. Mr. Winterslip has not been resting well of late. If he should be asleep we won't waken him."

She went to the door leading onto the lanai and pushed aside the curtain. Bright moonlight outside revealed most of the veranda's furnishings, and here, too, all seemed well.

"Dan!" Miss Minerva called softly. "Dan, are you awake?"

No answer. Miss Minerva was certain now that she was making a mountain out of a molehill. She was about to turn back into the living room when her eyes, grown more accustomed to the semidarkness, noted a rather startling fact.

Day and night, over Dan's cot in one corner of the lanai, hung a white mosquito netting. It was not there now.

"Come, Haku," Miss Minerva said. "Turn on the light out here."

Haku came, and the green-shaded lamp glowed under his touch. The little lamp by which Dan had been reading his evening paper that night when he had seemed suddenly so disturbed and rushed off to send a letter to Roger in San Francisco. Miss Minerva stood recalling that incident; she recalled others, because somehow she was very reluctant to turn toward that cot in the corner. She was conscious of Kamaikui brushing by her, and then she heard a low, half savage moan of fear and sorrow.

Miss Minerva stepped to the cot. The mosquito netting had been torn down as though in some terrific struggle, and there, entangled in the meshes of it, she saw Dan Winterslip. He was lying on his left side, and as she stared down at him, one of the harmless little island lizards ran up his chest and over his shoulder—and left a crimson trail on his white pajamas.

VII

MISS MINERVA leaned far over, her keen eyes seeking Dan's face. It was turned toward the wall, half buried in the pillow.

"Dan!" she said brokenly. She put her hand on his cheek. The night air was warm and muggy, but she shivered a little as she drew the hand quickly away. Steady! She must be steady now.

She hurried through the living room to the hall, the telephone was in a closet under the front stairs. Her fingers were trembling again as she fumbled with the numerals on the dial. She got her number, heard finally an answering voice.

"Amos? Is that you, Amos? This is Minerva. Come over here to Dan's as quickly as you can."

The voice muttered in protest. Miss Minerva cut in on it sharply.

"For God's sake, Amos, forget your silly feud! Your brother is dead."

"Dead!" he repeated dully.

"Murdered. Amos! Will you come now?"

A long silence. What thoughts Miss Minerva wondered, were passing through the mind of that stern, unforgiving Puritan?

"I'll come," a strange voice said at last. And then, a voice more like that of the Amos she knew: "The police! I'll notify them, and then I'll come right over."

Returning to the hall, Miss Minerva saw that the big front door was closed. Amos would enter that way, she knew, so she went over and opened it. There was, she noted, an imposing lock, but the key had long since been lost and forgotten. Indeed, in all Dan's great house she could not recall ever having seen a key. In these friendly, trusting islands locked doors were obsolete.

She reëntered the living room. Should she summon a doctor? But no, it was too late; she knew that only too well. And the police—didn't they bring some sort of doctor with them? Suddenly she began to wonder about the police. During all her time in Honolulu she had never given them a thought before. Away off here at the end of the world—did they have policemen? She couldn't remember ever having seen one. Oh, yes, there was that handsome brown-skinned Hawaiian who stood on a box at the corner of Fort and King streets, directing traffic with an air that would have become Kamehameha himself.

She heard the scrape of a chair being moved on the lanai, and went to the door.

"Nothing is to be touched out here," she said. "Leave it just as it was. You'd better go upstairs and dress, both of you."

The two frightened servants came into the living room and stood there regarding her. They seemed to feel that this terrible affair called for discussion. But what was there to be said? Even in the event of murder, a Winterslip must maintain a certain well-bred aloofness in dealing with servants. Miss Minerva's feeling for them was kindly. She sympathized with their evident grief; but there was, she felt, nothing to discuss.

"After you've dressed," she ordered, "stay within reach. You'll both be wanted."

They went out, Haku in his absurd costume, Kamaikui moaning and muttering in a way that sent shivers up and down Miss Minerva's spine. They left her there alone—with Dan—and she who had always thought herself equal to anything still hesitated about going out on the lanai.

She sat down in a huge chair in the living room and gazed about her at the trappings of wealth and position that Dan had left forever now. Poor Dan! Despite all the whispering against him, she had liked him immensely. It is said of many—usually with small reason—that their lives would make an interesting book. It had been said of Dan, and in his case it was true. What a book his life would have made—and how promptly it would have been barred for all time from the shelves of the Boston Public Library! For Dan had lived life to the full, made his own laws, fought his battles without mercy, prospered and had his way; dallied often along forbidden paths, they said; but his smile had been so friendly and his voice so full of cheer—always until these past two weeks.

Ever since that night he sent the letter to Roger he had seemed a different man. There were lines for the first time in his face, a weary, apprehensive look in his gray eyes. And how furious he had been when, last Wednesday, he received a cable from Roger! What was in that message, Miss Minerva wondered; what were those few typewritten words that had caused him to fly into such a rage and set him to pacing the floor with tigerish step?

She thought of him as she had seen him last—he had seemed rather pathetic to her then. When the news came that the President Tyler could not dock until morning, and that Barbara—

Miss Minerva stopped. For the first time she thought of Barbara. She thought of a sprightly, vivacious girl as yet untouched by sorrow—and of the morning's home-coming. Tears came into her eyes and it was through a mist she saw the bamboo curtain that led into the hall pushed aside and the thin white face of Amos framed there. Amos entered, walking gingerly, for he was treading ground he had sworn his feet should never touch. He paused before Miss Minerva.

"What's this?" he said. "What's all this?"

She nodded toward the lanai and he went out there. After what seemed a long time he reappeared. His tall body drooped wearily and his watery eyes were staring.

"Stabbed through the heart," he muttered. He stood for a moment regarding his father's picture on the wall. "The wages of sin is death," he added, as though to all Jedediah Winterslip.

"Yes, Amos," said Miss Minerva sharply, "I expected we should hear that from you. And there's another one you may have heard—'Judge not, that ye be not judged.' Further than that, we'll waste no time moralizing. Dan is dead, and I for one am sorry."

"Sorry!" repeated Amos drearily. "How about me? My brother—my young brother—I taught him to walk on this very beach!"

"Yes." Miss Minerva looked at him keenly. "I wonder. Well, Dan's gone. Someone has killed him. He was one of us—a Winterslip. What are we going to do about it?"

"I've notified the police," said Amos.

"Then why aren't they here? In Boston, by this time——— But then I know this isn't Boston. Stabbed, you say? Was there any sign of a weapon?"

"None whatever that I could see."

"How about that Malay kris on the table out there—the one Dan used as a paper cutter?"

"I didn't notice," Amos replied. "This is a strange house to me, Minerva."

"So it is."

Miss Minerva rose and started for the lanai; she was her old competent self again. At that moment a loud knock sounded on the screen door at the front of the house. Presently there were voices in the hall, and Haku ushered three men into the living room. Though evidently police, they were all in plain clothes. One of them, a tall, angular Yankee with the look of a sailing master about him, stepped forward.

"I'm Hallet," he said, "captain of detectives. You're Mr. Amos Winterslip, I believe."

"I am," Amos answered. He introduced Miss Minerva. Captain Hallet gave her a casual nod. This was man's business and he disliked having a woman involved in it.

"Dan Winterslip, you said," he remarked, turning back to Amos. "That's a great pity. Where is he?" Amos indicated the lanai. "Come, doctor," Hallet said, and went through the curtain, followed by the smaller of the two men.

As they went out, the third man stepped farther into the room, and Miss Minerva gave a little gasp of astonishment as she looked at him. In those warm islands thin men were the rule, but here was a striking exception. He was very fat, indeed; yet he walked with the light dainty step of a woman. His cheeks were as chubby as a baby's, his skin ivory-tinted, his black hair close cropped, his amber eyes slanting. As he passed Miss Minerva he bowed with a courtesy encountered all too rarely in a workaday world, then moved on after Hallet.

"Amos!" cried Miss Minerva. "That man—why, he——"

"Charlie Chan," Amos explained. "I'm glad they brought him. He's the best detective on the force."

"But—he's a Chinaman!"

"Of course."

Miss Minerva sank into a chair. Ah, yes, they had policemen out here, after all.

In a few moments Hallet came briskly back into the living room.

"Look here," he said, "the doctor tells me Mr. Winterslip has been dead a very short while. I don't want your evidence just yet, but if either of you can give me some idea as to the hour when this thing happened——"

"I can give you a rather definite idea," said Miss Minerva calmly. "It happened just previous to twenty minutes past one—say, about 1:15." Hallet stared at her.

"You're sure of that?"

"I ought to be. I got the time from the wrist watch of the person who committed the murder."

"What? You saw him?"

"I didn't say that. I said I saw his wrist watch." Hallet frowned.

"I'll get that straight later," he said. "Just now I propose to comb this part of town. Where's the telephone?"

Miss Minerva pointed it out to him and heard him in earnest converse with a man at headquarters named Tom. Tom's job, it seemed, was to muster all available men and search Honolulu, particularly the Waikiki district, rounding up any suspicious characters. He was also to have on hand, awaiting his chief's return, the passenger lists of all ships that had made port at Honolulu during the past week.

Hallet returned to the living room. He took a stand directly in front of Miss Minerva.

(Continued on Page 115)

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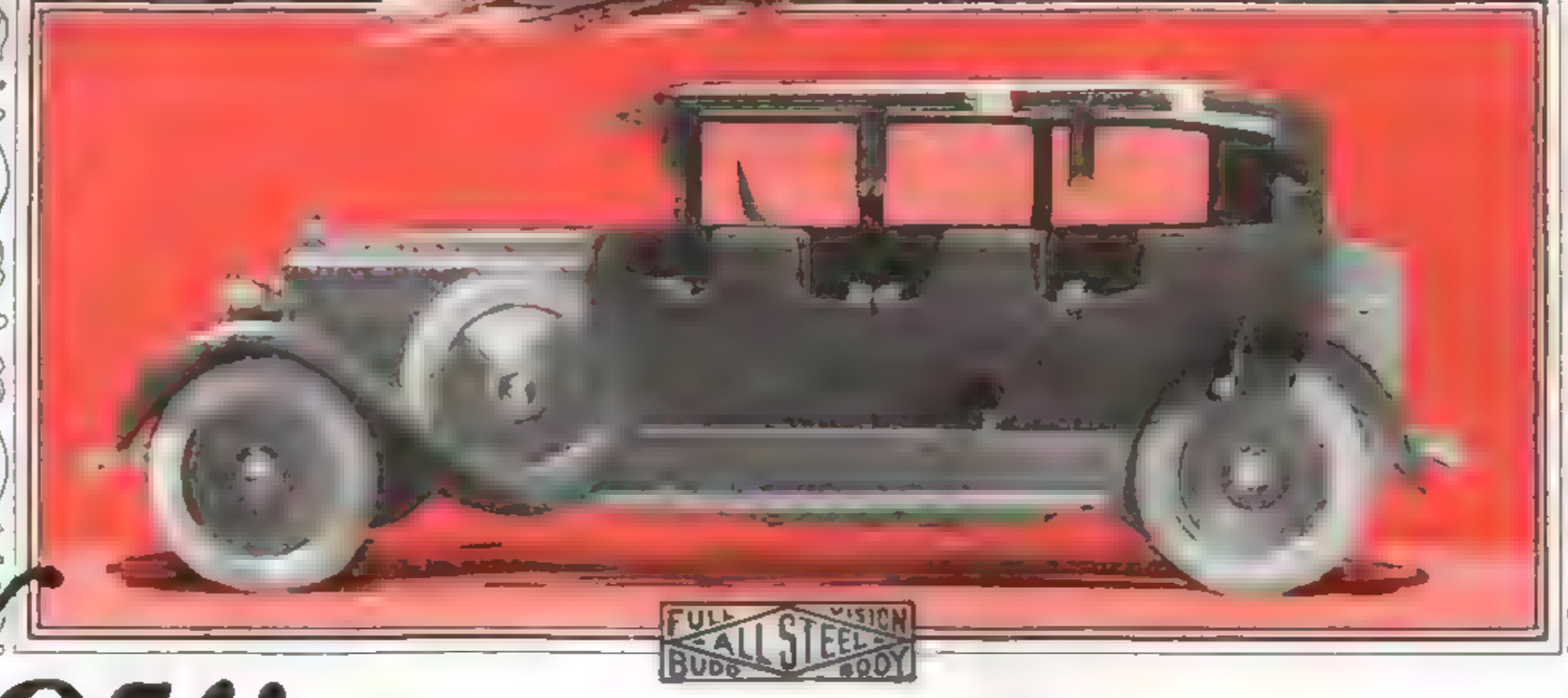

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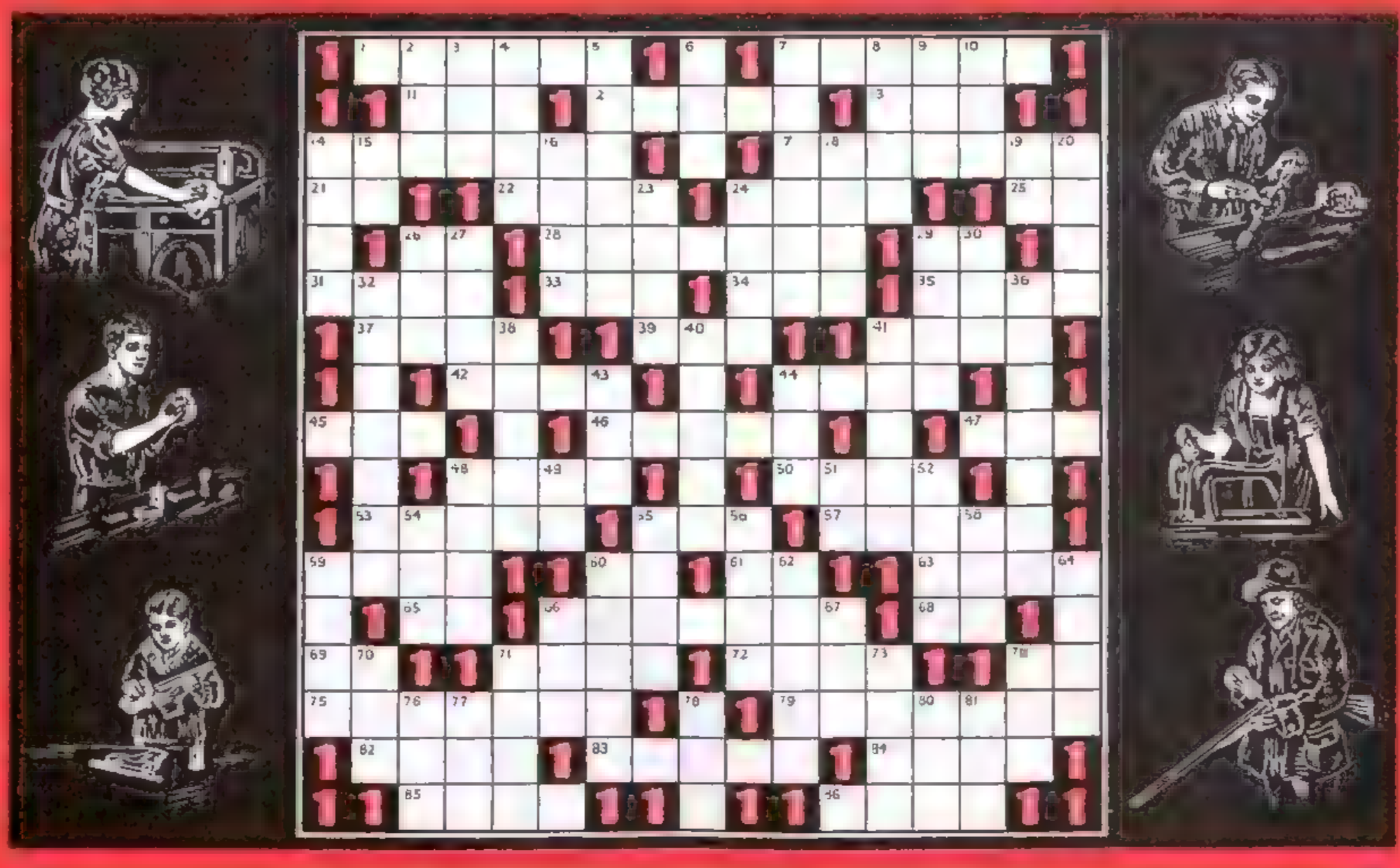

3-in-One Cross Word Puzzle

TO every person sending us the correct answer to the above puzzle, we will send a full size Handy Oil Can, containing 3-ounces of 3-in-One Oil, and DeLuxe edition of the Dictionary of Uses. Answers must be mailed by midnight, Feb. 28, 1925.

Just a hint: Most of the words in this Cross-Word Puzzle are the names of articles, or parts of articles, on which 3-in-One is used to lubricate, clean, polish or prevent rust.

3-in-One is sold at all good stores in 1-oz., 3-oz. and 8-oz. bottles; also in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans.

A Dictionary of Uses is packed with every bottle

HORIZONTAL

1. Large cooking stoves
7. Wrought metal grating.
11. Rust in oven (initials). Prevent with 3-in One
12. Musical instrument played by keyboard.
13. Fishing tackle.
14. Part of lock.
17. Implement for grinding food.
21. Asia (ab.), where 3-in-One is sold extensively
22. Nickname for popular auto
24. Dutch portrait painter. 3-in-One restores dingy oil paintings
25. Weekday (ab.), for using 3-in-One.
26. Eases action (initials)
28. Snipe shooters. Gun oiled with 3-in-One
29. Doctor of Medicine (ab.). Instruments kept shining with 3-in-One
31. Points of compass (ab.). Indicating universal use of 3-in-One
33. Self
34. Loosens tight pinions (initials).
35. Remove. 3-in One *removes* grime
37. Nuisance, (as mosquito). Kept away by 3-in-One odor
39. Leaves clean linoleum (initials)
41. Stain or speck. Removed with 3-in One.
42. Motor car
44. Baseball gloves.
45. Tin container, such as 3-in-One
46. City on Gold Coast. 3-in-One widely used in Africa.
47. Part of typewriter
48. Toil. Lightened with 3-in-One.
50. Rotary device on fishing rod.
53. Rub out. 3-in-One *rubs out*
55. What you sleep in.
57. Time-piece.
59. Steel device for catching game.
60. Telegraph office (initials). 3-in-One on delicate instruments.
61. Reduces effort (initials). Said of 3-in-One.
63. Expense. Kept down with 3-in-One
65. Gas stove (initials).
66. Gun.
67. Kitchen tools (initials)
68. Immaculate glass (initials). Use 3-in-One for windows, mirrors, cut glass.
71. Renown. Won by 3-in-One's world-wide use.
72. Small nail
74. City where 3-in-One office is located (ab.).
75. Mechanical device for sewing.
76. Hard. As running lawn-mower which needs 3-in-One
77. Carpenter's implement
78. Shaving tool
80. Kind. As 3-in-One is finest *kind* of oil.
81. Moving part of mechanism.
86. Snow shoe. 3-in-One prevents snow sticking.

VERTICAL

2. Weapon, as rifle.
3. Pen point
4. Scotch game. 3-in-One used on clubs and balls
5. Auto part which prevents jars. Oil with 3-in-One
6. Glass container for foods
7. Baby carriage
8. Pressing implement.
9. Blade of woodworking auger
10. Leaves good polish (initials) Said of 3-in One
14. Long narrow steel band used as surveyor's measure
15. Our country (ab.). 3-in-One used from coast to coast.
16. Otherwise. Use 3-in-One *otherwise* mechanisms wear out
18. Door fastener. Needs 3-in-One.
19. Eases tool (initials)
20. Reddish coating on metal Prevented by 3-in-One.
23. [illegible]
24. Signal, which rings
26. Female sheep. 3-in-One oils and cleans sheep shears
27. Handle of vase. 3-in-One for brass and iron antiques
29. Long handled device to clean and polish floors (pl.)
30. Don't use others (initials) Accept no substitute for 3-in-One.
32. Spraying machine
36. Smeary lines
38. Brass wind instrument (pl.).
40. Bicycle. 3-in-One's first use
41. Metal derived from iron
43. Kind of wood
44. First Spring month (ab.). Use 3-in-One for housecleaning.
48. Faucet (pl.)
49. Sharp edges (initials). Protect blades with 3-in-One
51. Enamel cleaned (initials). 3-in-One does it.
52. Door fastening device. Needs 3 in One
54. Torn cloth. Used in making 3-in-One dust cloth.
55. Cavity of gun
56. Ugly yellow-gray. Original color restored to wood with 3-in-One
58. Light folding bedstead
59. Metal hardware, as hinges, window fastenings, etc
60. Ford commutator 3 in-One lubricates
62. Mistake. As, to neglect oiling.
64. Playthings
66. Rotating cooling device
67. Province in Canada (ab.) where 3-in-One is sold
70. Slang for revolver.
71. Tool with ridged surface
73. Piece of office furniture
74. Threaded sleeve of wrench.
76. Tooth of gear wheel
77. Garden implement
78. ½ of pint (pl. ab.). Measure by which 3-in-One is sold
80. Mottled effect in mahogany. Brought out with 3-in-One
81. Western state (ab.), where 3-in One is widely sold.

Send your Cross Word Puzzle answers to the address below

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO., 128 C. William St., New York—Factories: Rahway, N. J. and Montreal

(Continued from Page 110)

"Now," he began, "you didn't see the murderer, but you saw his wrist watch. I'm a great believer in taking things in an orderly fashion. You're a stranger here; from Boston, I believe."

"I am," snapped Miss Minerva.

"Stopping in this house."

"Precisely."

"Anybody here besides you and Mr. Winterslip?" Miss Minerva's eyes flashed.

"The servants," she said. "And I would like to call your attention to the fact that I am Dan Winterslip's first cousin."

"Oh, sure—no offense. He has a daughter, hasn't he?"

"Miss Barbara is on her way home from college. Her ship will dock in the morning."

"I see. Just you and Winterslip. You're going to be an important witness."

"It will be a novel experience, at any rate," she remarked.

"I dare say. Now go back ——" Miss Minerva glared at him; it was a glare that had frightened guards on the Cambridge Subway. He brushed it aside. "You understand that I haven't time for 'please,' Miss Winterslip. Go back and describe last evening in this house."

"I was here only until 8:30," she told him, "when I went to a luau with some friends. Previous to that, Mr. Winterslip dined at his usual hour and we chatted for a time on the lanai."

"Did he seem to have anything on his mind?"

"Well, he has appeared a bit upset ——"

"Wait a minute!" The captain took out a notebook. "Want to put down some of this. Been upset, has he? For how long?"

"For the past two weeks. Let me think. Just two weeks ago tonight—or rather, last night—he and I were sitting on the lanai and he was reading the evening paper. Something in it seemed to disturb him. He got up, wrote a note to his Cousin Roger in San Francisco and took it down for a friend aboard the President Tyler to deliver. From that moment he appeared restless and unhappy."

"Go on; this may be important."

"Last Wednesday morning he received a cable from Roger that infuriated him."

"A cable? What was in it?"

"It was not addressed to me," said Miss Minerva haughtily.

"Well, that's all right. We'll dig it up. Now about last night. Did he act more upset than ever?"

"He did. But that may have been due to the fact he had hoped his daughter's ship would dock yesterday afternoon and had learned it could not land its passengers until this morning."

"I see. You said you was only here until 8:30."

"I did not," replied Miss Minerva coldly. "I said I was here only until 8:30."

"Same thing."

"Well, hardly."

"I'm not here to talk grammar," Hallet said sharply. "Did anything occur—anything out of the ordinary—before you left?"

"No—wait a moment. Someone called Mr. Winterslip on the telephone while he was at dinner. I couldn't help overhearing the conversation."

"Good for you!" She glared at him again. "Repeat it."

"I heard Mr. Winterslip say, 'Hello, Egan. What—you're not coming over? Oh, yes you are. I want to see you. I insist on it. Come about eleven. I want to see you.' That was, at least, the import of his remarks."

"Did he seem excited?"

"He raised his voice above the ordinary tone."

"Ah, yes." The captain stared at his notebook. "Must have been Jim Egan, who runs this God-forsaken Reef and Palm Hotel down the beach." He turned to Amos. "Was Egan a friend of your brother's?"

"I don't know," said Amos.

"You see, Amos was not a friend of his brother's either," explained Miss Minerva. "There was an old feud between them. Speaking for myself, I never heard Dan mention Egan, and he certainly never came to the house while I was here." Hallet nodded.

"Well, you left at 8:30. Now tell us where you went and when you got back, and all about the wrist watch."

Miss Minerva rapidly sketched her evening at the luau. She described her return to Dan's living room, her adventure in the dark—the illuminated dial that waited for her to pass.

"I wish you'd seen more," Hallet complained. "Too many people wear wrist watches."

"Probably not many," said Miss Minerva, "wear a wrist watch like that one."

"Oh! It had some distinguishing mark?"

"It certainly did. The numerals were illuminated and stood out clearly—with an exception. The figure 2 was very dim—practically obliterated." He looked at her admiringly.

"Well, you certainly had your wits about you."

"That's a habit I formed early in life," replied Miss Minerva, "and old habits are hard to break."

He smiled and asked her to continue. She told of rousing the two servants, and finally of the gruesome discovery on the lanai.

"But it was Mr. Amos," Hallet said, "who called the station."

"Yes, I telephoned him at once, and he offered to attend to that."

Hallet turned to Amos.

"How long did it take you to reach here, Mr. Winterslip?" he inquired.

"Not more than ten minutes," said Amos.

"You could dress and get here in that time?" Amos hesitated.

"I—I did not need to dress," he explained. "I hadn't gone to bed."

Hallet regarded him with a new interest.

"Half past one—and you were still up?"

"I—I don't sleep very well," said Amos. "I'm up till all hours."

"I see. You weren't on friendly terms with your brother? An old quarrel between you?"

"No particular quarrel. I didn't approve of his way of living and we went separate ways."

"And stopped speaking to each other, eh?"

"Yes, that was the situation," Amos admitted.

"Humph!" For a moment the captain stared at Amos, and Miss Minerva stared at him too. Amos! It flashed through her mind that Amos had been a long time alone out there on the lanai before the arrival of the police.

"Those two servants who came downstairs with you, Miss Winterslip," Hallet said; "I'll see them now. The others can go over until morning."

Haku and Kamaikui appeared, frightened and wide eyed. The Jap had nothing to tell; he had been sleeping soundly from nine until the moment Miss Minerva knocked on his door. He swore it. But Kamaikui had something to contribute.

"I come here with fruit." She pointed to a basket on the table. "On lanai out there are talking—Mr. Dan, a man, a woman. Oh, very much angry."

"What time was that?" Hallet asked.

"Ten o'clock, I think."

"Did you recognize any voice except your master's?"

Miss Minerva thought the woman hesitated a second.

"No, I do not."

"Anything else?"

"Yes; maybe eleven o'clock, I am sitting close to window upstairs. More talking on lanai. Mr. Dan and other man. Not so much angry this time."

"At eleven, eh? Do you know Mr. Jim Egan?"

"I have seen him."

"Could you say if it was his voice?"

"I could not say."

"All right, you two can go now." He turned to Miss Minerva and Amos. "We'll see what Charlie has dug up out here," he said, and led the way to the lanai.

The huge Chinaman knelt, a grotesque figure, by a table. He rose laboriously as they entered.

"Find the knife, Charlie?" the captain asked.

Chan shook his head.

"No knife are present in neighborhood of crime," he announced.

"On that table," Miss Minerva began, "there was a Malay kris, used as a paper cutter." The Chinaman nodded and lifted the kris from the desk.

"Same remains here still," he said, "untouched, unsullied. Person who killed carried individual weapon."

"How about finger prints?" asked Hallet.

"Considering from recent discovery," Chan replied, "search for finger prints are hopeless one." He held out a pudgy hand, in the palm of which lay a small pearl button. "Torn from kid's glove," he elucidated. "Aged trick of criminal mind. No finger prints."

"Is that all you've got?" asked his chief.

"Most sincere endeavors," said Chan, "have revealed not much. However, I might mention this." He took up a leather-bound book from the table. "Here are written names of visitors who have enjoyed hospitality of the house. A guest book is, I believe, the term. You will find that one of the earlier pages has been ruthlessly torn out. When I make discovery the volume are lying open at that locality."

Captain Hallet took the book in his thin hand.

"All right, Charlie," he said. "This is your case." The slant eyes blinked with pleasure.

"Most interesting," murmured Chan.

Hallet tapped the notebook in his pocket.

"I've got a few facts here for you; we'll run over them later." He stood for a moment, staring about the lanai. "I must say we seem a little shy on clews. A button torn from a glove, a page ripped from a guest book and a wrist watch with an illuminated dial on which the figure 2 was damaged." Chan's little eyes widened at mention of that. "Not much, Charlie, so far."

"Maybe more to come," suggested the Chinaman. "Who knows it?"

"We'll go along now," Hallet continued. He turned to Miss Minerva and Amos. "I guess you folks would like a little rest. We'll have to trouble you again tomorrow."

Miss Minerva faced the Chinaman.

"The person who did this must be apprehended," she said firmly. He looked at her sleepily.

"What is to be, will be," he replied in a high singsong voice.

"I know—that's your Confucius," she snapped. "But it's a do-nothing doctrine and I don't approve of it."

A faint smile flickered over the Chinaman's face.

"Do not fear," he said. "The fates are busy and man may do much to assist. I promise you there will be no do-nothing here." He came closer. "Humbly asking pardon to mention it, I detect in your eyes slight flame of hostility. Quench it, if you will be so kind. Friendly cooperation are essential between us." Despite his girth, he managed a deep bow. "Wishing you good morning," he added, and followed Hallet. Miss Minerva turned weakly to Amos.

"Well, of all things ——"

"Don't you worry about Charlie," Amos said. "He has a reputation for getting his man. Now you go to bed. I'll stay here and notify the—the proper people."

"Well, I will lie down for a while," Miss Minerva said. "I shall have to go early to the pier. Poor Barbara! And there's John Quincy coming too." A grim smile crossed her face. "I'm afraid John Quincy won't approve of this."

She saw from her bedroom window that the night was breaking, the rakish coconut palms and the hau tree were wrapped in a gray mist. Changing her dress for a kimono, she lay down under the mosquito netting on the bed. She slept but briefly, however, and presently was at her window again. Day had come, the mist had lifted, and it was a rose-and-emerald world that sparkled before her tired eyes.

The freshness of that scene revivified her. The trades were blowing now—poor Dan, he had so longed for their return. The night, she saw, had worked its magic on the blossoms of the hau tree, transformed them from yellow to a rich mahogany; through the morning they would drop one by one upon the sand. In a distant algaroba a flock of myna birds screamed at the new day. A party of swimmers appeared from a neighboring cottage and plunged gayly into the surf.

A gentle knock sounded on the door and Kamaikui entered. She placed a small object in Miss Minerva's hand.

Miss Minerva looked down. She saw a quaint old piece of jewelry—a brooch. Against a background of onyx stood the outline of a tree, with emeralds forming the leaves, rubies the fruit and a frost of diamonds over all.

"What is this, Kamaikui?" she asked.

"Many, many years Mr. Dan have that. One month ago he gives it to a woman down the beach." Miss Minerva's eyes narrowed.

"To the woman they call the Widow of Waikiki?"

"To her, yes."

"How do you happen to have it, Kamaikui?"

"I pick it up from floor of lanai—before policemen come."

"Very good." Miss Minerva nodded. "Say nothing of this, Kamaikui. I will attend to the matter."

"Yes, of course."

The woman went out. Miss Minerva sat very still, staring down at that odd bit of jewelry in her hand. It must date back to the 80's at least.

Close above the house sounded the loud whir of an aëroplane. Miss Minerva turned again to the window. A young lieutenant in the air service, in love with a sweet girl on the beach, was accustomed to serenade her thus every morning at dawn. His thoughtfulness was not appreciated by many innocent bystanders; but Miss Minerva's eyes were sympathetic as she watched him sweep exultantly out, far out, over the harbor.

Youth and love, the beginning of life. And on that got down on the lanai, Dan—and the end.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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THE BUCCANEERS OF THE BAHAMAS

(Continued from Page 30)

epithet aloud—at their little dinner table, subtly insulting her and paying derisive homage to her ridiculous aunt. Her aunt was rich; he might get to know that. Even marriage -that was possible.

She saw the deck of a motorboat, anchored fifty yards away, suddenly bathed in light, recognized the father of Jimmie Duane descending into his launch. She ran down the garden, mechanically avoiding palm trees lest coconuts crash without warning on her head, jumped into her canoe, and shot out into the current. Chance had enabled her to carry out her half-formed plan of warning this stranger against his friend. She ran alongside as he passed, and softly called his name. He cut off power, and stared curiously as she paddled in his wake.

"The skipper!" he cried. "If you object to that name," he said, "give me another."

"I'm Rosamond Fair, Mr. Duane," she said as she clung, bobbing up and down, to the gunwale.

"And named right," he shouted. "By the snowy peak of Mount Tacoma!" He was bending over, looking with admiration into the upturned face, brilliantly lighted from the cluster of bulbs over his head. "What can I do for you?"

"A message—a long one, about Mr. Jimmie."

"Come right aboard." He all but lifted her in with one powerful arm, tied the canoe astern, turned off the lights, swung a half circle at half speed, and drew fiercely at his large cigar. He said to himself that he would stand by Jimmie, whatever Jimmie had been up to, which odd reflection proved that he had done some worrying about this mysterious girl.

He waited for her to begin, but she was absorbed by what seemed a flash light on her aunt's distant piazza. She guessed that her aunt had deserted her chair and was walking to and fro, thus cutting off the light at short intervals. This trifling incident profoundly impressed her; it was a new thing for the indolent placid lady. She turned impulsively.

"Is it better to wake to misery than to hibernate all your life?" she asked

"Ask an alligator, not me," the startled man replied. What had Jimmie done? "So you have waked to misery?" he questioned dryly. "Well, let's hear your story."

She laughed. "Not me," she answered; "and that's not the story. I wanted to tell you—I thought you ought to know about a man that hates Mr. Duane."

"The boy, you mean? Well, who's jealous? I should be, too, if you ——"

"Please, please!" The word begged: the manner commanded; it was uttered in a gust of anger Rosamond sat very upright now and her voice was cool and distant Indignant, she achieved intense compression. "Mr Jimmie suspected this man," she said, "dived into the engine room of the wreck, brought up an explosive, shoved it away in a boat, and the boat blew up"

Duane shut off the power, switched on the light and stared into Rosamond's face. She returned his gaze from steady cool eyes He looked away, thinking, then back at her.

"Let's get this right," he said at length.

"Back her," she cried sharply, thus saving the drifting launch from a submerged rock. They went up the harbor at half speed while she told her story, interrupted now and again by a gruff pertinent question Halfway through he muttered a name "Sladen"

"You have guessed," she said, and continued her narrative to a finish.

He turned the launch and went racing back "I'm off in the morning for Gorda Cay," he said "Come along and show me, skipper" His big hand clasped hers until she winced, but her heart bounded at the warm pressure She had a friend now.

"My aunt——"

"Bring her along"

"She won't go. You see, she doesn't believe She she admires that man"

He looked into the troubled face "Leave her then. I can take care of you."

She shook her head. "I dare not," she murmured.

"I'm his friend," he said. "Everybody knows that. Everybody's seen us together. Tell her I'm going up to dig into this thing. Tell her it may clear him, if you can stretch your conscience that far"

"You don't know auntie"

"But I will, in fifteen minutes. She'll go."

He checked alongside the motor launch which she had seen him leave. Its owner, a tall free-swinging Englishman in white evening clothes, came to his hail.

"Penterry," said Duane, "I'm in a hole. Can I charter this boat for a few days?"

"No charter, but yours for the askin'." The Englishman inspected Rosamond. "Better still, be my guests. I'll run you where you want to go."

"Two ladies in the party."

"If they can crowd into one little cabin ——"

"Of course," Rosamond said.

"Settled. Thank you, Penterry. The square; half past nine." The launch moved on.

He anchored offshore, balanced himself into the canoe with dexterity, and Rosamond ran it as hard on the beach of her garden as she could; but his weight left a knee-deep two yards of water to be covered. He stepped out, caught her round her waist and lifted her dry-shod to the beach.

"You shouldn't have done that," she said.

"I'll lift you over stony places as well," said Duane brusquely. "I think a heap of you."

She caught his hand impulsively and he held it protectively as they walked through the garden round to the front. His shoes sloshed water with every step.

Mrs. Newcombe looked over the porch rail.

"I'm Jimmie Duane's dad," Duane said without waiting for an introduction. "Commodore Sladen and I are off for Gorda Cay in the morning. You and Miss Rosamond are coming. No, I can't come in. I gotta get these wet clothes off. Half past nine at the square. Good night"

Rosamond walked by his side to the gate. "He's the bait," he said; "and sometimes fishermen forget it."

She drew a deep breath of relief. "Thank you," she said softly.

"It's you who have the thanks coming to you, skipper," he answered, "and you'll get 'em too. Good night"

Sladen and he were dining together, as usual, and tonight the meal was at his house. When his guest arrived he said, without greeting, "Got our contract in your clothes?"

Sladen nodded, handed it over, and saw it torn into tiny strips.

"If you had murdered the boy," Duane said as he pointed to the door, "I should have killed you."

"I do not understand," Sladen answered, never moving.

"You forget the man you left on Abaco. He saw you."

Duane's voice was not lifted, but its deep menace was clear.

Sladen backed away. "You have faked an excuse," he said. "I shall sue you."

"Oh, no, you won't! You forget this business is on honor."

So they parted.

x

AT THE Vallander home in Washington there was renewed vitality in the mother, a gay and sparkling joy in the daughter. Roderica, with unaccustomed money in bank, could shop for the first time in her life without thinking of cost. She was insatiable. Her fingers tingled to the touch of soft tropic fabrics; her eyes kindled at sight of blended colors, she drew throbbing breaths when she stood before her fifty pairs of arched shoes and slippers. Intoxicated, she whirled from store to store, pouring out in cataracts the golden hoard of Uncle Jason She laughed when her mother cautioned. There was plenty more, she told the latter, even if they did spend all the advance made by Mr. Duane. Surely their credit was good for two or three months; by that time the estate of Uncle Jason would begin to be settled.

This was the nearest they ever came to realities. Mr Duane had generously agreed to manage Brother Jason's property; that was the way Mrs Vallander described bootlegging, not only to Roderica but to her friends She said it with an air Sudden release from years of anxiety softened lines in her face and tempered despotism with mercy.

"Dear Mrs Vallander" said an intimate, "we are so glad for you. I remember Jason well." Sympathetic interest veiled curiosity; a desire for information was delicately conveyed.

"Jason had a head for finance," Mrs. Vallander said, "and he made clever investments abroad. I leave details to my agent, but he assures me of wonderful foresight."

A few knew or guessed; old friends of the dead brother and those with whom Mrs. Vallander had talked on business. "Going to Nassau, Mrs. Vallander? Do send a case," pleaded one.

"A case? A case of what?"

"Of Jason's rye."

She laughed and shook her head. "I wish I could," she answered. "But I am going there for sunshine."

"There's moonshine there too."

Mrs. Vallander arched her brows and turned the subject.

Some anonymous well-wisher presented her with an annual subscription to a temperance weekly. The second and third copies went unopened into the waste-paper basket; but their arrival troubled her. Some fanatic knew, she feared, and might bring her into abhorrent publicity; fear of notoriety was her heaviest care.

When there is money and you are going south anyway, warmth and sunshine beckon imperiously. A blizzard blew, the thermometer dropped to twenty degrees, Roderica continued to spend money, and Mrs. Vallander caught a slight cold.

"Let us go tomorrow night," she said.

"Impossible, mother; my kit ——"

Mrs. Vallander sneezed. "You don't need more tryings-on. What's not ready can come after. Look." She pointed out of the window to frozen slush. "Oranges, lemons, grapefruit, flowers, warmth ——"

"I'll telephone for reservations," Roderica said, and went, humming blithely.

They fled south to Miami, accompanied by seven trunks and more to come, shedding wraps with each two hundred miles, finding tiresome scenery balanced by blue skies and balmy air, and a much too commercial hotel made endurable by radiant outdoors. They belonged, of course, to a nongregarious world, kept to themselves, and looked through people. Their serene detachment, unconscious by habit, was emphasized by the necessary small contacts of life. When these occurred they were courteous with the politeness that chills

This continuously worn armor of superiority was sometimes pierced by amiable persons too blind to see it, and on the afternoon of their arrival a man without a coat addressed Roderica by name.

"I've seen you in Washington," he said. "I come from there."

Confident in this introduction, he extolled Miami in words which might have described heaven, said it beat Los Angeles as a money-maker, told how he had come there two years before with only two thousand dollars and now he could clean up twenty-eight thousand, not counting three acres in the country from which he would get a thousand crates of tomatoes that year, thirty-six pounds net to the crate, all solid meat, rosy as the inside of a watermelon and making four dollars and seventy-five cents to five dollars and fifty cents in New York for 120's, which were the aristocrats of the vegetable.

"How interesting!" Roderica said enthusiastically. "Mother, it's your rest time; but I should like to hear more from Mr.—Mr. ——"

"Polder, miss, at your service" He bowed low as Mrs. Vallander turned into the hotel, wondering with amusement what Roderica was up to now.

"Have you time to spare, Mr. Polder?"

"There ain't none when I'm talking to Miss Vallander," he said gallantly. "I hope you'll excuse me not having a coat, but the season don't really open till after Christmas"

This he said as Roderica turned and strolled. To be walking the streets, coatless, by the side of the great Miss Vallander, was impossible; but she coaxed him along with questions until he achieved it. She led him to a seat in the shade in the park, close to the untenanted band stand. He gusted facts, figures and opinions as she deftly turned one tap after another, he had never had such a listener. Tourists, the horseshoe club, real estate, citrus fruits,

(Continued on Page 119)

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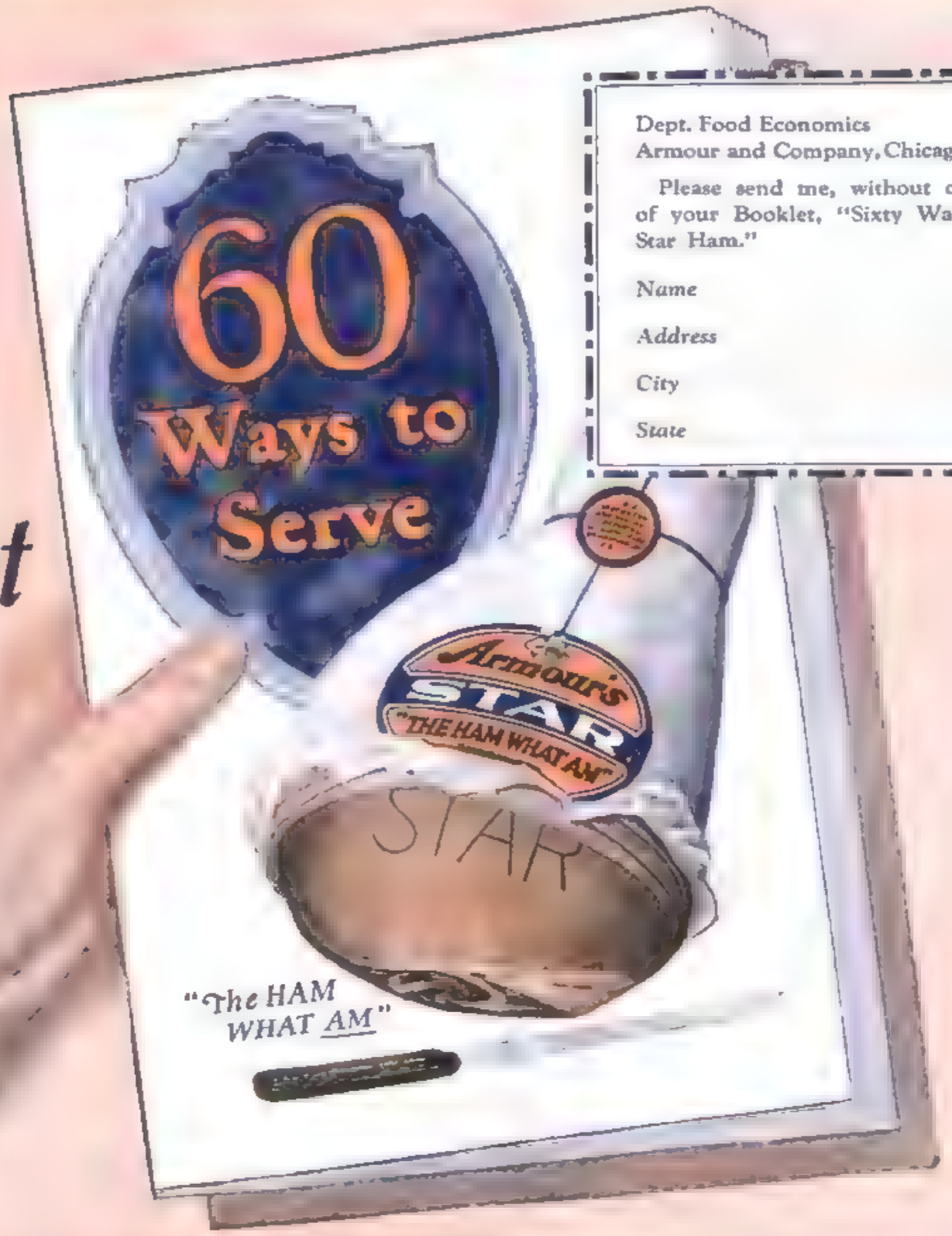

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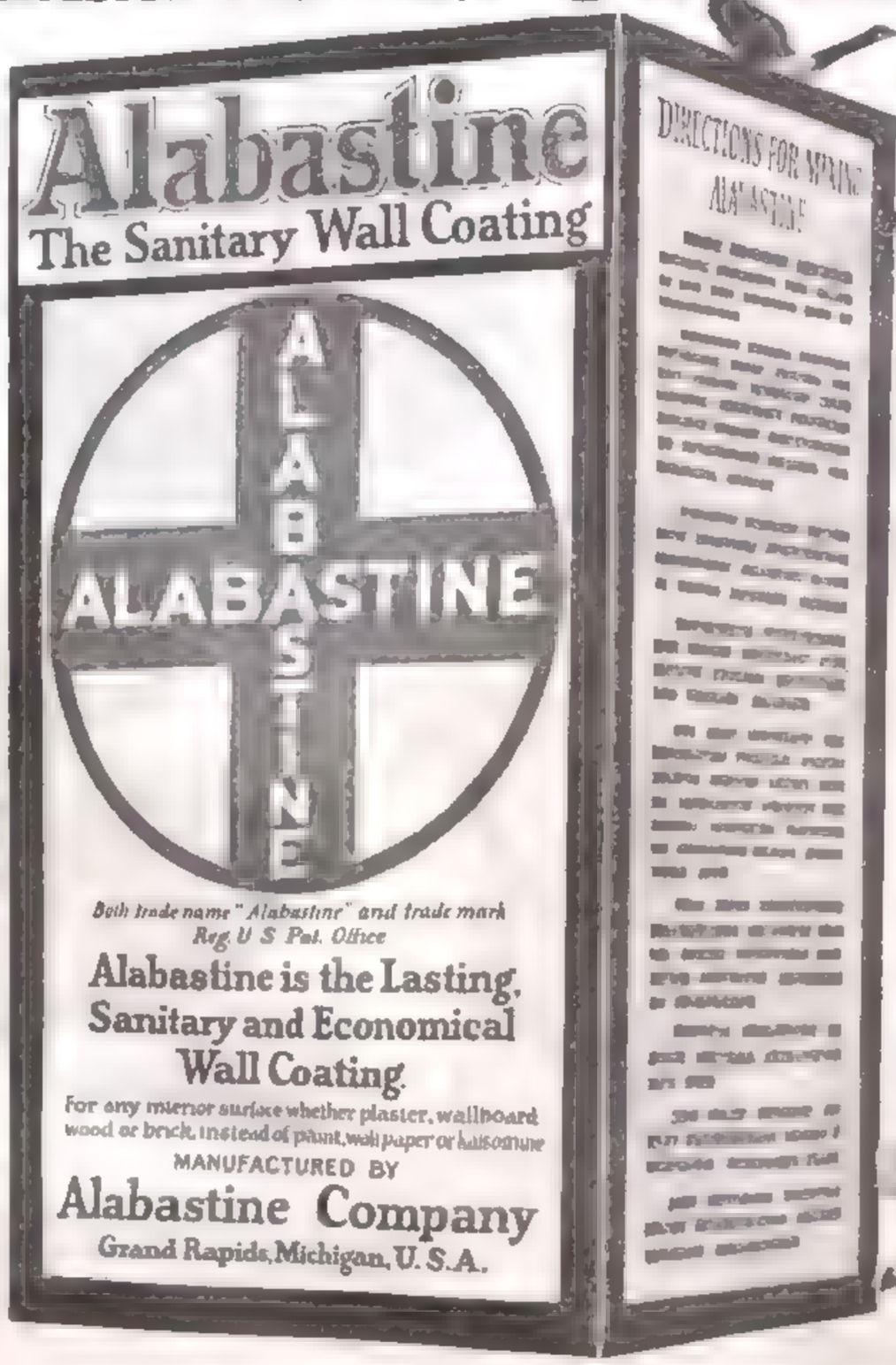
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Portsmouth O—[illegible]
Pottsville, Pa.—Pottsville Supply Co.
Providence, R.I.—Oliver Johnson & Co.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Pueblo Col—[illegible]
Raleigh, N. C.—Carolina Hardware Co.
Reading Pa—[illegible]
[illegible]
Richmond Ind—[illegible] Hardware Co.
[illegible]
Richmond Va—[illegible] Brothers Co.
[illegible]
Roanoke Va—[illegible]
[illegible]
Rochester N Y—[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Rockford Ill—[illegible]
Rock Island Ill—[illegible]
Sacramento Calif—[illegible]
Saginaw Mich—[illegible]
St Joseph Mo—[illegible]
[illegible]
St Louis, Mo.—[illegible]
Conelle Bray Glass & Paint Co.
Geller, Ward & Hasner [illegible]
The Morgan Company
Phelan-Faust Paint Mfg. Company
[illegible]
[illegible]
St Paul Minn—[illegible]
[illegible]
Salina Kan—[illegible]
Salt Lake City Utah
[illegible]
[illegible]
San Antonio Texas—[illegible]
San Francisco Calif
The Sherwin-Williams Co
Scranton, Pa.—Diamond Mill Paint Co.

Seattle, Wash—Sherwin-Williams Co.
Shamokin, Pa.—W C Mack & Sons
Shreveport, La—[illegible]
Sioux City Iowa—[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Sioux Falls S D—Brown Drug Co.
Spartanburg, S C
Montgomery & Crawford
Spokane Wash—[illegible]
[illegible]
Springfield, Mass.
New England Paint Supply Company
Winchester Simmons Hardware Co.
Springfield Mo—Rogers & Baldwin Co.
Steubenville, Ohio
The Beall & Steele Drug Company
Syracuse, N. Y.—Burbans & Black, Inc
[illegible]
Chas Hubbard Son & Company
Cook & Meyers
Tampa Fla—[illegible]
Terre Haute Ind—[illegible]
[illegible]
Texarkana Ark.—Standard Paint Co.
Toledo, Ohio—Bostwick Braun Co.
[illegible]
[illegible]
Topeka Kan
[illegible]
Trenton N J—[illegible]
[illegible]
Troy, N. Y.—John J. Thompson Son & Co
Tucson Ariz—[illegible]
Utica, N. Y.—Utica Paint & Glass Co
A. H. Williams & Company
Vincennes, Ind.—Sidney Morgan Co.
Waco, Texas—Nash Robinson & Co.
Washington, D. C.
[illegible]
Washington N C—[illegible]
Watertown N Y
[illegible]
[illegible]
Wheeling W Va
[illegible]
Wichita Kan—[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Wichita Falls Texas
[illegible]
Wilkes Barre Pa—[illegible]
[illegible]
Wilkinsburg Pa
[illegible]
Wilmington Del—[illegible]
Winona Minn
[illegible]
Woonsocket R I—[illegible]
Worcester Mass—[illegible]
Yakima Wash—[illegible]
Yonkers N Y—[illegible]
York Pa
[illegible]
Youngstown Ohio
The Stambaugh Thompson Company
Zanesville O—[illegible]

YOUR DEALER SHOULD HAVE A FULL ASSORTMENT OF COLORS

(Continued from Page 116

pleasure boats, the price of land, the big development companies—liquor.

"Wide open—a joke. Little fly-by-night boats putting off across the Stream all the time and loading up at Gun Cay and Bimini, slipping back in the dark, unloading at a hundred places, paying twenty dollars a case for gin and selling at forty dollars; and twenty-eight dollars for Scotch and making fifty dollars; and thirty dollars for rye and selling at any old price. Oh, a paying game, believe me."

Smiling, Roderica reminded him that he had said he owned a motorboat. He admitted that he was in the business. "Everybody is," he said. He had been a chauffeur in Washington, he explained. "I've toted you in Colonel Gaunt's car." He watched for the effect of this confession, but Roderica only laughed and said she was glad he was climbing. His brother was a Washington grocer, he continued, and between them they had a fine connection. He bought in Nassau at bottom prices, sold in Washington at the top, and got the stuff up there in his fruit shipments.

"But Nassau is such a small place, isn't it, Mr. Polder? And I should think you'd get known. Doesn't everybody know everybody's business?"

"It's like tomatoes in a crate," he answered. "A crate holds six baskets and each tomato in the 120's don't know only its own basket, and only hears rumors about the 216's. Nassau is asleep in summer, and very refined and exclusive in the winter when the 120's come ——" He flung out his hands.

"Am I one of the 120's?" asked Roderica, amused.

"By 120's," he answered with a bow, "I mean that number to a basket, the biggest and best there is; but you, miss, are in a class by yourself."

"Thank you. And the 216's?"

"Tough," he said; "gee, but they're tough! But if you was at the hotel you wouldn't know nothing, only rumors, all wrong. Bootleggers don't go to the hotel."

"Not big dealers, quiet men?"

"Money and manners'll carry a man anywhere," said philosopher Polder.

When she had squeezed Mr. Polder dry she dismissed him with a grace which did not cut; he had not once overstepped, and yet he had lost all the veiled insolence and assumed servility of the chauffeur.

"Money!" she said to herself exultantly. She chuckled as she thought that she, too, was a bootlegger. She bought a coconut for a dollar, marked "A present from Miami." The action was symbolic. A month before she would not have wasted a dollar. She was excited, eager to get to Nassau, to see the wheels go round, to be a secret 216 moving grandly among the 120's, to hear excited chatter about an outgoing vessel and know that it was loaded down with her property, to listen to Jimmie's details about this guerrilla warfare against the ridiculous laws of the United States. With him only would she break down reserves, and neither his father nor her mother need know what she talked about with him. It would be enormous fun to be thus elusive and mysterious with everybody. It would give each day its fresh novelty.

She engaged a taxi and drove along the sea front of this active town. "Show me the Nassau boats," she commanded.

"Real boats don't run till Christmas," was the answer, but he drove along. She saw manufactured islands, round, cemented, like big cakes cut with a ring from dough. She saw tall buildings rising, rectangular, stern affronts to tropic luxuriance. They were making a provincial suburb, she thought, of what might have been a spot of ordered loveliness. She turned away from a grimy little steamer, pointed out to her. That would not do, and yet the hotel was uncomfortable. Could she charter?

"Maybe the Maude R, miss. The pleasure boats is not in commission yet or they're bootlegging. That's her—that's the Maude R, that smart little thing, lying at the buoy; fifty horse power. Oh, yes; quite safe. You're never thirty miles from land. Only draws six feet and can cross the Banks. That cuts the distance to one hundred and eighty."

The vessel was duly engaged, when two men entered the little office on the wharf, two excited men in a hurry.

"Nassau, Bill—right now," said one.

The boat owner shook his head as he drawled with the languor and accent of the south that the lady had her.

"To Nassau, lady?" said the smaller of the two, pulling nervously at a brush mustache which made a black smudge on a pallid face. His finicky little finger stuck out straight and an enormous diamond glittered. "Can we hop over with your party? It's important."

His companion, fat, florid, inventoried Roderica from her spotless buckskin shoes to the brim of her becherried hat. One glance from his protruding eyes was a misdemeanor. This smirking study of ankles and waistline was a felony.

"There are only two in your party, miss," the boatman said. "There is plenty of room."

"No," said Roderica only, "my mother demands privacy."

"Sell her, Bill?"

"Yes, for twelve thousand."

"Your price yesterday was eight."

"It's one day nearer the season," drawled the boatman with a grin.

The little man unwrapped a newspaper parcel that might have contained two bricks, and counted off twenty-four notes from the top. "Clear her at the customs," he said, "and say we'll get new papers when we come back. Be ready in an hour." He rewrapped his money as he ran out.

"Can we offer you a passage, lady?" The fat florid man lifted his hat as he suavely extended the invitation.

Roderica, trained to repel all offensive advances, thanked him as though he had meant a courtesy, then turned her back.

The boatman was fingering his pile of notes as though he doubted their existence. "That's Charlie Saroni," he said, failing in an excited effort to speak fast. "Many a time he's shaved me, but he didn't have no diamond then. Twelve thousand! Sorry, miss. Time is money to them bootleggers." He handed her back the one hundred and fifty dollars which she had paid him.

"Who is the fat vaudeville man?"

"Popeye, miss; a New Yorker. I s'pose he has another name, but I never knew it."

As she left, Roderica heard him drawl twice over, "Twelve thousand, twelve thousand," and she knew that was the nearest this Florida cracker could get to a shrill excited cry over his incredible good fortune.

The incident exhilarated her further. It was like living in fairyland where you had only to wish and your purse was full. A little pallid barber—Roderica laughed out loud as she thought of him in fairyland—carried thousands and flung them about as though they were cut hair on an apron. She thought that his motive was partly ostentation, that he was showing off, that he was telling her that he was just as good as she was, that he was getting even with her for snubbing him; all the same, he had the money to make his grand absurd gesture, and apparently he had neither brains nor personality nor energy. Fairyland, or, at the least, an enchanted topsy-turvy world in which pasty-faced morons won glittering solitaires and shed thousands for a whim; and she—she was of this world, too, with capital and brains at her call. She drew in a breath of rapture and thought in millions. "Stop!" she called abruptly, and rushed into an office marked "Travel by air."

Yes, sure; she was welcome to the telephone. It did not surprise her that her mother, after explanations, consented to fly to Nassau; in the tension of her nerves anything seemed reasonable. If she could guarantee eight passengers the seaplane would take her in the morning in three hours to the Bahamas, she was told, at seventy-five dollars each. She was purse bearer, and she had just about enough to engage the plane. As she was counting out the money with a thrill of pleasure that it was so much, she saw Popeye and the barber rushing by, saw them pause and exchange comments, understood as though she had heard, that they had forgotten the seaplane route. They rushed in. Could they go tonight—now?

"And land in the dark over there? Cert'n'y not."

"The first thing in the morning, then."

Roderica, her back turned, was alertly curious. Would the barber buy the plane, the company, the sea front, the air? She had no sense of triumph, for these people were too small for her to combat.

"This lady has the bus," the airman said.

The little barber was by her side before he recognized her. "Oh!" he cried as he lifted his twenty-five-dollar velour hat and began to back away.

(Continued on Page 121)

Even real boys enjoy washing hands and faces at this lavatory

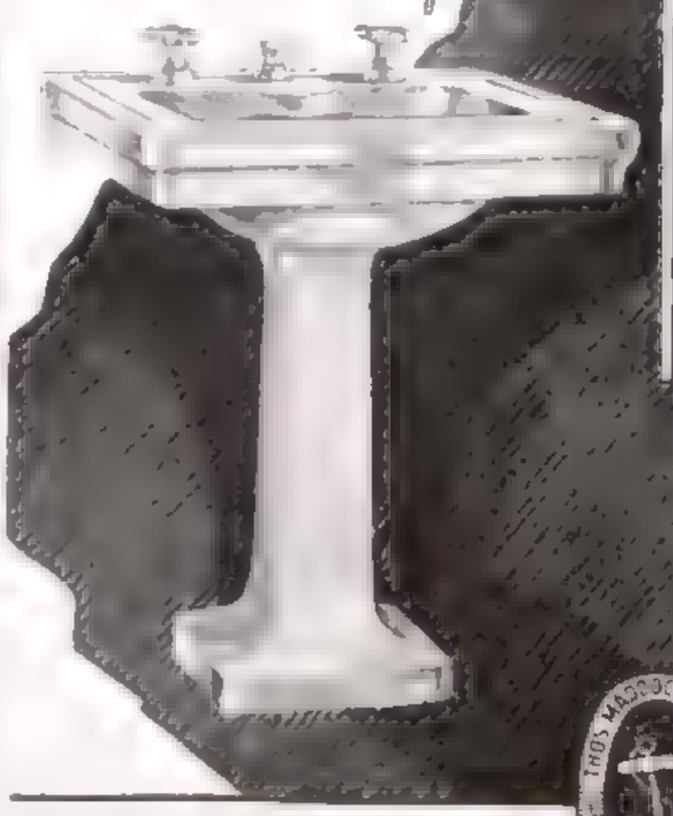
MOST folks, of all ages, prefer washing their hands in running water. The single concealed inlet of the Madbury lavatory provides a centered stream of water of any desired temperature.

A unique device permits automatic cleaning of the overflow drain. The large, square bowl has an anti-splash rim which protects one's garments and prevents slopping over.

As this lavatory is made of solid, white vitreous china, even to the last handle, there is no nickel work to require constant polishing.

You are invited to write for our booklet "Maddock Bathrooms." This booklet gives suggestions for placing different combinations of fixtures in spaces of various sizes and shapes.

The Madbury



Why vitreous china

A vitreous china lavatory has this great advantage—it does not require constant scouring to keep the bowl clean. This is because the surface is hard and glassy.

Soil does not cling to it. It does not become roughened by use. It never cracks nor crazes. Even acids will not stain it.

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Your plumber knows the economy of quality fixtures

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Gentlemen, the ARCHITECT
maker of monuments to mankind

IN the first century B. C., Marcus Vitruvius, Architect, named the three fundamentals of his art—"stability, utility, and beauty."

How faithfully the Architect of today adheres to these principles! Look about you!

Utility? There is not a wasted inch in the modern building, be it home or school, factory or hospital or skyscraper . . . .

Beauty? Our cities are full of it—a new beauty typifying a new civilization . . . .

Stability? *Because of the Architect's knowledge of materials, our buildings of today will remain monuments to mankind through ages yet to come!*

For instance, there is iron

Ask an architect why he specifies ARMCO Ingot Iron—he will tell you that Ingot Iron is the purest iron made. He will point out that purity in iron means *endurance*—since it is the foreign matter in iron that causes it to rust.

He knows that Ingot Iron, because of its great purity, is of more even grain structure than other ferrous metals—that it is more ductile—easy to bend into different shapes. It takes and *holds* zinc coating as no other metal will. And that is why he specifies ARMCO Ingot Iron for sheet metal work exposed to corrosive influences.

Its use means long life and freedom from heavy upkeep expense. And this applies relatively as much to the modest home as it does to vast commercial structures. You'll find it in general use for flashing, roofing, siding, rain gutters, downspouts, water tanks, ventilating systems, window and skylight frames, lath, cornices, culverts, smokestacks and the like.

Whether you are building or replacing—whether you require iron by the pound or by the ton—always look for the blue Armco triangle on the sheet metal you buy and always ask this question: ***"Is it made of ARMCO Ingot Iron?"***

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MIDDLETOWN OHIO

EXPORT
THE ARMCO INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION
MIDDLETOWN, OHIO CABLE ADDRESS—ARMCO

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Practically eighty cents of every dollar you pay for sheet metal work goes to labor—regardless of what metal is used. It is poor economy to use ordinary iron or steel when Ingot Iron costs but a few cents more. Don't waste that eighty cents by using metal less durable than Ingot Iron.

ARMCO
TRADE MARK
INGOT IRON
The Purest Iron Made

IS IT MADE OF ARMCO INGOT IRON?

Every day more and more people are making sure of enduring sheet metal work by asking this question.

(Continued from Page 119)

Roderica beckoned as she might have summoned a little dog. "I do not wish to interfere with your plans," she told him with lofty condescension. "I might meet your wishes if you prove there's any sense in your mad rush."

"Thank you, miss." He eyed her doubtfully, straightening his little body and extending his bediamonded finger as he seemed to wash his hands in the air. "It's finance, miss."

"I do not want that kind of an answer," was the supremely insolent retort, "any more than I want a permanent wave. Tell me the exact truth and I may permit you to go."

His face crinkled in anger, then straightened into obsequious appeal and his stiff back became jelly. He glanced at the two men—one waiting indifferently, Popeye inventorying the girl. He looked timidly into the calm amused eyes that inspected him as though he was an impaled insect.

"No," Roderica said, "I am not a secret agent."

"I wasn't afraid of that," he lied almost in a whisper. "There's seven thousand cases leaving Nassau for New York. It's worth there three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. We've got the office. Buyers are in with our captain and the stall is not to pay for it; three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, miss."

"Then it's your own men, not the officials, you're afraid of?"

"Oh, miss, the British Government protects us against American officials."

"You're British then?"

"No, but the ship is."

"But isn't the ship yours?"

"Yes, miss; but the flag is not. I'm a good American, but in this business ——"

"You hide beneath the Union Jack."

"The red ensign, miss, to be correct."

"But how can an American do that?"

"I gotta company organized in Nassau, miss."

"Ah! The company's British."

"You got it, miss."

"And what's the name of your boat?" she continued relentlessly.

He balked at that.

"Do you want to save three hundred and fifty thousand dollars?" she asked tartly.

"The Polly and Maria," he mumbled, the perspiration running down his bloodless face.

"You've proved your case," Roderica announced. "I will take you, but I will spare only one seat."

"I dassent go alone," he said.

"Why?"

"Me and Popeye is joint in this. We must get a new captain and send the stuff to New Orleans. S'pose I sent it to Galveston?"

"Ah! And robbed your partner of his half."

"You got it, miss. There ain't any law for bootleggers. It's gotta be on honor."

Roderica laughed out loud. "Sell me your boat for six thousand dollars," she said in a sudden freak, "and you can have the plane."

She did not want the boat; she did not want to take any advantage of the needs of the man; she was no more than avidly curious to know where things stopped in this mad new world.

The barber straightened. "Take her, miss," he said with an air of immense relief. He ran to the counter and scribbled a line. "Bill: This lady owns the Maude R. Fix it up for her with the customs. Saroni." He handed this over with gestures that suggested to Roderica that he was drying her hair with a fan.

"I've paid six hundred for hire of the seaplane," she said. "That money is yours now; that binds the bargain. I'll pay the rest in Nassau."

"It's yours, miss," he said grandly. He bowed and flung out his arms; Roderica understood that her hair was finished and she was free to leave the chair. "Please accept it off me."

"Nonsense! I'll pay the balance in Nassau."

"If you will have it, miss."

"All right, Mr. Saroni. Will you take a message for me?"

"Oh, lady, I'll be glad to do that."

She went over to the counter and scribbled a line. As she had no confidence in her letter carrier she simply said, "We leave tomorrow for Nassau on the Maude R. Roddy." This she addressed to Mr. James Duane the younger.

"Find him," she said. "Please see that he gets it."

"It's a letter to Garcia, miss."

He bowed low as she went out. She caught the words of Popeye's not unpleasant barytone:

"Fly to the desert, fly with me,
Our Arab tents are rude for thee."

Her lip curled, yet she exulted; his insolence had cost him six thousand dollars. But what did that amount to? It was less than two per cent of the amount at stake. Mad; but method in this madness; you must be there yourself in a business on honor; what mattered the cost of getting there? She glanced at the note. Would the captain accept this scribbled order? She drove to her new possession, eying it bobbing at the buoy with exultant pride.

"Sure," drawled the late owner, "she's yours, miss."

"And you will go as captain?"

He was a capitalist now and about to retire to his orange grove, so nothing less than three hundred dollars a month would tempt him to go to sea again, and the engineer would want two hundred, the cook the same, and there must be one deck hand.

"All right," Roderica agreed. "We leave at noon tomorrow."

"Tonight, miss, or tomorrow night, or we can't get across the Banks by daylight. I can be ready by nine o'clock."

"All right, tonight. Get some ice."

"Say, miss." He hesitated as she turned. He scanned her face from faded eyes, then thrust a parcel into her hand. "Please keep it for me till you come," he said in a voice that trembled.

"Keep what? What's in it?"

"Twelve thousand dollars, miss."

"Oh, but ——"

"Please, miss. Popeye's New York."

"All right."

She hurried back in the gathering twilight to her mother, hugging her parcel. "He doesn't know my name or my hotel," she murmured. "The crown of a busy day."

She entered her mother's room with that exaggerated quiet which had become habitual in adolescence when youth cherishes secrecy and loves mystery. Her mother was not quite dressed. "You've had a long lovely sleep," she said.

"Even thought of flying couldn't keep me awake, Roddy, in this sleepy place."

"Sleepy place!" her daughter ejaculated with a laugh as she ran into the adjoining room. "Flying's off, mother," she called out. Angled mirrors by chance permitted her to see the expression of relief on her mother's face.

"I'm disappointed," said the old lady stoutly. "What's the matter?"

"I found a duck of a boat instead. We leave at nine tonight."

Plashings of bath water, laughter, a jingle of blithe tunes; the mother caught scraps of words—"Fly to the desert, fly with me"—and she smiled and told herself that thought of seeing Jimmie Duane made her daughter happy. Since that evening when Mrs. Vallander had stood, questioning, before the portrait of her brother Jason, she had yielded without struggle more and more ascendancy to her daughter.

Roderica, quickly and simply dressed, came demurely in and with a deep curtsy presented her mother with a parcel, which proved to consist of a coconut labeled Miami.

"This proof of affection," said her mother with caustic good humor, "touches me deeply."

"Come, I'm starving."

"Why that bag?"

"Nearest at hand," was the careless answer. The twelve thousand dollars was cumbrously wrapped, and made a bundle too large for a vanity bag.

At the entrance to the dining room they were stopped by a reporter. He begged for photographs and a few words about Miami. Mrs. Vallander shook her head and passed on. "We have no pictures," Roderica said, "but you may quote Mrs. Vallander as saying that it's a wonderful place to sleep, and Miss Vallander as thinking that you have to be very wide awake."

Two cards were brought as they dined, those of real-estate agents.

"My friend Polder has advertised us," Roderica guessed. "Don't turn up your nose, mother. We're 120's and must pay the penalty." She explained tomato similes with buoyant humor.

They had unpacked little and so were on time at the boat. Roderica was keenly

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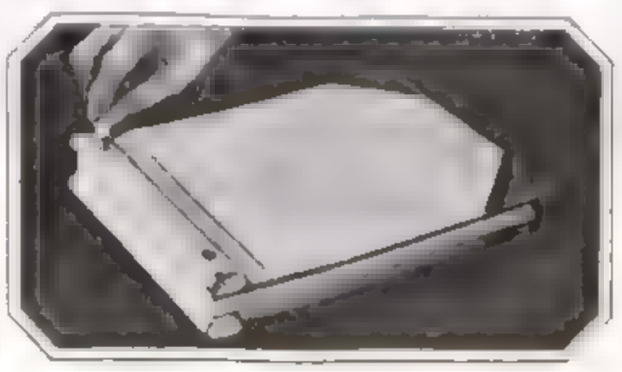

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curious about the little vessel, but she gathered only vague impressions of its ordered and well packed cleanliness; she was waiting for thrills. They came at the first comment of the captain's intimating that she was owner. She saw her mother stand and glance. She chose this moment to open the bag strapped to her wrist. She handed over the twelve thousand dollars in silence.

"Thanks, miss." Gnarled brown hands laboriously counted.

It was Roderica's little way to let her mother find out thus by apparent accident that she was a boat owner and had been trustee of a considerable sum; but there was an additional motive. She was training her mother. She meant to have her own way in this strange new world into which her ingenuity had brought them. If prosaic Miami could give her a day like this what could not the mysterious Bahamas show her, and what place was there in those gemmed islets for the narrow conventionalities of Washington? She remembered with disdain the dull routine of the capital and felt that she was for the first time really living.

She waited in vain for an explosion when she was alone with her mother, but she had not an ordinary woman for mother.

"Wonderful city," said the latter dryly as the boat went slowly down the Cut. "You stroll with a shirt-sleeved chauffeur and you come back with a motor yacht and twelve thousand dollars."

"Wonderful girl too; and most wonderful of all, her mother."

Met thus in her own mood, Roderica clasped her mother's arm with jubilant affection and told most of the story of the day.

"You inspire confidence in people," was the comment. "Why?"

"I must, somehow," Roderica laughed. "It's having capital, I suppose, and acting as though I had it. I needn't have had," she added reflectively. "Now I understand why confidence men succeed. Credit comes running to you if you behave as though you owned a bank."

"Don't buy Nassau," her mother cautioned.

That night the haughty Mrs. Vallander crept silently into her daughter's tiny stateroom and knelt by the side of the sleeping girl. With a trembling hand she caressed the dark hair tumbling over the pillow. Her will dammed tears which nearly burst through unused ducts but her stern lips relaxed as she pressed a light kiss on the unconscious forehead. "I will not lose her," was her resolve as she slipped away, "and I can only keep her her way—not mine."

She lay, sleepless, rolling at the Gulf Stream's will, shaping the policy on which she had entered that night, a policy of repression, of abnegation. To hold the love of her strong-willed daughter, to maintain any touch of control, she must be genuinely sympathetic with the latter's aims and actions; she knew that pretense would be of no avail, that inward antagonism or irritation would come out; she must make herself over. Money—that had compelled her. If Jason had only left his niece dependent; what can a mother do in these days with a millionaire daughter? This mother had summed the answer in a sentence: Pretend she's a son. Such quick clear vision proved Mrs. Vallander's high intelligence; such selfless surrender, a flexibility none could have guessed, proved a mother love unplumbed in depth.

XI

THE Gulf Stream is like a human being: when crossed it gets resentful. Going with it, heading into it, there is usually peace; but if you take it at right angles you must expect to roll; there is, however, only fifty miles of it. After that, at Gun Cay, you get on to the Bahama Banks and sail peacefully over layers of color so entrancing that you watch in silence. Even Roderica, smartest of yachtswomen from the peak of her cap to the sole of her buckskin shoes, a girl of action, full of eager curiosities about human beings, was moved to wistful, sad longing as she sat on the deck and looked over jeweled seas changing in the morning light.

She was sure now that she loved Jimmie Duane. In Washington, before she had left, she had asked herself the question. Now her lips parted in a happy smile and her dreamy half-closed eyes saw beyond the horizon. In her reverie she pictured Jimmie somewhat as Rosamond Farr had visioned him: as a knight who had rescued her from a narrowed prison and led her gayly on the path of adventure. And of wealth—Rosamond had not thought of that, but in her simpler heart and less involuted mind wealth was not necessary to adventure. Roderica was glad that she had made the chance to let Jimmie know she was coming. A letter could not have reached him in time, and telegrams to a small place endangered secrets both of love and of liquor. He would have some hours' notice; he would find a place for her mother and herself; a lovely romantic nest such as he had described in his letters, vine-embowered, brilliantly blossoming. And the big airy room inside; she remembered how Jimmie had secretly decorated such a tropic room in Honolulu, and how she had stood gazing on the threshold as he had whispered in her ear that he had tried to make it worthy of her.

She pictured him waiting on the wharf for her, a lean fine-muscled figure in spotless white, in his wild impatience sending secret messages with his eyes that all could read. She breathed quicker as she hoped that he would forget all cautions, all understandings, and clasp her and claim her in the presence of everybody. If he did not—should she? Yes—yes—why secrecy? That should be her welcoming gift a pair of opened arms.

She thrilled to the thought. What a beginning for their weeks together on the enchanted island. How happy he would be; how interested the onlookers. She could hear somebody murmur, "What a superbly matched pair." It was true too; she glanced down her skirt as she heartily agreed with that imagined speaker. Reticence, secrecy, were all right in the frozen north—she smiled as she thought of chilled and snow-bound friends in Washington—but this heavenly climate drew you irresistibly into the open.

Roderica jumped to her feet and at the same instant into the present at sight of her mother's face. They exchanged swift glances. The mother smiled as a mother would who had caught a glimpse into an unguarded happy heart. The daughter flushed.

"I spoke three times, Roddy. Lunch is ready."

"I was thinking about stores and equipment," said Roderica coolly as they climbed below. "I snapped this boat up so quick I didn't go into details."

"I could almost see you counting sheets and tins of sardines."

The habit of sarcasm could not die, but the veiled hostility with which it was received cut the mother's heart. She had dared to hope for one brief instant for a daughter's confidence, but the gate had been snapped shut and bolted with an obvious fib.

After lunch, reaction made the girl a stern bargainer. She had absorbed much of the business of the sea on her Honolulu voyage, and she was determined that the captain should include in the exaggerated price he had received about everything on board except his clothes. She condescended to haggle that she might prove to her mother and herself that she had really been thinking of hawsers and anchors and chinaware and glasses. The little vessel was equipped for charter by wealthy tourists and was more luxuriously fitted than many private yachts. In his soft drawling voice the captain fought on principle and from habit for every item; but in the end he lost everything.

Mollified, Roderica resumed her deck chair. Too active to sleep, as her mother was sleeping below, she fell to dreaming again. The sun was low in the west and the vessel had long emerged from the Banks. It was far out on the blue waters of the Tongue of Ocean now, and a low shadow toward the southeast she was sure was the islet of romance whereon were her fortune and her lover. She stretched out her arms in quick impulsive rehearsal.

Then she glanced about. The steersman was looking, not ahead, but at her. Caught off her guard twice in one day; she was getting sloppy, she told herself. She inspected his back and saw a costly silk shirt and stiff creases down the legs of his fine flannel trousers. She went to his side.

"Are those bootleggers?" she asked, pointing to a little converging flotilla in the distance.

"Sure to be, Miss Vallander."

The voice was cultivated; more, it was known to her; but she did not turn.

"How do you know?" she asked.

"Hardly any other use for them. Some accident. The big one is being towed."

She ran down memories, but could not name the owner of the voice.

"How do you know that? You can't see any towline."

"The two have been at the same distance ever since I sighted them. It's a race between them and us for the bar."

"Jack," she said slowly over her shoulder, "do you want to be known?"

"By you, if you want to, when we are alone, Roddy."

She turned and inspected him—hard, bronzed, tiny furrowed at the edge of his eyes, which met her glance with an expression so new in him that she was puzzled.

"In the pink," she praised, in the words of her friend, Mrs. Mannering.

"My trade makes me that. You look fine. You guessed, of course?"

She nodded. He had not come on that night on which she knew he was coming to propose to her; instead, she heard of his father's smashing failure. She had never seen him since.

"What would you have said, Roddy?"

"On my honor, Jack, I don't know. I thought a lot about you."

"And of me?"

"Yes, and now too. Why a deck hand in those clothes?"

"I had to get to Nassau, and I paid for this chance. I didn't know, of course, who the passengers were."

"I wish I had looked at you."

"You wouldn't—at a deck hand."

"Mother would have been glad if you had lunched with us."

He shook his head. "I'm a bootlegger."

"I hoped it. How fascinating, Jack."

To herself she said, studying him, "Ruthless, that's it. Cruel? Perhaps. Anyway he's full-grown now."

He set his teeth grimly. "None of that Sunday-supplement stuff, Roddy. It's the dirtiest game ever played. Here and there a sport, but mighty few. The big men have begun to come in, and they have to employ the scum of New York. I s'pose any game outside the law is played by outsiders. Tell me about yourself, Roddy."

"Oh, the usual. You know. Trifles—teas, dances, dinners, tennis."

"It looks mighty fine after you're thrown out of it," he said. "Father died, mother had to come south; there was an orange grove left out of the wreck. For the small man to get a living out of oranges is like milking a stone cow. So I jumped into this game. Mother doesn't know, and I make a good deal of dirty money."

"I won't have that, Jack. Nerve, brains——"

"You people that look on," he broke in hotly, "don't know anything about it. It's a world of outlaws, of brute force. It has thrown over civilization. It's barbarism. It's not matching your wits against revenue officers in a clean way. It's fitting your mind into a crook's mind, thinking as he thinks, heading off his schemes, guarding your head against a blackjack, never turning your back for fear of a knife in it. I've sat in a tree in a Florida swamp and put a bullet through the arm of my partner as he was trying secretly to dig up the stuff. I've shot the tire of my partner's auto as he tried to run off with a load. I've fought a man to a standstill when he and I were the only two human beings on one of those tiny waterless cays you gush over. My friend tried to push off in the little boat while I was asleep. For what? Why was he leaving me to die of thirst? For seven cases of whisky, Roddy, no more, no less. We were trailing fourteen cases in the little boat when the big one crashed. I'm a crook, all right, Roddy. I think as one, I act as one. I don't ask. I take what I want. I live as my world lives."

"Nonsense, Jack!" Roderica's voice had an odd roughness. "You would always be straight."

She was panting, her lips were parted, her eyes were intently fixed on his. Deep down, she responded with fire to his impassioned story of a lawless world.

"I haven't robbed a partner yet," he said slowly.

Then her mother appeared on deck.

"It's Jack, mother," she said, "Jack Sutherland." She left them and went forward and pretended to gaze at the little flotilla. Jack Sutherland—genial, happy-go-lucky Jack—to meet him again, here, like this. A man—a real man! He did things. He held his place in a world where your own brain and your own arm must do it.

A lighthouse loomed; outlines of houses appeared; foaming waves crested a reef;

Continued on Page 125

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(Continued from Page 122)

a smooth green path marked the opening to the harbor; she saw that the little flotilla, held back by the tow, was beaten. It must follow them over the bar.

The captain came and took the wheel. Roderica slipped below, gathered up trifles, powdered her nose, rehearsed once again her greeting to Jimmie. Poor old Jack, it would be hard for him if he should see it! She smiled at memories. A last glance at the mirror; she pressed her face close, for the quick dusk was falling, then stepped into the cabin.

She was clasped by no gentle arms. She yielded. She returned kisses of fire for a long instant. She drew away. He held her the closer. "One more," he whispered. She gave it. Released, dazed, she sank to a seat.

"I told you," he whispered, "I take what I want."

A silence, then she rose and faced him in the gathering gloom. "You have done it," she said, low, in breathless jerks. "You have robbed your partner."

"No," he whispered, looking unabashed into her eyes. With the brutal truth of his new world he said, "Your eyes asked for it."

She jerked her head back at this, staring at him from wide eyes. She saw the flick of his lip in a smile. Slowly, slowly, against her will, her lids drooped. She saw a foot as her mother descended the stairs. She whisked into her little cabin.

As she powdered her nose again she heard Jack Sutherland say, "I am waiting for parcels. I can help you in landing."

"Thank you, Jack," was the chilly answer. "We shall be met."

On deck mother and daughter watched eagerly as their motorboat followed at a slow speed the course over which Rosamond Fair a few days before had so madly steered.

The anchor was dropped not far from the lighted landing place on the square.

"We must wait for the port officer," the captain explained, pointing to the yellow flag hanging in the rigging.

Mrs. Vallander, perceiving that no one on the wharf looked like a Duane, turned to Roderica. "I'm afraid the message has not reached him."

"Perhaps that's just as well," was the languid answer. "I hear such weird tales, and everybody here seems to know all about everybody else."

Mrs. Vallander was hurt by this affectation of cool indifference. She remembered that rapt expression which she had surprised that day; why should Roderica be so reticent with her; why pretend this listless air?

"It is not just as well," she said with unaccustomed tenderness. "It is better. But it seems a lonely welcome for you."

"He and I understand, mother. It's all been mapped out," Roderica answered, forcing a laugh.

So it had, in letters; and as planned, so it would be carried out. Her two rehearsals of a changed program were wasted. No inviting open arms were now to greet an enraptured lover. She glanced idly down the channel and marked the lights of the little fleet which had followed across the bar. She could hear rattle of chains as successive anchors were dropped.

The courteous port officer came and quickly went through the necessary forms, the boat in the meantime being warped toward the wharf.

Sutherland came, lifting his hat. "I don't see anybody who looks like meeting you," he said. "I'm known to be a bootlegger by everybody here, but that cuts no ice. Still, I can help as a stranger, Mrs. Vallander, if you like it best that way."

"Sorry, Jack," Mrs. Vallander answered. "We shall dine and sleep on board. We better begin as we intend going on. You have chosen your path. It does not cross ours."

"Mother's right, Jack," Roderica put in. "We don't fear pirates, but they're inconvenient at times." She forced a light laugh in which he joined as he turned on his heel with a "Good night and good-by."

So in obedience to her social training she made a jest of an experience only obnoxious to her because she had yielded so utterly to his domination. That was her humiliation; in this introduction into a lawless world which had enthralled her to hear about, she had been a willing victim. She remembered his open smile of triumph; she loathed him.

She heard his voice immediately below her on the wharf. "Hello, Penterry, old man."

She looked down at the tall Englishman, who stood, amiable, smiling, dressed in the spotless white of the crack yachtsman. She glanced at her mother. "Lord Uther," she murmured. Her mother nodded. Roderica thought of a dance at the Washington embassy at which this younger brother of the Marquess of St. Arvans had got so angry because Jack Sutherland had cut in. He did not understand the custom.

He glanced up and promptly boarded. There followed cheerful greetings, a flood of small talk, reminiscences. Roderica talked just the same, though she saw Jimmie on the wharf. He looked dirty, dishevveled; he had not shaved for a week; and he was not alone. The hatless girl over whom he was bending and to whom he was talking with absorbed attention, had a head of wild tousled hair, and her white shirt was stained and bedraggled. She saw the two climb into a rickety cab and drive away

"Come and dine aboard with me, look," said Lord Uther. "I'll send my launch for you in an hour."

Mother and daughter exchanged glances. "With pleasure," Mrs. Vallander said.

"Don't overdress, please. I've the family yacht here, but she's lyin' out, look. The cook's aboard the tender though. Stayin' long? Tourin' the islands? Sportin', I call it, look."

The Penterry family, of which the Marquess of St. Arvans was the head, had a Welsh pedigree back to Hogin and Mogin of the Hundred Beeves, but for many generations it had been established in Gloucestershire. Lord Uther's "look" was proof to those who knew, that he was Gloucester bred and had spent much of his youth in the stables and the kennels. At home, on the estate, he usually talked broad Gloucester, and he was locally adored as a sportsman. He knew more about hounds than the kennelman, more about horses than the head groom, more about pheasants than the head keeper, more about wild geese than the decoy man, more about rotating crops than the oldest tenant, more about land than the local auctioneer, and he had more common sense than the local doctor; but he knew nothing of books, history, science or politics. These embellishments were not missed by him or others; except by a few, who saw in him a survival of a disappearing time and one incapable of perceiving or adapting himself to new conditions. He was, in fact, a good-natured, inflexible die-hard.

"I've dropped the 'lord,'" he cautioned them at parting. "No use anywhere these days; least of all this side the pond. I'm plain Penterry, look. In an hour, mind."

It took some hustling to get the right trunks, the right dresses; but they kept the launch waiting only ten minutes. They could dress in cool comfort, for the captain took the yacht out into the stream and anchored. Thus they could keep the seaward portholes open. Roderica, silent, sullen, reproached herself for a chance missed. It was nothing that Jimmie should come home looking like a tramp; he loved engines. It was a trifling incident in her world that he was playing about with a rather common-looking girl.

She was sorry she had not called out to him. A rotten day, she called it, and banished thought of it as she left her cabin. She tuned herself to a proper society manner as they took their seats in the bright little launch.

"A stroke of genius, Roddy," her mother said, "buying that boat. It has saved us much embarrassment."

Roderica nudged her mother. They could see the senior Duane on a brightly lighted deck.

"Tuxedo!" the girl murmured. "Can he be dining with us?"

"Impossible; they couldn't meet," the mother said sharply. Then she remembered. "At least, I mean—why not?"

Roderica laughed. "Mr. Penterry—we must get the habit, mother—does everything well." She glanced with approval at the shining brass of the bright polished launch. "What can he be doing here with the marquess' yacht? They're all hard up, you know."

"Awful poverty!" her mother said, smiling. She was in great good humor that accident had saved her dignity. A yachtswoman, and a welcome from an unimpeachable person; her status was immediately fixed with no help from the Duanes.

On the grating of the carpeted companionway stood their host in his white evening clothes.

"Such jolly luck you cruisin' here, look," he said as he led the way to the deck. On the seaward side, bending over the rail, looking down into the water, were two young people. Roderica guessed; they straightened and turned at the sound of voices.

"But Mr. Duane the younger and I have met in Washington," Mrs. Vallander said an instant later. She welcomed him as a pleasant acquaintance.

"Hello, Jimmie," Roderica called out as arranged. "It's Honolulu over again. How jolly."

Completely surprised, he sprang forward impetuously, his eyes telling tales; but Roderica's unresponsive hand brought him to order. Honolulu was the cipher word; that was to be her message when they met. He had written the extravagant words of an eager lover in the key to the code; what it really meant was that all was well, even if they did meet as casual friends. Roderica played her part to such perfection that Rosamond Fair, watching with her heart in her mouth, was completely deceived. This resplendent dark girl in her flaming dress, with that barbaric necklace about her brunet throat, was not the fiancée of Jimmie Duane. Rosamond's heart had no right to be pounding and she had no right to feel such relief—yet so it was. She wished to be very friendly; but that was not encouraged. This newcomer acknowledged the introduction with a courteous indifference.

An explosive hail shattered the night. "I think, Mr. Jimmie," Mrs. Vallander said, smiling, "that can only be your father." But Jimmie had vanished.

"Fawncy your knowin' 'em," Lord Uther said. He had regretted his invitation; now everything was all right. Mrs. Vallander would not snub this rum old boy, all brains and no manners.

"By the sacred crest of Mount Olympus," came rumbling as Duane's head emerged from the companionway.

"Be careful," Mrs. Vallander cautioned. "I do not mind my fingers, but I don't want my rings flattened."

"Lady, your most obedient," he said, quieted, and he took her hand as though it was a pat of butter; but he winked at Roderica as he greeted her. She did not respond by so much as a finger pressure.

Cocktails came, and with them intimation that this dinner was a special celebration. "Here's to Miss Fair and Jimmie Duane," the host said, lifting his glass; "sportsmen both, look."

The elder Duane touched his glass to the rim of the girl's glass. "Rosamond," he said in what he thought was a lowered voice, "you dead game sport, here's how."

Mrs. Vallander glanced at her daughter; there was no mistaking the profound feeling in the man's manner. She saw the quick flip of the hand as Roderica dashed the contents of her glass over the rail.

The table was laid on the deck. The star-studded sky was the roof and twinkling Nassau and dark romantic Hog Island the walls. A soft scented breeze fanned them from shore and thin reeds of masts on the sponging fleet suggested a jungle amid which gleamed riding lights like great fireflies. The table, brilliant with twined ruby bougainvillea and burning hibiscus beginning already to droop, was too small for any but general talk. The host began to tell the newcomers what this dinner meant, but the eager father would have none of the measured phrases of the restrained Englishman. He took on the tale of wonder and let himself go as he would have done to cronies in Puget Sound. The presence of the Vallanders added to his joy. How proud, he thought, Roderica would be of the achievements of her lover; no pink-tea man this son of his. He told in picturesque ungrammatical phrases of a derelict brought to port by a pair of wonder workers, of a yacht raised from the depths by them. He pointed through the darkness to the riding lights; two of the finest auxiliary-powered yachts in the harbor salved by these strangers, not knowing their way about these seas, but putting it over everybody. He hammered the table with his big fist as he rose and proposed the joint health of Rosamond Fair and Jimmie Duane. He drained his glass and flung it over his shoulder. It crashed on the deck behind him. The glasses were cut in Carlsbad, irreplaceable out here, marked with the coronet of a marquess; but Lord Uther's went smash too. Only two were sacrificed, however.

Jimmie, helplessly embarrassed, stammered an almost unintelligible response.

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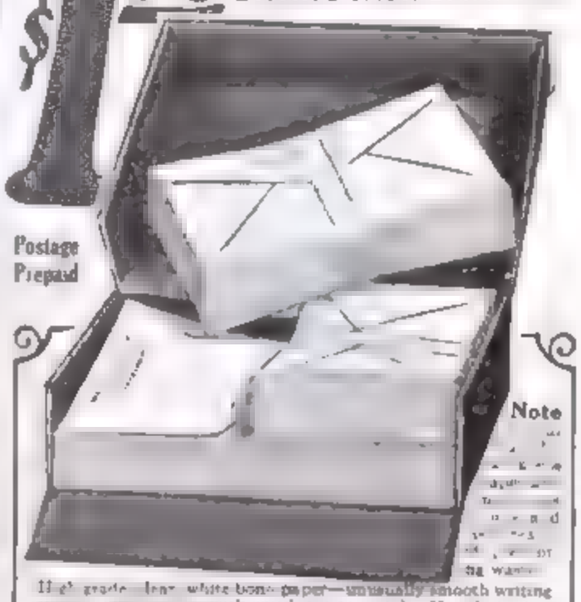

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He was understood to say that he would rather face much worse dangers than go through such a dinner again. He shook a reproachful head at his father and sat down to handclapping led by Roderica Vallander.

When they moved from the table Duane brushed his son aside and abruptly marshaled mother and daughter to seats apart.

"I've laid it on, you think?" he questioned.

"A father's natural pride," Mrs. Vallander said, eying him with a kind of awe. She had seen him drink nearly two bottles of champagne, and yet he gave no sign of that kind of intoxication. Certainly he was drunk with paternal pride, but his unbridled joy, so sincere, was infectious.

"And you, Roderica, what do you say?"

"The heroine," she answered, smiling, "is quite pretty." She was white hot. Forgotten, ignored, not even an ignominious second place; just nowhere.

"I owe my son to her," he cried, "and you owe her for Jimmie's life." He told how Jimmie had dived after dynamite and been pulled out senseless by Rosamond. "Now," he exclaimed triumphantly, "did I open my mouth too wide?"

"I'll go talk to her," Roderica said, rising. "I'll thank her."

"Good girl!" She grimaced as she heard this.

"Does she know?" he asked in a husky whisper of her mother.

"She does not speak of it, Mr. Duane. But she must guess. And she has the right to know. My brother Jason's will, you remember, divides the estate between her and me."

"A word of warning, then, lady. This is a tough game. The boy's off it. Don't you let her talk to Jimmie about it."

Mrs. Vallander lifted a haughty head. "Would he presume to censure her, or you, or me?"

"I can't say," he answered with a proud chuckle at his son's independence. "I don't say any more than this: I don't dare to let him know I'm in it."

"And you haven't his help, then?"

"Oh, if I only had!" He laughed. "He's bested me two or three times. He don't know it's me, but the boy's done it. Now, what d'ye think of that?"

"Prohibitionist? An unexpected twist, Mr. Duane."

"Oh," he cried in horror, "not that. Nothing so bad as that." And then Rosamond came.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Duane, but I must go."

He jumped to his feet. "Her aunt's sick," he said, "and I promised I'd get her home early." He hustled away, bellowing for his launch.

"Spare me five minutes, my dear," Mrs. Vallander said. "I've heard all about it. You are very brave."

"I adore Mr. Duane," Rosamond said as she sat down, "but I'd never, never have come here tonight if ——"

"It was an ordeal, but you must accept Mr. Duane as he is; and you bore it beautifully." She glanced across from Lord Uther to Jimmie Duane, then at the girl, and she became even more gracious. "I am so sorry to hear that your aunt is ill. Serious?"

"I hope not; a slight fever." She did not add that Aunt Josepha had worked herself into an illness because a dark-bearded hidalgo had been absent from an excursion and proved to be a villain.

"Might I call, or will she when she's better? We could have pleasant excursions in our motorboat."

"You are kind," responded grateful Rosamond. "And Miss Vallander too. She said the same."

"Did she?" Mrs. Vallander's dry surprised query made the girl wonder a little "You have a charming manner, my dear."

Rosamond stretched an impulsive hand. "I want some advice," she pleaded. "You are so kind, and you understand about things, anybody can see that, and I am quite alone and I do need some help, awfully."

"I'll get an auto—I suppose you can, here; they've none in Bermuda—and you shall show me the island in the morning - just you and I. Will your aunt mind?"

"Oh, but you are good." Rosamond gave a hurried address and bolted away to the imperious cry from Mr. Duane.

Mrs. Vallander turned. "Lord Uther!" she called.

"Drop it," he said as he came to her side.

At last Roderica and Jimmie could have a word together alone; but she did not give him a chance to speak.

"I understand, Jimmie," she burst out breathlessly. They sat side by side and her hand stole into his. "It was your night and her night, and I'm glad; yes, I'm truly glad chance pushed me into it. I didn't think of anything except how proud I was of you, and it was lovely to see how proud your father was too. You didn't behave well, Jimmie. You didn't just enjoy it all, but you kept on worrying because of me, and that proved you don't know me yet, and I couldn't possibly be at all jealous or have any mean feeling like that. If you had known I was coming -but you couldn't, for you were away and we didn't plan to surprise you. I ——"

"Forgive me," Jimmie pleaded humbly. "I was upset. I was unjust to you. This concealed engagement is rot, Roddy. I simply can't stand it. You are so splendid; so—so—we'l, you are simply perfect and—darling—well, I just swim in love for you."

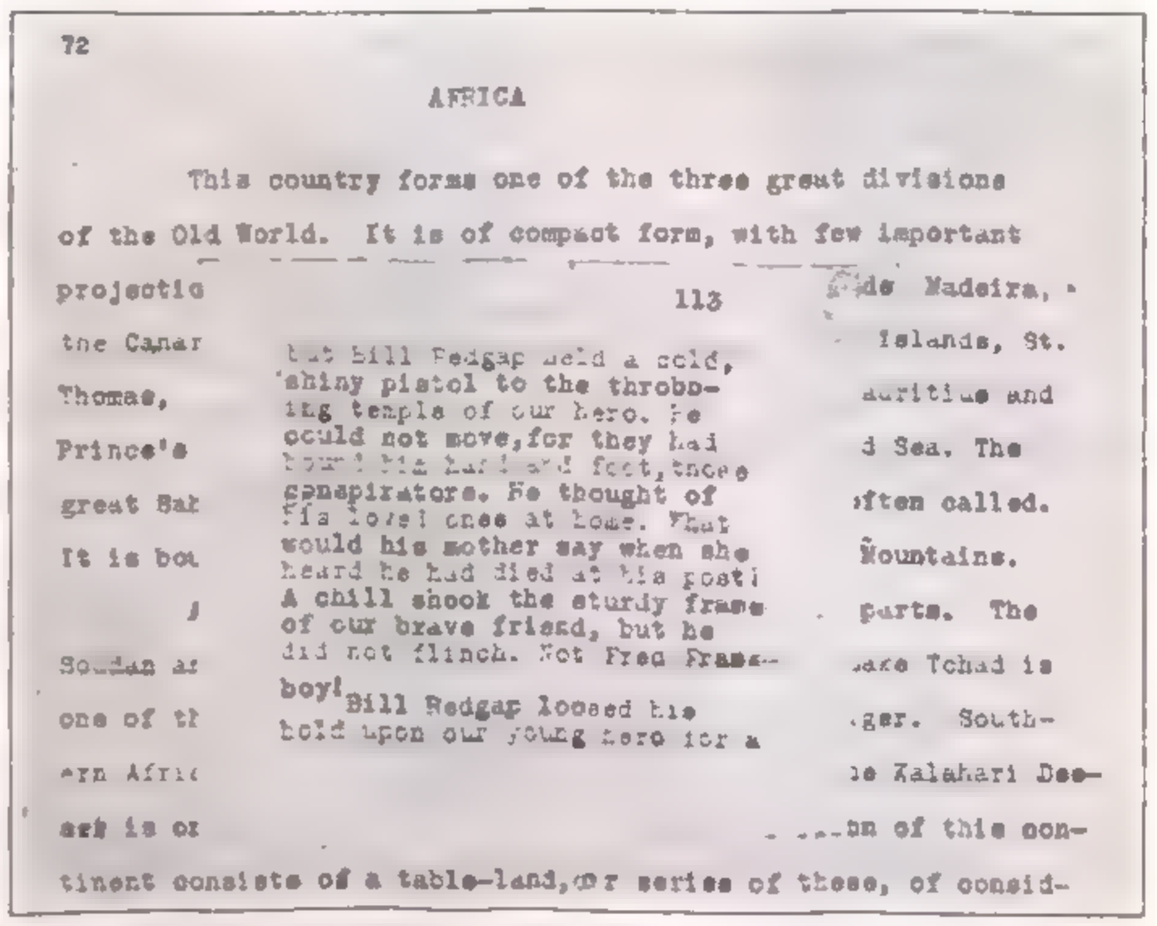
"Penterry," she called—she had refused to adopt the Mister—"may we have a look at the main deck?"

"Of course. Come along, Mrs. Vallander."

"Stay and talk to me," Mrs. Vallander ordered. "They can describe the saloon afterward."

In the first shaded corner below, Roderica gave him her arms. Thought of that mad embrace of the afternoon flashed feverish expiation into her kisses. He was wildly happy; she had never yielded herself thus to him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)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AFRICA

This country forms one of the three great divisions of the Old World. It is of compact form, with few important projectio ...de Madeira, ... the Canar ... Islands, St. Thomas, ... auritius and Prince's ... d Sea. The great Sah ... often called. It is bou ... Mountains. ... Soudan ar ... parts. The one of th ... lake Tchad is ern Afric ...ger. South- ark is or ...e Kalahari Des- ...on of this con- tinent consists of a table-land, or series of these, of consid-

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But Bill Hedgap held a cold, shiny pistol to the throbbing temple of our hero. He could not move, for they had bound his hands and feet, these conspirators. He thought of his loved ones at home. What would his mother say when she heard he had died at his post! A chill shook the sturdy frame of our brave friend, but he did not flinch. Not Fred Frame—boy! Bill Hedgap loosed his hold upon our young hero for a

A Page From the Geography of Little Willie Jones. He is Such a Good Boy and Studies So Hard

PETER'S *Croquettes*

The fine, rare Peter's blend now moulded into tempting wafers—in a new 5¢ package

Five tempting croquettes of rich, smooth chocolate—each one sealed in an individual wrapping of silver foil—protected in all its original lusciousness and purity until you are ready to eat it.

That is the new Peter's 5-cent croquette package.

If you haven't tried it, you have a treat in store. Fresh, pure milk from carefully selected milch cows—the six choicest varieties of cocoa beans—blended together in the secret formula perfected by Daniel Peter in his Swiss kitchen fifty years ago. This same rare flavor has made Peter's famous throughout the world.

You can buy Peter's Milk Chocolate in three forms—delicious plain bars—almond bars filled with crisp nuts—or in the new convenient croquette package. Try Peter's today—you will love the fine rare flavor.

Peter Cailler Kohler Swiss Chocolates Company, Inc.
129 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

Fifty years ago, Daniel Peter struggled night and day in his little kitchen at Vevey, Switzerland, to perfect the fine rare blend that bears his name today. He gave to the world the most perfect food-confection ever known—Peter's Milk Chocolate.

PETER'S
MILK CHOCOLATE
Plain Bars
Almond Bars
Croquettes

It's Fun to Cook with this Oil Range

EVEN children easily learn to cook with an oil stove equipped with Lorain High Speed Burners. The simplicity of these powerful burners makes it easy for anybody to achieve successful baking.

No priming, no difficult adjustments—just raise the chimney and turn the Lorain Red Wheel, touch with a match—and a clean, hot, blue flame strikes the bottom of the oven in a surprisingly short time.

The patented wick-stop halts the wick at the correct starting point. The burner is then ready for continuous work—no further adjustment is required.

The inner combustion tube is made of "Vesuvius Metal" which will not burn out. (Read the Guarantee.)

Oil cook stoves equipped with Lorain Burners are made in a wide variety of sizes, styles and finishes. See them at your dealer's.

LORAIN
OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

IF GAS is available you'll find no cooking appliance to compare with Lorain equipped Gas Ranges. One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of 44 measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking.

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

Sole Manufacturers of Gas Ranges Equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator

World's Largest Manufacturers of Cooking Appliances

GUARANTEE:

Should the inner combustion tube of the Lorain High Speed Oil Burner burn out within 10 years from date of purchase, replacement will be made entirely free of charge.

LORAIN
HIGH SPEED OIL BURNER

Many famous makes of Oil Cook Stoves are now equipped with Lorain High Speed Oil Burners, including

Clark Jewel—George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.
Dangler—Dangler Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, O.
Direct Action—National Stove Co. Div., Lorain, O.
New Process—New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, O.
Quick Meal—Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.

THE DULL SEASON

(Continued from Page 23)

the war, and that it's about as easy for the average automobile driver to see the average pedestrian on streets so lighted as it would be for a movie director to see a cross-eyed gypsy fortune-teller in a dark room full of bathing beauties.

"Simple solutions of difficulties never appeal to Congress, as can be seen from the present immigration law, which was designed to cut our immigrants down to next to nothing, and which consequently admitted more than seven hundred thousand of them last year; but if Congress ever tries to cure the untoward number of collisions between automobiles and humans in Washington in a genuinely simple manner, it will either order the streets to be decently lighted or equip all persons of color with side and tail lights after dusk.

"As for the conversation in Washington, it's less dull than ever, now that everybody has Mr. Coolidge to talk about. Even the Gridiron Club, which has had its hammers heavily padded since the war in an apparent attempt to hurt nobody's feelings, has removed a few layers of hair mattress from its instruments and inflicted a few tentative bruises on high officials and White House spokesmen, and has found, to its evident surprise and pleasure, that it can still throw the harpoon into the follies of our public men without being forced to dig its own grave and face a firing squad."

Mr. Flack sighed deeply and signaled to a waiter who was brisking out of the lounging or nap room at the rate of about half a mile a week.

"Two black cows, Grover," said he, "a large one for me and a small one for my friend." He then fell into a reverie and shook his head doubtfully.

"When Gen. Charles Gates Dawes appeared in Washington two years ago and introduced the black cow as a beverage," said he, "I knew that the vitality and endurance of the man must be simply tremendous. There are practically no limits to the heights that can be attained by a man who can consume a beverage composed of half cream and half sarsaparilla, and still live.

"Consequently it was no surprise to me when he was nominated for the Vice Presidency—though I believe it was something of a surprise to the Hon. William M. Butler, of Massachusetts, that distinguished President-maker and interpreter of Presidential silences who had twice sent peremptory orders to Senator Dave Reed on the convention floor that Mr. Hoover had got to be the Vice Presidential nominee, only to find that Senator Dave Reed was too busy issuing his own orders to take any from Mr. Butler."

Can Dawes Weather the Senate?

"It will, of course, be something of a surprise to me if General Dawes is able to preside over the Senate for the next four years without exploding with a loud majority report when Senator J. Thomas Heflin, of Alabama, rises to his feet in all the glory of his yellow flannel vest, and bellows for four consecutive hours in a vain attempt to express his contempt and loathing for the wolves of Wall Street and the Federal Reserve Board; or when Senator James Reed, of Missouri, gravely takes his periodic two-hour twist at the tail of the British Lion; or when Senator Smith Wildman Brookhart takes up several hours of the Senate's time in quoting a lot of figures on the overcapitalization of the railroads that are as accurate as a bedtime story about Peter Rabbit or Jasper Chipmunk.

"It is believed, however—and there is always a large coterie of sincere believers in Washington who will believe anything, even that the hedgehog can shoot his quills to a distance of thirty feet and that the Grand Duke Cyril has a Chinaman's chance of being the Czar of Russia—that General Dawes will listen without uproar or explosion to the moaning of the senatorial windbags because he plans to be the nominee of the Republican Party for President of the United States in 1928, and because he will need all available political assistance to carry out his plans.

"History has conclusively shown that persons who are planning to be the nominees of their parties for the Presidency should start their planning as far ahead as possible, owing to the fact that as a general rule the only benefit that accrues to them from their plans is the practice which they get in plan-making.

"While it is highly improbable, for instance, that Mr. William Gibbs McAdoo will ever be President of the United States, he will be in a position by 1928 to become the president of the International Association of Plan-Makers because of starting his plans to be President of the United States as far back as 1917. Consequently it would doubtless be an excellent thing if General Dawes—provided he wishes to be the next Republican nominee for President—should start his planning before he was inaugurated as Vice President, but it wouldn't necessarily get him the Presidency.

"What is more to the point, the general is too busy making up symphonies in B Minor or G Major or whatever it is that symphonies are made up in, and in keeping his trick pipe lighted, to confide his desires to be President to anyone. If he has any such plans, he has kept them strictly to himself—a fact which doesn't at all disturb the Washington dope artists, who can tell you at any moment exactly what any person in public life is planning to do at any time in the next ten years; just as any reputable palmist can tell you, for two dollars, exactly what to do in future business ventures or love affairs."

The Line-Up for 1928

"While their prognostications fit the subsequent developments in the same way that young women's golf trousers and riding breeches fit their knees—quite imperfectly, as a general rule—it is a fact that public men occasionally catch some sort of germ or suggestion plasm from the dope artists' prognostications and behave accordingly."

Mr. Flack leaned forward and seized his black cow from the tray that was being advanced by Grover with a speed somewhat similar to the tide coming in over warm clam flats. "Here's to lower taxes," said he tersely, and downed the major portion of the beverage.

"Since the next Presidential election is only four years off," he resumed, after he had removed the traces of black cow from his mustache by catching it lightly between his upper lip and his lower teeth and blowing it gently but firmly through the wringer thus formed, "the Washington prognosticators can supply you with a large list of more or less able gentlemen who are planning to make things uncomfortable for General Dawes in the Presidential campaign of 1928, by running for the Presidency themselves.

"Among these, Number One is Senator James Watson, of Indiana, who has rather fancied himself as a Presidential possibility during the past few years, except at those times when actual votes were being recorded by actual delegates to Republican National Conventions.

"Number Two is Senator David A. Reed, of Pennsylvania, who appears to be the only living senator who is able to make and does make speeches thoroughly covering a given subject in fifteen minutes—a fact that is worthy of note because the average senator usually talks for six hours on any subject dear to his heart before getting to a place where his hearers—if any—are able to find out what he is talking about.

"Number Three is Senator James Wadsworth, of New York, who long ago agreed in principle that when, as and if he became President, the position of Secretary of State should go to Senator George Higgins Moses, of New Hampshire, but who has no other encumbrances so far as is known.

"Number Four is Secretary of State Charles Evans Hughes, whose amiability and vivacity have waxed as the color in his whiskers has waned; and since his whiskers are now quite white he can nevermore be accused of the cold and unsympathetic attitude which, coupled with the cold and unsympathetic attitude of Hiram Johnson toward everyone but himself, is popularly supposed to have lost Mr. Hughes the election in 1916 by the narrowest of margins.

"Number Five is Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover, who could probably have been President back in 1920 if he had been as unkindly disposed toward unnecessary conversation as is Calvin Coolidge, and had refused to enlighten the eager politicians as to whether he was a Republican or a Democrat.

Offices of Franklin Baker Co., Hoboken, N. J., nationally-known makers of Baker's Coconut, have Blabon floors of Linoleum.

Noise and thought are no business partners!

Where thinking is necessary, noise should be banished.

That's one important reason why Blabon floors are in demand for offices, banks, libraries, churches, and similar buildings.

Their resiliency absorbs the sounds of moving feet and chairs, reduces confusion, and paves the way for clearer thinking. They are also less tiresome to all office employees.

Blabon floors are sanitary. Their smooth surface prevents dust from collecting and dirt from getting ground in. They are easy to keep clean, and economical to maintain.

Blabon floors of Inlaid, Plain, or "Invincible" Battleship Linoleum are permanent when cemented down over builders' deadening felt paper. It makes the seams watertight and practically invisible. An occasional waxing and polishing preserves their freshness and mellows their tones. These floors are adapted to fireproof construction.

There are many places where Blabon's Printed Linoleum, even more moderate in price, may be used to advantage. A good floor varnish, applied once or twice a year, helps to preserve the original appearance of the pattern.

Blabon Rugs of genuine linoleum are beautiful, sanitary, and mothproof. They lie flat without fastening. Made in various standard sizes.

For genuine linoleum look for the Blabon label, and ask for Blabon's Linoleum by name. It is sold by good home-furnishing and department stores. Our illustrated booklet, "The Floor for the Modern Home," will be sent free, upon request.

The George W. Blabon Company
Philadelphia
Established 73 years

Look for this label on the face of all Blabon's Linoleum

Write for our 32-page, 8"x11" brochure, "Planning the Color Schemes for Your Home," by Hazel H. Adler. Beautifully illustrated in color. Sent anywhere in the United States upon receipt of 15 cents.

How genuine linoleum is made

Blabon's Linoleum is made of finely ground cork and oxidized linseed oil intimately blended and firmly attached to a burlap base. In Inlaid and Plain Linoleum the patterns and colors are pressed clear through to the burlap back. In Printed grades the patterns and colors are printed on the linoleum body with heavy oil paints.

BLABON'S Linoleum

After Dinner— it stimulates digestion

UNWRAP a piece of Fralinger's Original Salt Water Taffy. Taste the smooth, creamy luciousness of this delightful Seashore confection. Eat all you want at any time. It stimulates digestion, and does not affect the complexion.

It's not too rich—not too sweet—just "chewy" enough to be interesting. Never sticky.

FRALINGER'S is always welcome—after meals; at parties; at home by the fireside with a book—any time. Let the children eat it freely, too—it's good for them.

FRALINGER'S Original Atlantic City Salt Water Taffy —*The Super-Quality Long Kind*—made on the Boardwalk by FRALINGER'S *and no one else!*

Cooked and packed amid an ocean-washed, salt-seasoned atmosphere.

You can buy FRALINGER'S most everywhere. If your favorite candy counter does not have it, send us sixty cents and the name of your dealer and we will mail you postpaid a full pound box of FRALINGER'S—25 pure, tempting flavors—sea air and sunshine sealed in every box.

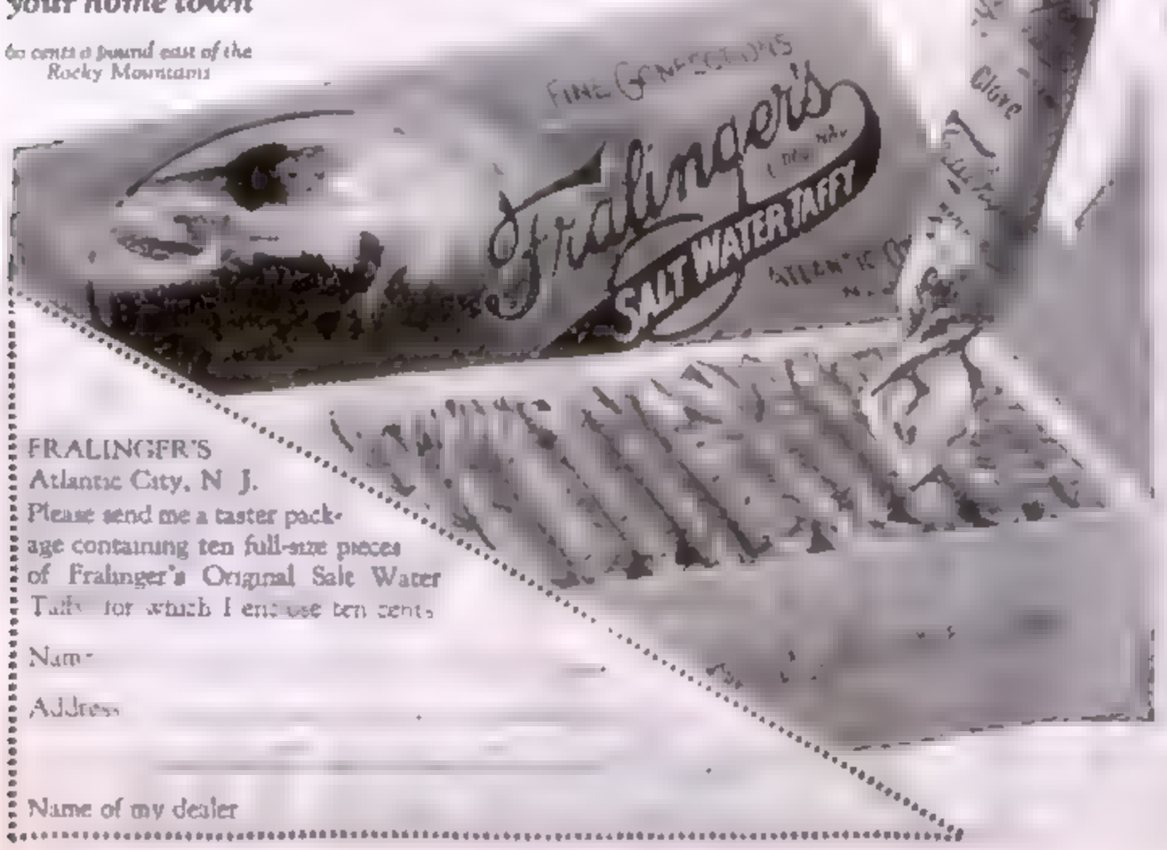
The Super-Quality Long Kind

FRALINGER'S, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Five Stores on the Boardwalk

Buy it in your home town

60 cents a pound east of the Rocky Mountains



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Please send me a taster package containing ten full-size pieces of Fralinger's Original Salt Water Taffy for which I enclose ten cents

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Address

Name of my dealer

"But unfortunately for all these hypothetical candidates, according to the most skilled and forward-looking prognosticators, the situation is going to be complicated by another candidate in the person of Calvin Coolidge, who, with silent dignity, will permit himself to be pushed into the limelight in 1928 by the most skillful pushers extant, backed by the Massachusetts Spindle King, William M. Butler, who may have been tossed out of the Senate by that time, but who is not likely to recover from his good old New England belief that he can hide behind a curtain and pull wires that will result in the election of anyone at all to anything at all."

Mr. Flack paused for another suck of black cow, and cleared his mustache with the usual clever coöperation between his upper lip and his lower teeth.

"Far be it from me," he resumed, "to question Mr. Butler's ability to hide behind curtains in Massachusetts, and get magnificent results; but I cannot refrain from filing a loud and passionate protest when persons of apparent sanity declare in all seriousness that Mr. Butler was responsible for Mr. Coolidge's recent victory. It is my fixed belief that Mr. Butler and all the rest of Mr. Coolidge's campaign assistants, managers and hangers-on, including even the Amherst College set, could have repaired to the attic at the beginning of Mr. Coolidge's campaign and gone to sleep under the trundle beds and behind the trunks holding Great-aunt Nettie's wedding regalia without depriving Mr. Coolidge of any of the votes that he finally received.

"The large majority of voters had decided that they wanted Mr. Coolidge long before any of the ingenious plans of the astute Mr. Butler had begun to flower gayly throughout the countryside; and they took steps to get Mr. Coolidge without any further argument.

"It ought to be remarked at this juncture that Mr. Butler's reputation for astuteness was reared and nurtured in the city of New Bedford, Massachusetts, and that the Washington requisites for astuteness are occasionally somewhat different from those of New Bedford.

"It may be considered very astute in New Bedford to withhold information from newspapermen while the required information is all the time nestling in an inside pocket; but in Washington such frivolities are considered very bush-league, not to say mid-Victorian.

"While Mr. Butler's astuteness has been sufficient to land him in a drafty corner seat in the United States Senate and to make him the gentleman to see when anything is wanted at the White House, it is safe to say that neither Daniel Webster nor Henry Clay will need to toss restlessly in his grave over the possibility of his reputation for statesmanship being overshadowed."

Coolidge Conversation

"One of the most peculiar political manifestations of recent years, incidentally, is the wild conversations and arguments that take place on the subject of Mr. Coolidge wherever more than two or three are gathered together in Washington. These Coolidge fests or character fights usually open by the entire assemblage, supporters and nonsupporters alike, telling a fraction of the eight million existing Coolidge stories most of which either tend to show that he dislikes to throw away money or that he lacks vivacity when forced to listen to tiresome conversation.

"Following this, the assemblage embarks on a heated argument as to whether or not Mr. Coolidge, in the words of the radical weeklies and monthlies, is 'a stupid and shallow fellow'—or whether he functions properly, albeit a trifle slowly, above the ears. It should be remarked in passing that Mr. Coolidge's supporters in these bickerbees are usually outnumbered about five to one.

"In Washington's entire history there has never been a President—not even Woodrow Wilson—who caused such enormous and fruitless masses of violent conversation; and though this fact alone should be sufficient to impress on his detractors the fact that there is more to him than they are willing to admit, there appears to be no argument capable of making them admit that he has anything to him at all.

"So far as I have been able to discover, these great objectors to Mr. Coolidge do not like him as a President for the following reasons: (1) He is too economical; (2) he talks with a rural New England accent; (3) he gave a sap bucket to Henry Ford; (4) his voice is unpleasant over the radio; (5) he doesn't read enough; (6) he is too silent around the house; (7) his speeches are too dull; (8) he hasn't done anything.

"Now Calvin Coolidge isn't and never has been and doesn't want to be the sort of person who is in demand because he is an affable person with whom to split a bottle of Scotch, nor is he one of those jolly old rounders who love to sit in a game of poker with many a playful oath, from nine o'clock in the evening until eleven o'clock the next morning.

"He is a New Englander, very like a great many other old-fashioned New Englanders who go to church on Sunday and hate to waste a nickel, and develop strong, shooting pains at the involved schemes and the quibbling bunk that usually travel under the head of politics.

"He is economical because he can't help it; and because he is preaching economy and not bunk, he saw no reason why he shouldn't ride to Chicago in the drawing-room of a Pullman car. If he had been preaching economy and bunk, he would probably have sat up all night in a day coach.

"Yet when he took that drawing-room trip to Chicago, a yelp went up from all the Washington President-knockers that raised blisters on the surface of every cocktail shaker in the city.

"The first thing anyone knew, they claimed, Coolidge would be eating his meals at a dog wagon instead of in the White House. Instead of using a White House automobile he was going to ride a bicycle around the city. Instead of going to a barber he was going to have Frank Stearns cut his hair; and so on, and so on. There was great peevishness and contemptuousness over the whole business."

On the Credit Side

Mr. Flack snapped his fingers brutally at Grover, who had gradually drifted into view beyond the open doorway, looking like a slow-motion picture of a Pullman porter waiting for a car to pass through a tunnel. As Grover turned his head reluctantly in the direction of the finger snapping, Mr. Flack pointed peremptorily to the black-cow glasses and held up two fingers; and then, as Grover prepared to set his brakes and make a majestic and almost imperceptible quarter turn, he resumed his discourse.

"If a stranger from a foreign land," said he, "should drop into Washington and attend a few dinners or luncheons at the present time, he would quickly jump to the conclusion, after listening to the conversation, that Coolidge was the nation's great official nitwit, just as the Three Wise Men of Gotham have been England's great official nitwits since time immemorial. Why it is, I do not know; but it is all a beautiful example of the manner in which official Washington is usually entirely out of touch with the sentiment of the country at large.

"All the Washingtonians who knock him have a most ardent desire for lower taxes. Throughout the country the people are moaning and wailing and praying for lower taxes. They wouldn't be greatly disturbed, unfortunately, if someone came along with a meat ax and cut great notches in the Constitution of the United States; and their concern over whether our observers in Europe are official or unofficial is, as the saying goes, nil.

"But their interest in reduction of taxes is most intense and passionate. The man who will cut their taxes in two can take candy from children and suck eggs without disturbing the complacency or alienating the enthusiastic support of those whose taxes have been cut. Mr. Coolidge has reduced taxes, and he is going to make an earnest attempt to reduce them still more. Consequently the Washington anti-Coolidge society gets next to nowhere with the country at large when it continues to ululate that Mr. Coolidge hasn't done anything.

"He has reduced taxes, and he received a majority of some five million votes at the last election; and any gentleman who has those two things to his credit has what is technically known as a pageful.

"Mr. Coolidge has many other things to his credit as well, but in order to save time and shorten the argument, one should only mention those two things and then say coldly to the contemptuous critic: 'Now suppose you tell us one or two things that

(Continued on Page 133)

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B-153 Polo Model, Blucher Oxford of Mandarin Calf, Goodyear Wingfoot Rubber Heels.

Many styles at

$6 to $10

Shoes and oxfords, tan and black, all leathers. Styles for everybody

THE SELZ NAME ON A SHOE

When you see that name you know that you're getting for $6 to $10 all that it's humanly possible to put in a shoe. Finest leather, better workmanship, value, good style. The shoes will prove it—this mark on the sole.

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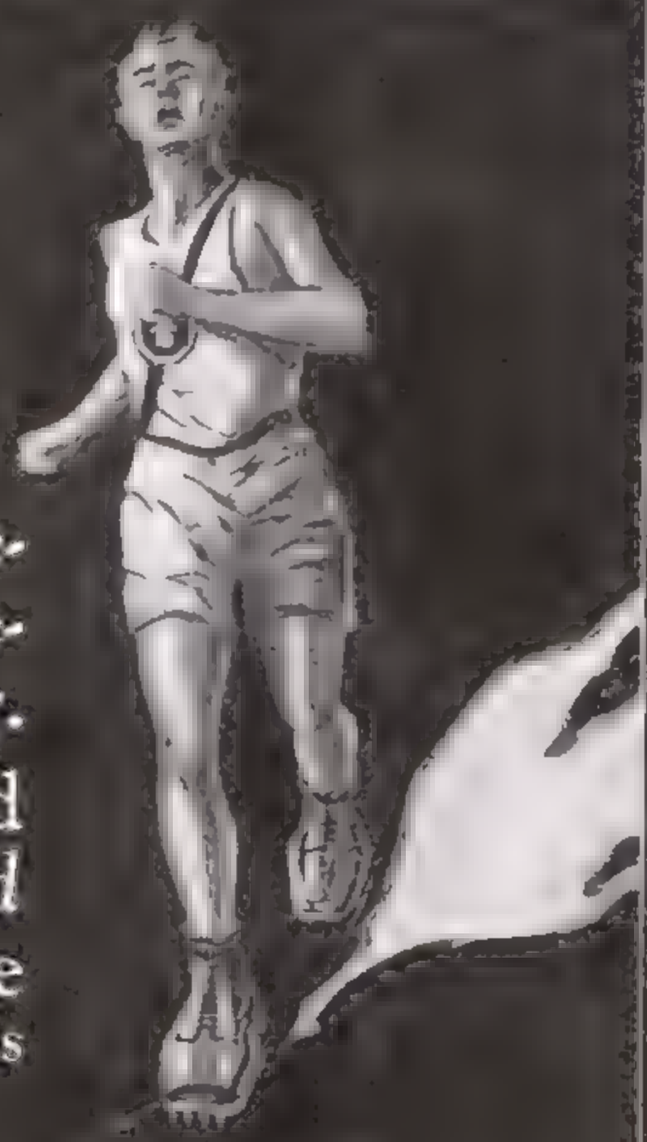

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Only automobiles equipped with the *Specially Engineered Stromberg Carburetors* can give the owner all the energy his fuel is capable of producing.

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start easy, have that snappy getaway and low gasoline consumption that is desired by all motorists.

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Cadillac	32.50	Jewett	24.00
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Have your car equipped today. Enjoy easier starting. Get more pep—more power—smoother operation—with less gas. Eliminate the trouble and the expense of improper carburetion. See your dealer—or local Stromberg Service Station—or mail check and we will supply you direct.

Be sure to state make and model of your automobile or truck.

THE STROMBERG MOTOR DEVICES COMPANY
64 East 25th Street
CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 130)

Mr. Coolidge hasn't done, but should have done.' The critic will at once say that of course if that's your idea of an answer to his criticism, he won't try to argue with you, and he will thereupon depart in a very contemptuous frame of mind, leaving you in peace.

"It is my belief after listening to the most cynical and contemptuous of the Washington anti-Coolidgeites—though I am probably wrong—that what they would really like in the President line is a President six feet two inches tall, with a merry smile and long wavy hair who would devote an hour a day to kissing babies, another hour a day to telling humorous stories, and another hour a day to being polite to damn fools who wish to take up his time for the purpose of getting autographs; who would ride around in a gold-plated private car, have all his speeches written by a committee composed of seven humorous novelists, essayists and playwrights, and provide enough news for the White House reporters so that they could get an interesting story about him on the front page every day, and consequently prove—for the benefit of fatheads who don't know any better—that he was doing something."

Mr. Flack impetuously seized his fresh black cow from the tray which Grover was about to place languidly on the table, and cleared his parched throat by absorbing more than half of it with a single convulsive movement of his throat muscles.

"I observe," he continued, "that Senator Copeland, of New York, that great expert on babies' ailments, has been making some careful observations of the health of the United States Senate and has leaped to the conclusion that the reason the senators die off so rapidly is not due to old age, as everyone has so foolishly thought, but to the bad air in the Senate Chamber, which ages them before their time.

"Of course Senator Copeland is a young member of the Senate, and has been very busy keeping a pink carnation in his buttonhole, and making speeches before societies that want a little free medical advice, and learning the Senate ropes; so he probably hasn't waked up to the fact that the average senator spends only about sixty hours a year inside the Senate Chamber, the rest of his time being spent in traveling for his health, going out to dinner, telling or listening to stories in the Senate Cloak Room, making speeches to people who aren't onto him, and killing time in the Senate Office Building."

A Tip for Senator Copeland

"The fact of the matter is that you can't kill a senator with sixty hours of bad air a year, or six hundred hours or six thousand hours. He's too tough a bird to be killed by any amount of bad air. In fact, if any of them were at all susceptible to the things that persons are ordinarily susceptible to, half of them would have died of mental fatigue induced by the deadly and interminable speeches that they make to one another, and the other half would have died of shame at the misstatements that are made for political purposes and with deliberate intent by so many senators who open their mouths on the Senate floor.

"Senator Copeland wants to spend a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, more or less, in pushing the wall of the Senate Chamber over a few feet so that some nice windows can be cut in it for ventilating purposes; but he ought to be able to do just as much for the health of all the senators if, in his capacity as a doctor, he prescribed a nice street-car ride for all the senators on the floor whenever anyone starts to make a speech. That would only cost about a hundred dollars a year, on account of the small number of senators who inhabit the Senate Chamber at any given time; and at the end of ten years or so Senator Copeland would see that it wasn't the bad air that was killing them, and could devote all his energies to keeping his pink carnation unfaded."

Mr. Flack took a meditative sip of his black cow. "I suppose you've noticed," said he, "how eager we are to have the budget carefully observed unless we happen to be the ones that want to spend the money. It's a fine thing for the Budget Bureau to cut a couple of hundred thousand off the Department of Commerce estimates, and a million off the Navy, and eighteen dollars and a quarter off the Coast and Geodetic Survey; but it's a hell of a note if the Budget Bureau has the nerve to interfere with the thirty-six thousand dollars that I was planning to use to advertise myself by measuring the diameter and the specific gravity of all the oak galls in the forests of the United States.

"The same thing goes for the people who hate to see the United States growing into a government by commissions and bureaus. They spend hours ramping and frothing at the mouth in an effort to tell you what a fearful lot of bureaus there are in Washington and what a baneful influence they are having on the country; and then they explain that the bureau in which they are interested—the Bureau for Regulating the Length of Little Children's Stockings, or something like that—is an absolutely essential bureau and that the nation would disintegrate in chaos if it weren't maintained."

Assisting the Budget Bureau

"But of course there is even more soreness over money than over other great sacred causes, so that the Budget Bureau is constantly in Dutch, as we diplomats like to say. The Budget Bureau has been having its troubles, what with one or two cabinet officers howling violently to the President that if their estimates are cut any more they'll get out. If a few bluffs like that are allowed to work without the cabinet officers being fired with neatness and celerity, the rest of the Government will get onto it and the Budget Bureau can kiss itself good-by, whereupon the reduction of taxes in the future will be about as speedy and impressive as the recently discovered increase in the length of the day, which is shown by eclipses to be gaining at the rate of a tenth of a second every ten thousand years.

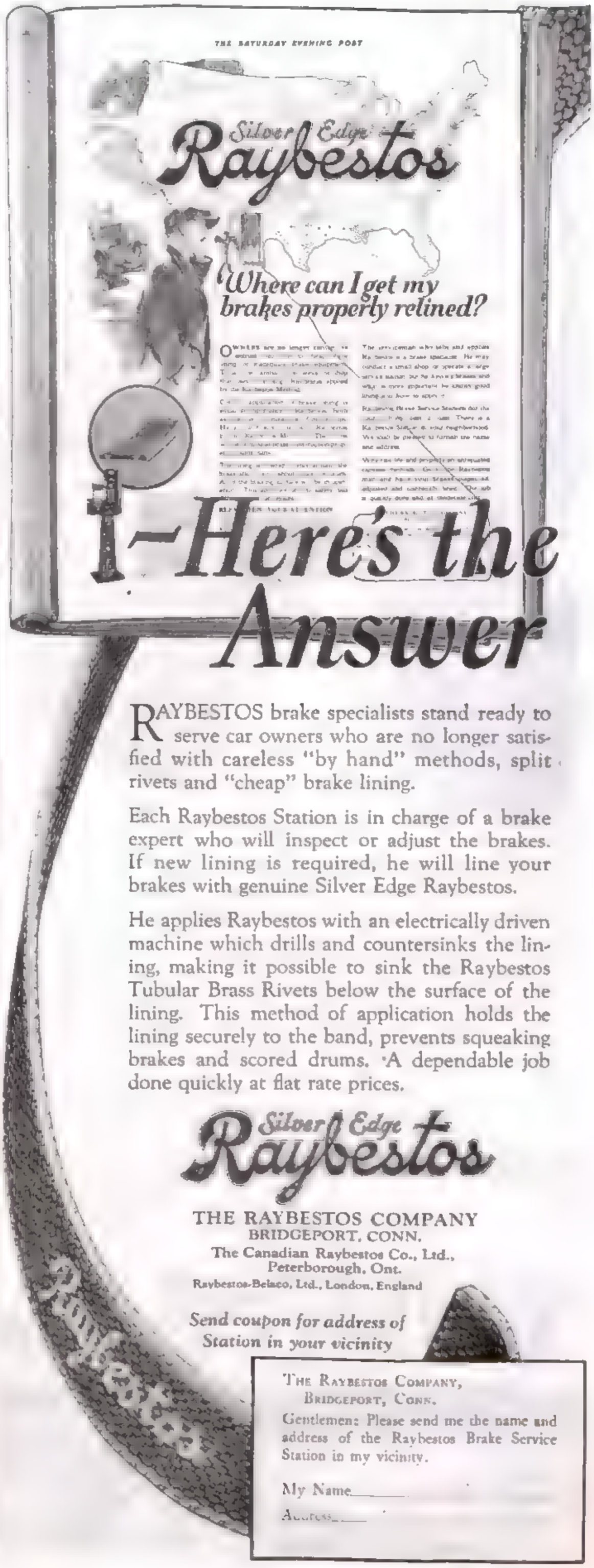
"The Budget Bureau is also being greatly assisted by Congress; for after the bureau has figured, let us say, the smallest amount on which the Army can get along during a given year, and has sent the estimates to Congress, Congress gravely looks the figure over and proceeds to cut five million dollars from the Budget Bureau's estimates, just to show that it can do some economizing too.

"The Army promptly has a deficit of five million dollars, of course, so that the Budget Bureau has to give it ten million more on the following year, and is consequently accused of extravagance—or, in the terms in which some people refer to all objectionable things—of un-Americanism.

"My chief objection to that word 'un-American' lies in the fact that it is used with the greatest frequency by persons who have been in America less than twenty years, and who have about as much knowledge of American ideas and ways as was possessed by those Japanese officials who were in a frenzy of excitement just after their big earthquake because they were certain that the American Navy was going to attack Japan in the good old American way while the Japanese Navy was practically defenseless.

"So I would suggest," concluded Mr. Flack, picking up his black cow, and gazing at the chocolate-colored dregs with either a cryptic or a disgusted expression on his face, "that when you hear someone wailing about something that is un-American, you make up your mind that if he ever got a chance to do anything to you, it would be the height of what he really considers American, if I make myself clear."

Whereupon Mr. Flack drained his black cow and stretched himself on the couch once more for a final eye resting before the evening's social whirl.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THE STORY OF IRVING BERLIN

(Continued from Page 17)

candle. And then, because there was no one to enjoy this rite with her, she lay back pensive among her memories. The firemen, whose screeching scarlet chariots were soon scattering the human chaff in the narrow footways of Chinatown, dragged Gertie out just in time to save her from the flames which swept vengefully through the dark dormitory above Nigger Mike's and emptied into Pell Street a strange and blinking company.

It had been on the Christmas Eve before this that Nigger Mike's knew its greatest excitement and its most unwelcome notoriety. Then the trouble began shortly before midnight, when Hobnailed Casey came lounging in with the somewhat nervous girl on whom at the time he was lavishing his queer affections. A mean and menacing gambler, Casey was a recurrent figure in Chinatown and enough of a regular at Nigger Mike's to be debited unquestioningly with a fifty-dollar loan in Sulky's ledger.

It was one of his pleasanter customs to be always paring his nails. Not that his nervousness left any field for such manicuring. But in his world, and with the animosities he had stirred around him, it was just as well always to have a knife open in his hand.

Casey Hunts for Trouble

On this evening the Christmas spirit had somehow failed to lift the cloud of ill humor that hung low about Hobnailed Casey. He was minded, however, to tread a few measures, and after his third drink he bade the singing waiter order a waltz. Gentle Nick's docile hands shifted automatically to the melody of the Valse Bleue, but Hobnailed Casey found some difficulty in keeping step and his moodiness became complicated by embarrassment.

"That," said Hobnailed Casey, "ain't no waltz."

Wherefore, because Nick was lame, Casey, after his merely verbal musical criticism, walked over and hit him such an ugly blow on the side of the head that he was stretched out unconscious on the floor beside the piano. Then, as this virile gesture did not seem to arouse the applause that was the breath of his nostrils, Casey bade his lady follow him and, distributing a sneer among the remaining patrons, withdrew disdainfully from Nigger Mike's.

It was about an hour later that the details of this episode were whispered in the ear of Frisco Joe, who, at the time, had been engrossed in sevens back to back in a stud game across the street. Temporarily Frisco Joe was general factotum of the Pelham Café, vice Nigger Mike, who had left town on one of his many trips to Hot Springs—trips more easily managed in the kindly old days when railroad passes went even to the friends of friends of politicians. Joe felt all a viceroy's magnificence and such an episode as the assault on Nick was a distinct reflection on his own fearsomeness.

Of course, it is barely possible he thought it something of a shame for anyone to have knocked down so helpless a piano player. Perhaps, too, there had been some bad blood because of recent altercations over the gaming tables. But it is certain that Joe was chiefly incensed at a disorder occurring in his domain while his attention had been absorbed by a pair of sevens later outclassed by a pair of queens. Thus offended dignity was his controlling emotion as he looked for the house revolver which was always kept handy in the ice box. This gun, which had been salvaged from a fracas in the Five Points area and which was already notched, was in Joe's pocket as he sauntered out at four o'clock on this frosty Christmas morning, bound for the Chatham Club near by in Doyers Street, whither, his instinct and several camp followers told him, the objectionable Casey had probably repaired.

A few moments later the neighborhood rattled with pistol shots and in a twinkling there was no one left in Nigger Mike's but the imperturbable Sulky. For the singing waiter followed the rush of sight-seers, and even Nick nobbled after, with a pardonable interest in the sequel. They found Hobnailed Casey lying supine in front of the Chatham Club, a trickle of his blood staining the sidewalk of a white Christmas. In the staring circle of not displeased faces that made the scene of the shooting into a sort of arena, a late comer could pick up the details.

With his foot the avenging viceroy had pushed open the swinging door of the Chatham Club and roared in his threat that if the club did not want blood on its nice clean floor it had better send one Hobnailed Casey forth to take his medicine. And after a pause and a scuffle the club had firmly pushed so embarrassing a visitor out onto the sidewalk where Frisco Joe was waiting—Frisco Joe, who, a moment later, had darted up a crazy stairway, wriggled through the skylight and even now was going from roof to roof in a flight which has not ended yet.

The singing waiter lingered long enough to hear the ambulance surgeon use a phrase that had been fixed in the language by an older and sweeter Christmas tale. Hobnailed Casey, said the ambulance surgeon, was dead as a doornail.

Berlin was the first back at Nigger Mike's with the exciting news. Sulky only grunted and paused in the wiping of glasses long enough to show where a fresh pencil mark in the ledger had already struck off as a bad debt the item: "Hobnailed Casey, $50."

"Gee," said the singing waiter appreciatively, "do you mean to say you crossed that off when you heard those shots?"

"Before that," said the admirable Sulky; "I did it when I saw Joe take the gat out of the ice box."

Frisco Joe, after performing what was unquestionably a public service, has not returned to New York to enjoy its appreciation. Sulky, who is a fine and sensitive gentleman, has moved on to other fields. Nick is dead. Nigger Mike is dead. In the week before another Christmas, on the front page of the late New York Herald for December 18, 1922, the circumstances of his passing were duly recorded. The article, like most of the best writing done in American journalism, was anonymous; but the fact that it was written by the gallant and gifted K. O. Davenport, sometime captain of infantry on the River Vesle, might be recorded in reproducing it here.

The Obsequies of Johnny Gallagher

As necrologist, Captain Davenport made this report:

"It was just such a day as yesterday that Nigger Mike Salter was a pallbearer at Big-Hearted Johnny Gallagher's funeral twenty years ago. Mr. Gallagher had come to an untimely end in front of the Pelham Café, 12 Pell Street, Nigger Mike's place, a vagrant bullet taking him squarely between the eyes.

"When Nigger Mike presented himself at the Gallagher home that raw morning to pay his last respects to Big-Hearted Johnny, he slipped a pint of rye and a one-hundred-dollar bill into the lap of the bereaved widow sitting at the head of the coffin. Leaning over Mr. Gallagher's remains and grasping both sides of the coffin, Mike began to speak in husky tones.

"'Well,' said Mike, 'he's gone; the poor old rum pot's gone. I knowed him when he had a livery stable. I knowed him when he lost the livery stable and started a saloon. I knowed him when he lost the saloon. Yes, the old rum pot's gone. The poor old rum pot. Well, you poor old rum pot; so you're gone, hey?'

"Grief stopped the voice of Nigger Mike Salter. A wail from the bereaved widow arose and Mike drew another pint from a hip pocket. Laying the second pint in the lady's lap, Mike roared:

"'Lady, send the undertaker's bill to me. The poor old rum pot's gone, and, while I don't know who cooked him, the funeral's on me.'

"The lamented Mr. Gallagher's brother, Jesse, attended Nigger Mike Salter's funeral yesterday, coming all the way from Philadelphia to do it. He came to find Nigger Mike lying in a plain pine box—not even varnished. Mr. Jesse Gallagher had to make financial sacrifices to attend the funeral yesterday, so he wasn't able to do for Mrs. Salter what Nigger Mike had done for Mrs. Gallagher.

"'But it certainly knocks me stiff,' said Mr. Gallagher. 'When the honorable Mike Salter buried my brother he was worth half a million. Today he's planted, with his family flat. Not a cent of insurance. Not

Continued on Page 137

Lead has been called by a recent writer a precious metal. Justification for this title lies in the many important and almost countless uses of lead. One of its most common is in soft solders. But its most widespread use is in lead paint

"SODDER"

The Glue of the Metals

WE pronounce it *sodder* and spell it *solder*, though there have been as many different ways of spelling it as there are letters in the word. *Soder*, *sawder*, *sowder*—have all been used. The origin of the word solder means "to make solid." Lead mixed with tin makes this solder, whose use is to join metal to metal, to seal metal containers, and to patch holes in metal. Lead-tin solder is to the metal worker what glue is to the cabinetmaker and the bookbinder.

Why is lead used in soft solders? One reason is that pure lead combined with pure tin produces an alloy whose melting point is below that of either of these metals alone, and therefore is below that of the metals to be joined, even though these metals be lead and tin themselves. This alloy also adheres to zinc, copper, brass and even iron and steel, joining them in a perfect union.

Dutch Boy solders

Thousands of workers use the soft solders made under the Dutch Boy trademark. The Dutch Boy series of solders has been carefully and scientifically selected to cover every possible requirement of the solder user. Dutch Boy Solder 111 is the acme of solder quality. There is nothing better. It is 50% lead and 50% tin, which is not true of many so-called "half-and-half" solders. In the grades from 222 to 888 the proportions of lead and tin vary according to the number, but each number is always uniform in composition and quality. The Dutch Boy trademark guarantees absolute uniformity at all times.

National Lead Company also will furnish solder according to any formula required, in a variety of shapes, sizes, lengths and weights. It makes bar, wire, ingot, triangular, drop, segment, round, half-round, strip and ribbon solders.

If you are interested in the many uses to which solders can be put, or are concerned with the use of solder for any particular purpose, we will gladly send you complete information. We will also send you free on request an illustrated leaflet, which tells in non-technical language how solders are made, what they are used for, and the importance of lead in these alloys that contribute to your comfort and safety.

Lead in paint

Of all the important uses of lead in the arts and industries of civilized peoples, the most general of all is the use of lead paint. From lead is made white-lead, famous for generations for the protection it gives to the surface it covers. Manufacturers use white-lead as the principal ingredient of their best paints. Professional painters use "lead-and-oil," a mixture of pure white-lead and pure linseed oil. House-owners more today than ever before save the surface of their properties by covering them with constantly maintained coatings of white-lead paint.

National Lead Company makes white-lead of the highest quality and sells it, mixed with pure linseed oil, as Dutch Boy white-lead.

Other Dutch Boy products

IN the famous Dutch Boy series of products, besides white-lead and solder, there are red-lead, linseed oil, flatting oil and babbitt metals.

National Lead Company makes, in addition, lead products for practically every purpose to which lead can be put. Among these products are sheet metal, lead tubes and tubing, calking lead and US cartridges and shot shells.

If you desire specific information about any of these or other uses of lead, write to any branch of National Lead Company.

The figure of the Dutch Boy Painter shown here is reproduced from a key of Dutch Boy plate [illegible] and is a guarantee of exceptional purity

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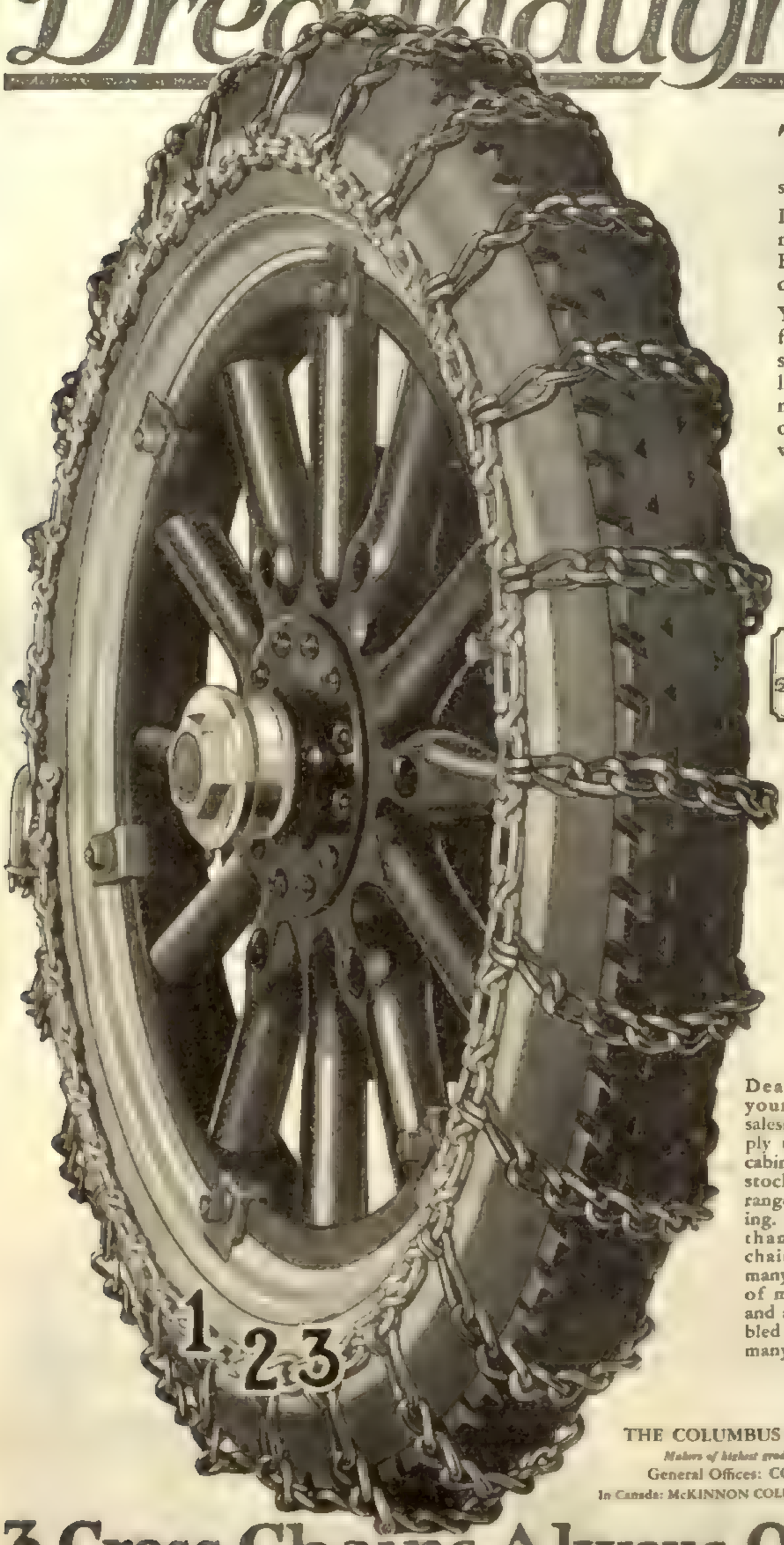

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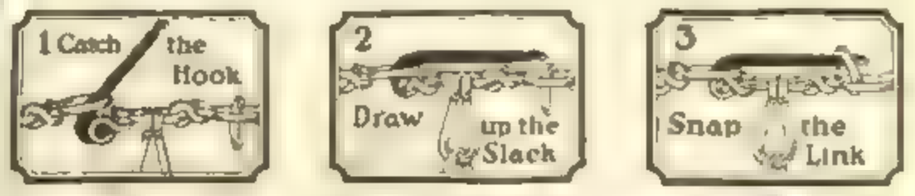

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3 Cross Chains Always On The Ground!

(Continued from Page 134)

a cent for next month's rent. But he certainly did my brother proud.'

"Nigger Mike Salter was buried yesterday in Washington Cemetery after a great deal of furor. But all the glory that once was Mike had departed. Just two of the legion of notables who once found it pleasant to boast of Mike's friendship and familiarity with his notorious dive—the Pelham—appeared at the funeral. In fact, there was but one—Irving Berlin.

"The only other notable present was Kenneth Sutherland, the Democratic boss of Coney Island, and Sutherland was never one of the patrons of the Pelham. So that leaves just one—Irving Berlin, the song composer whose first job in America was that of waiter at the Pelham. Berlin used to sing as he slung beer and they knew him as the Singing Waiter.

"Mike didn't leave money enough to pay the fees of the professional mourners; therefore there were none. When the New York Herald reporter arrived at the Salter home, 3053 East Fourth Street, yesterday, he was ushered into a house that had no rugs or carpets and very little furniture. On the poor chairs and on a couch sprawled a dozen young men who wore drab shirts and caps, but who had come to the house of mourning in fine big motor cars. They spoke mysteriously of long motor trips at night and without lights. They talked freely enough until they learned that the stranger was a reporter, and after that they had nothing to say.

"Mike's body lay in a bare unheated room. He looked more than his fifty-four years. At the foot of the pine box sat his mother, Rachel, eighty-seven years old and almost hidden under a red knitted shawl and a calico apron. In a minor tone she was chanting and keeping the rhythm by swaying to and fro. At the head of the box sat Mike's widow. Every so often she would scream. In the bare hallways and on the stairs leading to the second floor twenty men slouched. The collars of their overcoats were pulled up. It was cold in Nigger Mike's house. There were no flowers or wreaths.

"Sonny, Mike's youngest of five, was rolling a ball up and down the hallway, having the time of his three-year-old life. Now and then one of the boys in the hall or on the stairs would toss Sonny a nickel. Sonny would howl with delight, and by way of repaying the boys he would hold up a colored comic sheet and explain the jokes to them.

"The funeral was to have taken place at a quarter to one. First, Mike's sister had hysterics and it required four or five of the strongest boys from the Atlantic Social Club to carry her out of the room. Then they fetched Mike's wife in and she couldn't stand it.

"'For God's sake let me speak to him!' she screamed. 'The father of my darlings! The father of my darlings! Let me speak to him! Mike, speak to the mother of your darlings!'"

Asleep at His Cash Register

"After the service, six of the boys from the Atlantic Social Club grasped the pine box and another of them threw a blanket over it. They tried to get it out of the tiny parlor, but found it hard. One of the boys, a piano mover by profession, took charge, and under his expert direction they maneuvered the box out of the hallway.

"Nigger Mike left a widow and five children. He died in utter poverty. Despite the name by which he was generally known, it should be noted Nigger Mike Salter, although of swarthy complexion, was a white man.

"'Treat him as kind as you can,' said Irving Berlin to the reporters. 'He was no angel, maybe; but there are a lot of guys on the street today who would have been in jail if it hadn't been for Nigger Mike.'"

It was not the break-up of the Pelham Café which sent Berlin on his way uptown. It was not disdain of this shabby tavern or a stirring desire for a better world which drove him out.

He was fired.

It happened one morning in 1907, when Sulky had gone home at six o'clock and left the waiter in charge for the final two hours of the Pelham's day. He would have nothing much to do except sweep up the back room, draw beer for bricklayers on their way to work and keep an eye on the till. So, standing at the bar with his face pillowed on his arms, he went to sleep. When he came to, Nigger Mike was shaking him. The sun was up and in the drawer of the yawning cash register there was no sign of the twenty-five dollars that had been in it when Sulky left at six. Wherefore Nigger Mike gave vent to his ideas on the singing waiter's voice, his probity and his ancestry. He further bade him clear out and never show his ugly face in Chinatown again. This excommunication was not inartistic, considering the fact that Mike delivered it under one inherent difficulty, to which Sulky later and privately bore witness. It was Nigger Mike himself, as it happened, who, while the guardian of the cash register slept, had taken the twenty-five.

It was a not especially optimistic minstrel who started uptown that day to make his fortune. He was a perplexed boy of nineteen whose anxious thoughts kept reverting to those Bowery lodging houses, on his memories of which vagabondage he had been carefully silent during his bourgeois days as a salaried man at Nigger Mike's. Now he was pretty worried; but before long he was turning his hand to the making of songs, and within four years from that dreary morning he had spun a tune—a jubilant, exultant tune—that wore out the pianos in New Orleans dives and filled the night air under countless campus elms. They played it in Moscow and along the Riviera. You heard it in every corner of Shanghai and it came in brass across the harbor at Singapore from the boats riding at anchor there. It was called Alexander's Ragtime Band.

His First Attempt

Berlin next moved on to a halfway station between Chinatown and Tin Pan Alley. He went to work at once as singing waiter at Jimmy Kelly's place in Union Square—much such a place as Nigger Mike's was, save that the woman who slouched in for a nip of Scotch was likely to be younger and less dilapidated. Among the men who hung about the back room in the late afternoon or at midnight, song-and-dance men abounded. For Kelly, an ex-pugilist whose present picturesque restaurant in Greenwich Village is a favorite perch for the nighthawks, opened his first café in Fourteenth Street just down the way from Tony Pastor's, a waning temple of the varieties still faintly lighted with the rosy afterglow of a sumptuous woman named Lillian Russell. Therefore it was to an audience of professionals—jugglers, comedians, tenors and hoofers, who lodged across the street in the battered row of brownstone fronts known as Cook's Boarding House—that the new singing waiter proffered the first song of his own writing. This song was ambitiously though not unconventionally entitled Marie from Sunny Italy.

It had been concocted while he was still at Nigger Mike's and it was born of a jealousy that burned in the bosoms of himself and Nick when they heard that the rival team around the corner at Callahan's in the Bowery—Al Pianodosi, the pianist, and Big Jerry, the waiter—had composed a song, and that furthermore some fools uptown had been crazy enough to publish it. As it happens, this song had a considerable vogue. It was called My Mariucci Take a Steamboat. The ensuing airs put on by its authors were too much for the smoldering pair at Nigger Mike's. It was agreed at once that they, too, must publish a song. Nick, of course, would invent the tune and the waiter must write the words, for which, they said, he had a knack, because he was already famous in Chinatown for the amusing if seldom printable travesties he improvised as the new songs found their way downtown. The resulting lyric was Irving Berlin's first published work.

This masterpiece was wrought with great groanings and infinite travail of the spirit. Its rimes, which filled the young lyricist with the warm glow of authorship, were achieved day by day and committed nervously to stray bits of paper. Much of it had to be doctored by Nick, with considerable experimenting at the piano and a consequent displeasure felt by the patrons at Nigger Mike's, who would express their feelings by hurling the damp beer cloths at the singer's head. Truly it might be said that Berlin's first song was wrought while he dodged the clouts of his outraged neighbors.

Finally the thing was done, and then the two stared blankly at the bleak fact that neither of them knew how to record their

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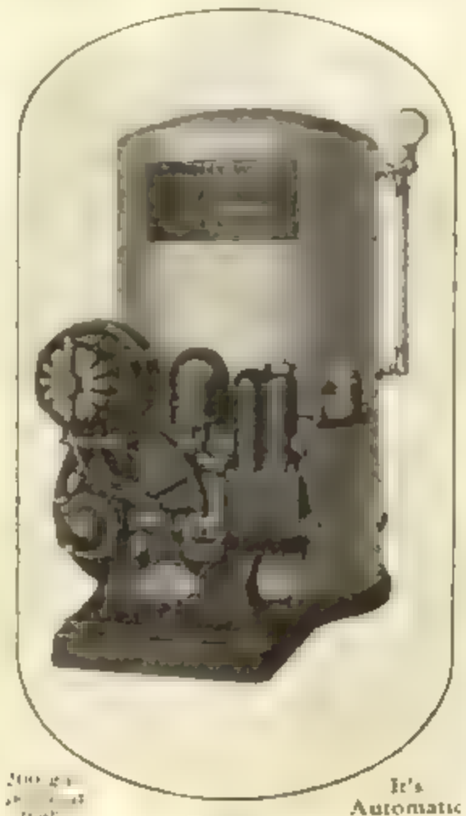

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work. Nick could read sheet music after a fashion, but he had no notion how to reverse the process. He did not know how to catch hold of the pretty tune in his head and imprison it in those strange hieroglyphics which would interpret it to posterity, or at least for the big stiffs at Callahan's.

The baffled pair consulted Fiddler John, a Bowery shoe cobbler whose avocation it was to play the violin in such marts every evening after the light necessary for his real work had faded. Fiddler John wistfully confessed a like ignorance; and when the song was finally transcribed the work was done by a young violinist who shall remain unidentified in this narrative, because he has since clothed himself in the grandeur of a Russian name and betaken himself to the concert platform with the air of a virtuoso just off the boat from Paris.

Next the masterpiece was borne with shaking knees to Tin Pan Alley, where it was promptly accepted by Joseph Stern for publication. Berlin's total revenue for his share in this, his first song, was the sum of thirty-seven cents.

Izzy for Comfort

If you chance to possess that unvalued rarity—a copy of this artless song—you will note that its words are ascribed to I. Berlin. The complete *nom de guerre*, which is now a part of the history of American music, was gradually and shyly arrived at. For some reason his really distinguished patronymic, Baline, proved difficult to his neighbors, and Berlin represents an effort to spell out the sound of the thing everyone called him anyway. Indeed, he had been Berlin ever since he gave up his half-hearted and not shiningly successful effort to be known as Mr. Cooney. At Nigger Mike's, of course, and at Jimmy Kelly's, he was always called Izzy. Nowadays such old cronies as Sulky and the barkeep at Kelly's may begin their occasional reunions with their great man by calling him Mr. Berlin, but after five minutes of that nonsense he becomes Izzy again and everyone is comfortable.

It must have been about the time of his first diamond ring that he entertained his first ambition to be known as Irving. That ring, bought piecemeal from a wandering merchant, was a great event in his career as a busker, and it seemed almost within his grasp the morning he sat up till nine o'clock, when the Bowery Savings Bank would open and he could enter it with the accumulated twenty dollars they required before permitting one to open an account. The ring, once acquired, gave him his first hint of the burden that vast riches entail. For when, as so often, he would fall asleep beside the piano at Nigger Mike's, the local humorists would steal his ring from him and not yield it up until he had ransomed it by opening a bottle of champagne. And in the end it proved a sore disappointment, for the skeptical jeweler with whom he finally had to hypothecate it would pay him only one dollar for every ten he had given to the evil old peddler who had sold it to him.

The accompanying ambition not only to wear a diamond—preferably next time a real one—but also to be known as Irving remained for some time a secret of his bosom. When the time came to publish the first song he itched to sign it Irving Berlin, but he knew a copy would always be left casually on the piano rack at Nigger Mike's and he feared the derision of the gang. Still, Israel was too solemn and Talmudic a name with which to depress a popular song. Izzy was too ornery. It smacked of Cherry Street and sweltering doorsteps. So, compromising between an old pride and a new embarrassment, he signed the first song "I. Berlin."

It was not this song, nor the two that followed it—a song called Queenie, My Own, which he wrote to the music of a pianist who drifted into Jimmy Kelly's; and a song called The Best of Friends Must Part which he produced painfully but unaided—it was none of these casual attempts which implanted in Berlin's mind the notion that he need not be a waiter at all. That idea was born of an accidental ballad called Dorando.

This was a piece of doggerel turned out with much strain after a song-and-dance man, between beers at Kelly's one day, had grandly commissioned him to write something timely and amusing to be recited in Italian dialect between numbers at Tony Pastor's.

Dorando was the name of an Italian marathon runner who was then entertaining the sporting world by running a losing race against a fleet Indian named Longboat. Berlin fashioned a tale about an Italian barber who patriotically staked his all on Dorando and lost. It was when the comedian declined to pay the promised ten dollars for this earnest effort that Berlin took it up to Tin Pan Alley to offer it for sale. There, in the office of Ted Snyder, Inc., in the upper Thirties, he finally gained access to the inner sanctum and recited his piece in his best busking manner to the manager, an alarming person named Waterson, subsequently general director of the successful house of music publishers known to ragtime orchestras from Chinatown to the Barbary Coast as Waterson, Berlin & Snyder.

"Well," said the alarming person on this faintly historic occasion, "I suppose you've got a tune to this."

"Yes," lied the singing waiter from Jimmy Kelly's, thinking, if at all, that he would dig up a pianist and get a tune from him before noon next day.

"All right," said Waterson, "I'll give you twenty-five dollars for the thing, words and music. Just you trot into the next room to the arranger and he'll take your tune down for you."

The Ballad of Dorando

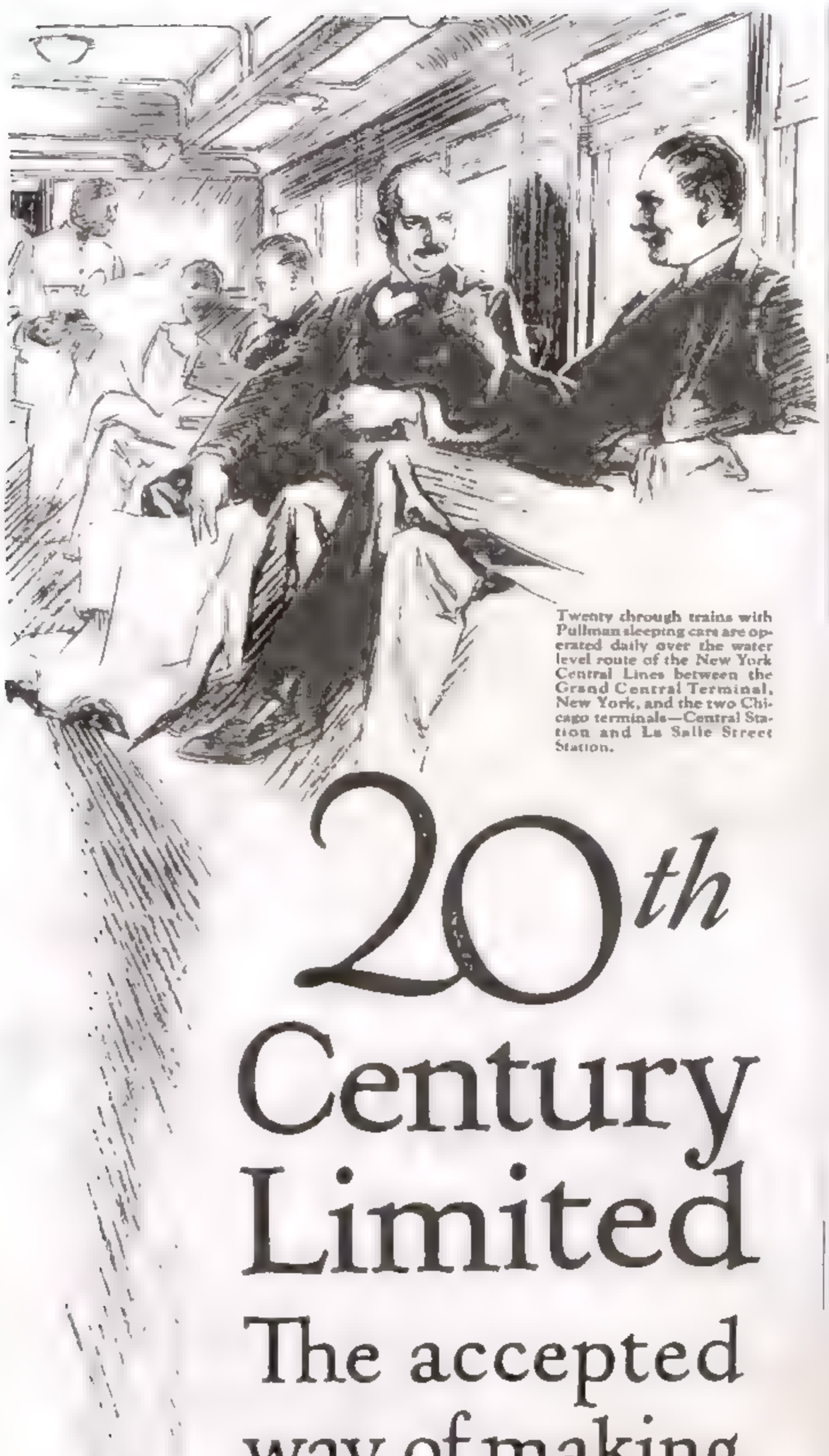
In which moment of agony Berlin could only clutch at his manuscript, and, as the yawning musician looked up with pencil poised, hum something that seemed to jog along somehow in step with the words there on the paper in his hand. The result was a song called Dorando, which had its little day in the music halls and made quite a bit of money for Mr. Waterson. So did its immediate successor, a popular ballad horribly entitled Sadie Salome, Come Home.

Whereupon the publishing house graciously drew up a stupefying document full of words which no singing waiter could be expected to understand and so long that Berlin could never get really into it without going to sleep. So he showed it anxiously to an amiable lawyer who used to drop in occasionally at Kelly's. This passer-by ran his eyes down the formidable pages and advised the waiter not to sign it. So that was that. But into the gist of the agreement, if not into its legal toils, Berlin entered jubilantly enough. He was to stop being a waiter and become a writer of lyrics.

These would be tricked out with tunes and published by the Ted Snyder Company, which house would pay him a royalty on every copy sold and allow him, meanwhile, a drawing account of twenty-five dollars a week.

He had turned a corner and found himself in Tin Pan Alley. Whereat he was frightened and happy—happier than words can tell. For a voice—perhaps the ancestral voice of some cantor in a poor synagogue in Russia countless years before—was whispering to him that he had found his way home.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Woollcott. The next will appear in an early issue.



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"Interruptions hold her up."
"She can't get out all she's taken."
"She can't help me with other things."
I m forced to cut dictation short.'
"Late letters mean late hours
When here alone, I'm helpless '
All this saps my initiative "

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is one of the foremost insurance men in Hartford, "the insurance capital of America." He does not allow shorthand to vex him or curb his energy

What's Wrong With Shorthand

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Yes, I do mind staying late

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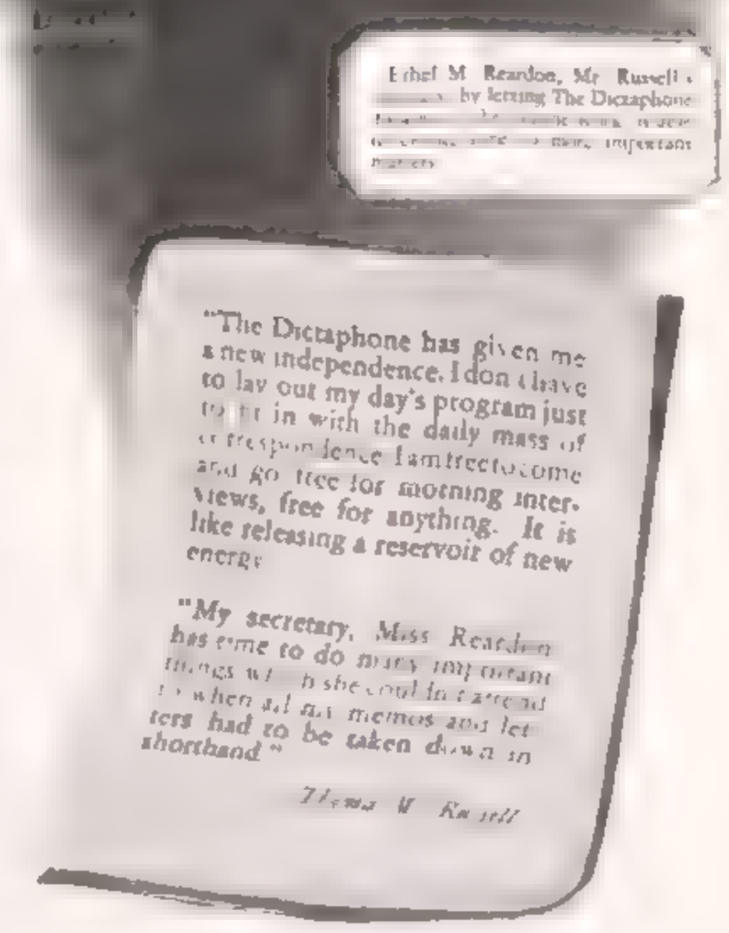
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SMUGGLING ALIENS

(Continued from Page 12

word. There was even the hitch about Snapple and Snipple, save only a slight change in the names. The rest is stark true as it was spoken.

And on top of that came another plea and promise of the same sort, from another sea lawyer, this very morning. In neither case would the lawyer produce his client.

I suppose every sort of client, criminal or otherwise, is entitled to his defense and his day in court; and that is all in the day's work for a lawyer. But when an American - be he lawyer, cop or crook—keeps his smuggled alien client in hiding, secretes his name, threatens legislative legalization of the smuggling, and then refers to the burglarious entry as a right, we are faced with something different, something that runs away darkly in quite the opposite direction from the light of a day in court. Yet that is what is happening today; and the echoes of this amiable attitude of some Americans toward the smuggled alien float over to Ellis Island with a regularity that is interesting. In fact, we have come to believe, in the Immigration Service, that this kind of American is not so rare as he might be. For it is not only the sea lawyers who give a friendly hand to the smuggled alien as he comes in through the second-story window of our American home. There are also the employers who do it—American employers of foreign laborers, mechanics, grooms, valets, cooks and brothers of cooks. And there are others who do it—all Americans.

If this leg-up and hand-in for the second-story alien were merely a slight and passing ripple on the surface of our country's regulation of immigration we might well leave it to the Immigration Service to handle, and turn back to our income taxes and other indoor tortures, without any added concern. But I am not so sure that it is just a ripple. It looks more like an ocean-sized wave, and, unfortunately, a wave that is growing as it comes. It is big and strong enough right now to merit a moment of your attention—quite apart from some of its fantastic shoots and jets, that read more like Captain Kidd or Treasure Island than anything you have pulled out of the old attic in many a year.

Slippery Yellow Men

Like all waves, it started somewhere. In this case it really started a hundred years ago, when we first began to say who might and who might not come to settle in the United States. The moment a person is barred out of a place he begins to try to get in. That is human nature. The old circus tent was never so interesting to the good boy with the price of admission as it was to the bad boy who was broke. Under the tent and in, with many a scratched little belly to tell the tale—that was the life! So it was in the beginning with the coolie, the pauper, the convict -all barred out of the great American circus tent. Day by day, till death, they delved and schemed and squirmed to get in under the big tent. By fair means or foul, by hook or by crook, they tried and tried, and tried again. Age-old enemies of the Immigration Service—well do we know them!

The slipperiest of all was the Chinaman. He took long chances. He bribed, dodged, slid and slithered. He came in. Sometimes it was by sleigh or dray, from Canada or Mexico; sometimes he emerged from dark nooks of ships; on occasions he traveled with dead freight in a box car; once that I know of he arrived in a coffin, alive and kicking. Sometimes we caught him, often we did not. Unfortunately, they all look alike. Once in, you never could know from a look over the lilies and the litchi nuts on a laundry counter whether that innocent face before you had arrived the day before or twenty years ago. Sam Sing blinked and squirted and ironed, and said nothing. Aces up or a pair of twos—allee samee Sam Sing!

There is an old story in the service, of an immigration guard who was shooing a dozen detected Chinamen down to the ship to be deported. He had the coolies well in hand, as he thought, chattering and shuffling ahead of him in the most peaceful fashion imaginable, their tunics bellying amiably in the wind, their pigtails swinging sociably to and fro. He was a sharp-eyed shepherd, too, that guard. Yet it came about that when next he counted, only two blocks from the ship, he could count only eleven Chinamen. He stopped the parade, rubbed his eyes, counted again. Yes, there were only eleven, where a moment ago there had been twelve. And that guard was responsible. In twenty minutes the ship would sail. Visions of a guard's job lost, a hungry, tearful homecoming! Then, across the street, he saw a Chinese laundry, and - he was a careful guard that settled it. In a jiffy he was jumping the counter in the laundry, a long leap over the lilies, the litchi nuts and all; and in a jiffy he was annexing to his waiting cortege a new Chinaman, tightly tethered by the toughest pigtail that ever came out of old Cathay.

"Come on, John, let's take a walk," he commanded.

John came. And John went aboard ship with eleven outward-bound fellow Chinamen. His was not to reason why, his but to—— In any event, the chances were two to one that John had come in by the underground route himself.

As the good ship Humdinger weighed anchor, twelve Chinamen peered over the rail, bound for old Hong-Kong. Back to the old birds' nests, back to the dogs and pagodas of their dreams, back to the beauty of silks and chimes—yes, distinctly back -for they were being effectually deported, those twelve Chinamen. But would you know it from their faces? Ah, no! Life is life, and China is old and wise—what will be is what is, and that is an end of the matter. Twelve placid faces peered over the rail, as like as twelve peas, and never a flicker of expression to disturb the serenity that comes only with the centuries.

Restriction Beneficial

On the stringpiece the guard hummed a requiem, "Allee samee Sam Sing, allee samee Sam " He paused. "Yes, twelve of 'em," he muttered, as the Humdinger slipped into the tide: "twelve, all right." Then he went home. He was a careful guard.

And it was long, long ago. The country has survived the amputation.

But as the years have marched, so have the limitations upon immigration, and so have the activities of the second-story aliens. As trade follows the flag, as the night follows the day, so the smuggling of aliens increases in direct ratio to the increase in restrictions upon immigration. That is axiomatic. When a score of additional grounds of exclusion were added to the bars of being convict or coolie, pauper or madman, the smuggling trade picked up to the same extent. When the first quota law appeared on our statute books in 1921, a new crop of smuggled second-story aliens appeared in our land. When a second and tighter quota law came into being on July 1, 1924, the smuggling of aliens left the limits of a select industry and became a boom. Today it is booming away at the merriest rate in all our history.

As an affirmative performance the Immigration Act of 1924 has already done great good to our country, and it gives promise of doing more. The immigrants who come to us are now fewer and better. Arriving at a rate of a thousand a day, their quality—at least thus far—is as much finer than that of the old immigration as their quantity is smaller. At Ellis Island this is a thing that we see with our own eyes, a thing that we know. We hope it will continue.

And this last law has done even more for the immigrant himself. Just because he comes in smaller numbers, and is more like the rest of us to start with, than the mass of his predecessors, we are able to take better care of him after he comes in. For the first time in our history we are enjoying a partial respite from the insoluble social and civic problems that followed the hordes of strangers whom we used to let settle among us without any numerical control whatever. Those problems bore just as grievously upon the immigrants as they did upon us who were already here. We came very late to our insistence upon control of this plunging invasion of a nation in time of peace.

But when we finally did it, we determined to do away, for all time, with the hardships that the experimental law of 1921 had unintentionally placed upon the arriving alien even as he made his journey hither. We made a ghost of the old excess-quota trouble that had arisen from the arrival of aliens too late to be counted

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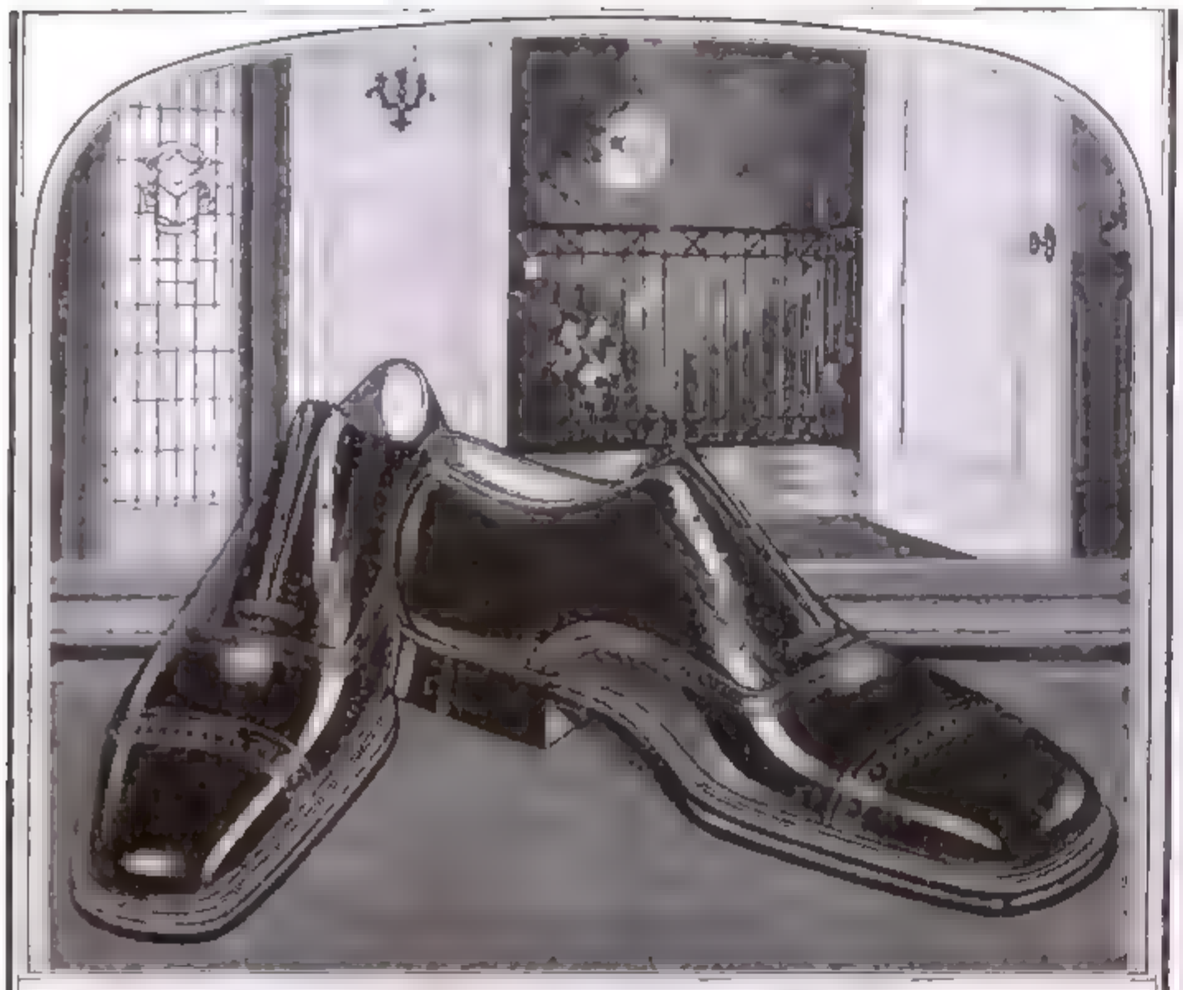

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We have set the figure at $5.00 to $25.00 because, between the two, lies the average amount earned by so many of our workers—men and women who represent the subscription interests of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* right in their own localities. Now, before you think up any excuses as to why you cannot do as well, let us tell you this: You do not need previous sales experience. You do not need capital. It makes no difference what your age, or where you live. It makes no difference how busy you may be—you can still earn extra money, easily, pleasantly. Mr. Dewitt H. Hunt of Michigan has earned $10.00 extra in a single day. The proof lies in trying. And trying, according to the old saying, "never was beat." First thing to do is—

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within the quota. Now we count them before they start. So, too, we space the traffic more evenly now. At Ellis Island there is never a trace of the old periodic congestion that at times seemed heavy enough to sink the little island. Those old evils, and many another with them, have gone a-glimmering forever.

It is a good law, save only for some much-needed tightening here and there—a good law for America and a good law for the alien.

But there is no such thing as resting upon one's oars. Even while we are all pulling together the best we can to give a good administration of a good law—for the sake of the alien, the American, and the future children of both of us—the old boat is gathering at every stroke its barnacles of aliens who smuggle in outside of the law, who stick and stay. We have got to pull a little faster. While the relations between the American and the lawful alien additions to our national family are becoming steadily more friendly and mutually understanding, we are receiving at the same time an unlawful influx of smuggled aliens that undermines the whole affair. The alien who waits his turn and then comes honorably and openly to live his life here as one of us, comes as a friend. But the fellow who comes in defiance of our law and hospitality, and then stays to laugh at us, is our enemy from the very start—and there are many such! A curious contrast it is, a contrast that may be lost on some Americans. But you may be sure that it is not lost on the alien who has come in honestly, has carved out a home here and is now waiting for his wife and children to come over honorably and join him here as soon as their turn is reached. When such an alien friend among us finds a burglar alien working on a job right alongside of him, unmolested, he wonders whether it pays to be honest after all, in America. It is the kind of lesson in Americanization that we would rather leave out. For instance, here is a letter that I have just this minute received:

"I beg to inform you that at —— lives a bad egg named —— who came recently as a stowaway and fooled the immigration authorities. If it is true that the law is equal for all, make an investigation and have him deported. The United States gates are closed for honest gentlemen, but the crooks find always a way to sneak in.

"A Group of Laborers."

Not many months ago twenty-eight Italians, who had not started from Italy in time for our quota, took ship to Cuba instead. They had no idea of settling in Cuba; they tarried there but a short time. The next leg of the journey went forward in a small boat that put out from Cuba for our Florida shore. If the boat had made a good voyage of it, all might have been well. But there were troubles. When the Italians finally floundered ashore in Florida two were missing. We bagged the twenty-six others and locked them up at Key West.

The Bootlegger's Fees

In jail, and far from home, without passports, visas or money, the twenty-six Argonauts may have seemed out o' luck for the moment. But they were not. In a trice they were out on bail. They had friends in New York. As to eighteen of the twenty-six, they drop out of the story right here.

But it happened that seven of the eight others received permission to go to Canada instead of all the way back to Italy, and, in due course, the seven took train to Canada. So far, so good; they were out of the country—supposedly.

But the very next day, as soon as these seven had reported in Montreal, there was a retrograde movement that out-Chineed the cheekiest Chinee in all the history of immigration. The seven Italians came a-jogging right back over the border. And shortly there was famous midnight merry-making in a tenement in New York's Little Italy, as their globe-trotting adventures were recounted to admiring friends and relatives.

Now, did these birds come in by the front door or the back window? As friends or as burglars? And was their mode of entry a good start toward making loyal and upright Americans of them, on a basis of respect for our laws and regard for our hospitality?

But there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, and hindsight sometimes comes to the rescue of foresight. There was hindsight enough in official quarters to breed suspicion, then inquiry, then investigation, as soon as the return of the seven was discovered. And then at a ripe moment a loyal employe in another department of our Federal Government happened to hear of a long tale of adventure from an Italian laborer in a suburb of New York. When the tale was relayed to us by the Government employe, we plucked from a pretty suburban setting a smuggled Italian laborer, late of Cuba and elsewhere.

At Ellis Island he told us his story. He and the seven had paid five hundred dollars apiece to a bootlegger to be taken to Canada and then smuggled safely back to the United States. That made eight contributors to the pockets of the bootlegger of aliens at the rate of five hundred dollars apiece, or four thousand dollars all told—a fair haul!

But this last laborer had gone late to the bootlegger. With the seven others already arranged for, it would be fatiguing to the bootlegger to add one more. These alien postscripts are expensive, and one must not be late. The bootlegger explained this as he pocketed the late comer's five hundred. The next day he further explained that the tardy one must come across with three hundred dollars more, or eight hundred in all, before the bootlegger's fatigue could be assuaged. Hard? Yes, to be sure, but one must not come late.

And, at that, the late laborer fell financially overboard. He could not raise the extra three hundred, so he gave up the jaunt to Canada and went sadly back to his suburban laboring.

The Wrong Address

The lucky seven had gone on to Canada, and in time had feasted hereabout on spaghetti and red wine, even as a tale is told. But the late laborer ate crow and labored alone, for he was in debt; the bootlegger still had his five hundred and would not give it back! The negotiation itself had been fatiguing up to five hundred dollars' worth—ah, yes—and a retainer is a retainer! Not for nothing do great bootleggers give good time to poor laborers. And such is life in the suburbs! You take it or leave it—it is really your own affair.

When the laborer finally came across with the whole truth at Ellis Island, he did so under arrest, under confinement, and in response to very explicit conversation urging him so to do. Considering the lack of spontaneity that characterized the process it would be inaccurate to refer to his statement as a squeal; it would be almost unkind.

Then began the hunt. Some of these second-story Italians from Cuba have been caught, and some have not—yet. But the bootlegger and his confederate have been caught, convicted and sentenced to prison terms in a Federal jail. That much is already tucked away.

Then there was a Rumanian who turned up at Ellis Island in transit from Rumania to Northern Canada—or, at least, so he said. We had our doubts about the Rumanian's ability to breast the blizzards of Hudson's Bay, and we were still more doubtful of his own intentions in the matter. He looked as though he would be more at home in Delancey Street, in New York. He stuck tight to his story, however, and, to prove his good faith, gave us the name of his brother in Montreal who would speed him on his northward way.

"Ah, yes," nodded the inspector pleasantly; "and your brother is expecting you?"

"Yes; he is a good brother."

"And you wrote to him that you were coming?"

"Yes, of course."

"Just so. Wrote to him at his home, in Montreal?"

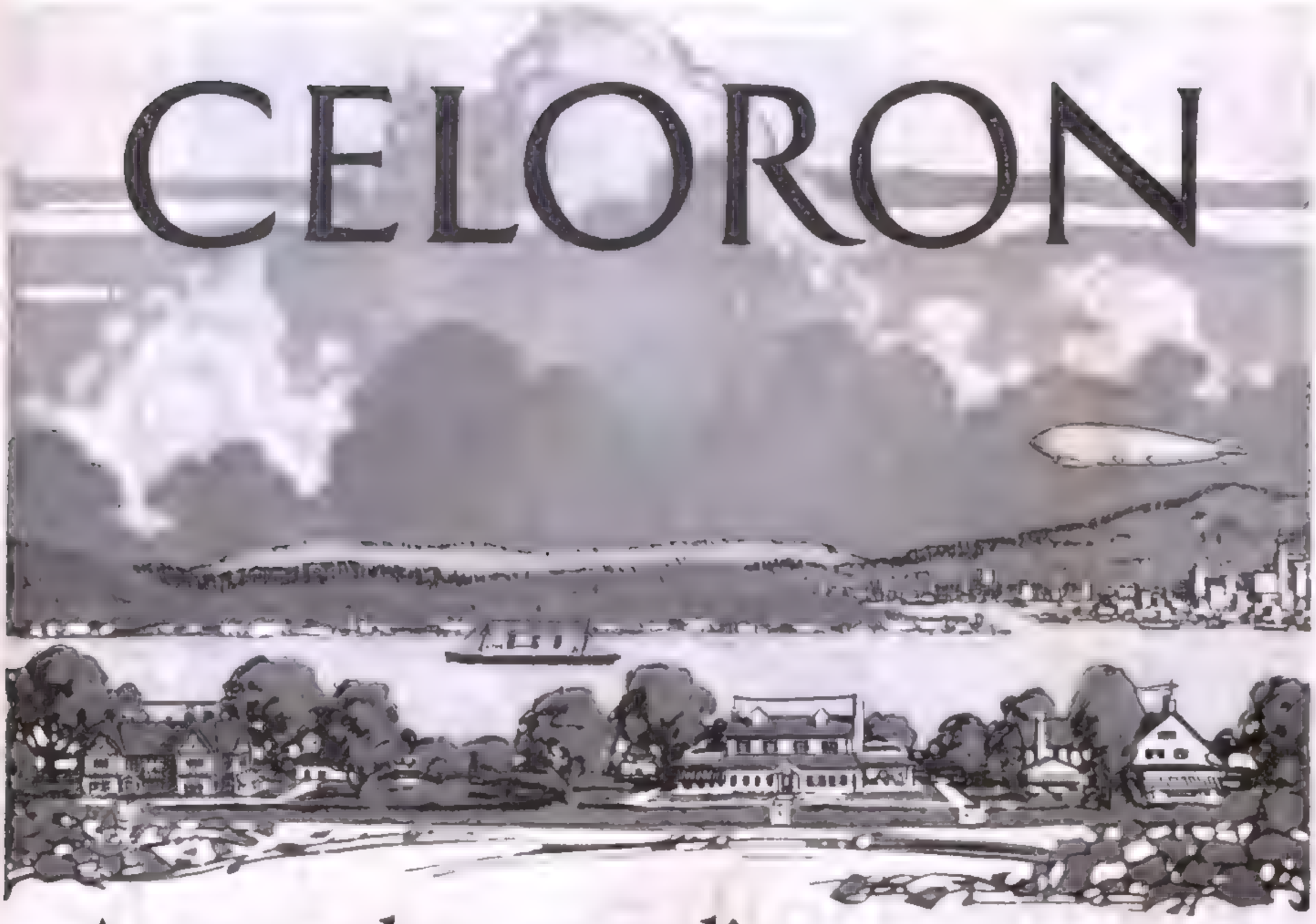
"Yes, to his home."

"Good enough." The Rumanian looked relieved; the inspector looked satisfied. But an afterthought came to the inspector. "Oh, by the way," he asked as he looked up from his papers, "what is your brother's address, that you wrote to, in Montreal?"

"His address?" The Rumanian hesitated just the fraction of a second, then recovered. "His address is Delancey Street," he answered quickly, and then stood pat, his fingers twitching.

Now, there is no Delancey Street in Montreal, although there is a well-populated Delancey Street over the bay in New York.

Continued on Page 145



As popular as radio

Celoron—the choice of nearly a million radio fans, the standard insulating material among leading radio manufacturers—is also used for gear drives, pump valves, and insulation in all sorts of manufacturing plants. Wherever you see a factory chimney, there are countless electrical and mechanical uses for Celoron and Diamond Fibre.

THE safest and surest way to build a radio set is to follow the judgment of radio experts in the selection of parts and equipment. You will get better results that way. You will save yourself time and money.

When it comes to the selection of a panel, be sure to specify Celoron. For Celoron is the popular insulating material—one that has received the universal endorsement of radio and electrical engineers.

Many radio manufacturers buy Celoron in preference to all other insulating materials. And they use tons of Celoron Panels and tubing in the sets they build.

They know that Celoron will not fail them—that it never loses its beauty or its insulating properties. Laboratory tests and past experience have shown them that.

Use a Celoron Panel and Celoron tubing in the set you build. Insist on Celoron in the set you buy. A Celoron Panel will help you get better results from your radio-hook-up. It will help you get greater distance, greater volume.

And remember this—Celoron Panels do not soften with heat or deteriorate with age. Changes of temperature will not weaken them nor affect their insulating properties.

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Some careful studies made into the uses of commercial printing and covering, among other subjects, the problem of multiplying the effective time of your own salesmen are included in a series of booklets to be issued by S. D. Warren Company during the year 1925. The first book, just published, is entitled "Let's be Misers with Golden Selling Hours."

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(Continued from Page 142

If the Rumanian had actually gone through to Canada, instead of dropping off the train at Poughkeepsie or at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street in New York, need we wonder how soon he would have streaked it back over the border to his brother in Delancey Street, hard by the Bowery, in little old New York?

But the slickest of them all is Ah Jong, a gentleman of Hong-Kong and of Hoy-Oy, of Singapore, and other points west of Hoboken. His operations are successful and decisive. His story is short. He deals in Chinamen.

When the swift ship Two Bits put out from Hong-Kong not long ago, there were those aboard who had talked long and prayerfully with Ah Jong, who knows all. Ah Jong they had left behind, but from scullery to scupper there was not a Chinese sailor in all the crew of the Two Bits who pondered deeply without thinking tenderly of Ah Jong. For Ah Jong meant money.

As the ship wore on to Singapore it seemed to the captain and the mate that never a crew so contented and happy had manned the stout old Two Bits. The swish of the waves gave soft accompaniment to the singsong chants of the happy Chinese. Fair winds, fair skies and—Ah Jong! Sometimes life laughs and is kind—sometimes.

And at Singapore there came suddenly sixteen Chinese persons to visit the Two Bits at her wharf. They came with Ah Jong, and they were visitors. A rare ship, the Two Bits, worth a visit from persons of high or low degree! Who should know better about that than the happy Chinese in her crew? So, with bland cordiality to the sixteen, and silent deference to Ah Jong, who brought them aboard, the crew took the visitors to their hearts, led them below decks and buried them there, for the voyage. Only Ah Jong went ashore—that was sure! Only Ah Jong, possessed of much money paid to him by sixteen Chinese visitors to a ship worth visiting.

Ah Jong Gets In Wrong

When the Two Bits had swung safely through the typhoons of the seven seas, thanks to the efforts of her happy sailors, she came prancing through the Narrows and up the bay to New York with a pride that seemed almost self-conscious. At least so the immigration inspectors thought. They talked with the polite members of the Chinese crew all the way up from Quarantine, and became more than ever convinced that there was something queer about the Two Bits. Then they searched her, from stem to stern, while the crew looked on, agreeably and impassively.

And then one by one they dragged out of the dark depths of her hold the sixteen Chinamen of high degree who had come aboard the Two Bits as visitors, at far-away Singapore.

These rummagings for stowaways are not always so easy. At times we find it helpful to burn a bit of sulphur about the bilge, in order that the stowaways may the more surely rise to the occasion. They rise! On this occasion the elevation was by the nape of the neck rather than by sulphur.

But Ah Jong, who knows all, takes no chances. It appears that the crew were to receive from him eight thousand dollars for sixteen Chinese, at the rate of five hundred dollars apiece, in return for their hospitality to their emboweled visitors during the voyage. Before payment would be made, however, the sixteen were to be smuggled safely ashore in New York. In fact that was what the payment was all about. Then, when the Two Bits returned to Hong-Kong, much money would cross a table in a waterfront back room—but not before. The landing of the sixteen in New York was to be arranged by one wise in the ways of this port who would be on hand here for that purpose; by one who in good time would come to the Two Bits, with password and plan; and for such a one the crew were watchfully to wait. So ran the orders, from Ah Jong himself. It was no fault of his that the immigration inspectors came first often they do! Yes, "the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley."

Of course it may be that the greeting of the Two Bits' crew to Ah Jong, when next they meet with him in old Hong-Kong, will be physical and emphatic rather than mental and contemplative. That may be. And there are sixteen ex-stowaways—Chinamen, homeward bound and broke who may soon be searching for Ah Jong, in old Hong-Kong. For presumably Ah Jong still has the eight thousand dollars or some part of it.

A Happy Dumping Ground

To spice the sequel a bit more, the sixteen, if they return to their native Chinese villages, may have some explaining of their own to do. They may have that in mind, as they hunt for Ah Jong. For the custom is that all the inhabitants of a Chinese village chip in to a village purse, hand over the purse to an Ah Jong, then pick out the likeliest Chinaman in the village, and send him along to be smuggled into the United States. If there be a slip, and by chance the chosen Chinaman be returned to the arms of his fellow villagers, his welcome home is likely to be even heartier than that accorded to a certain small but potent animal that occasionally puts in an appearance at an American Sunday-school picnic. As for the welcome accorded to the purse holder of such a contingency—well, there are sixteen Chinese villages that Ah Jong will perhaps omit from all future itineraries.

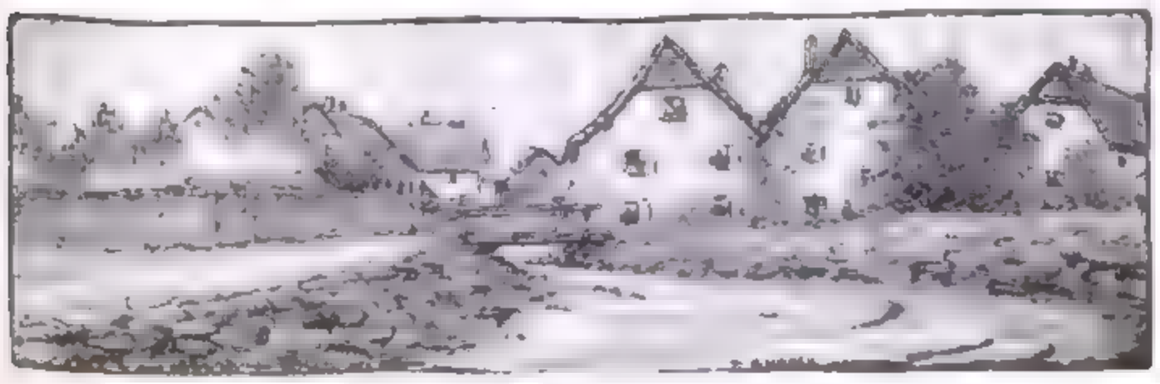
This rate of five hundred dollars appears to be standard in certain quarters; and a curious condition that is said to be added by some bootleggers, when the aliens are Chinese, is that they come clean. They are often stripped and searched, to be sure they come clean; which means that they must carry no opium or drug of any kind. The result of being caught smuggling a drug-laden alien is considered so additionally severe that the standard tariff of five hundred dollars is held to be too low. And this species of bootlegger ordinarily takes great virtue unto himself when he explains that his smuggled aliens come clean; he serves his country by frisking the drugs off his aliens before he allows them to smuggle in!

There is many another curious incident of this business of bootlegging aliens into the United States, and many another eerie tale to be told. Within its original modest limits the business is as old as the hills. In the Immigration Service we had been at war with these live-cargo bootleggers ever since there was any Immigration Service at all. And there are famous old fights that are now traditions in the service. All in all, we have held our own—until now!

But no longer can we say "We hold our own!" That day has gone. The business has become so big and so skillful that we are falling behind. From far beyond our borders, in every corner of the world, the plots are hatching and going forward. And the second-story aliens are coming in. Let there be no doubt about that—they are coming! A hostile invasion in time of peace; a determined effort to break down our insistence that we are a nation and not a happy dumping ground; a wholesale exercise of what such aliens, the world over, look upon as a right—the right to come into our country when and how they please, whether we give them permission or not—that is what is going on!

We can stop it. But to do that we must have more men, and we must have a tighter law.

As to more men, we need no great army to kick these fellows out and keep them out, but we do need more force than we have. Until today this need has not been generally known.



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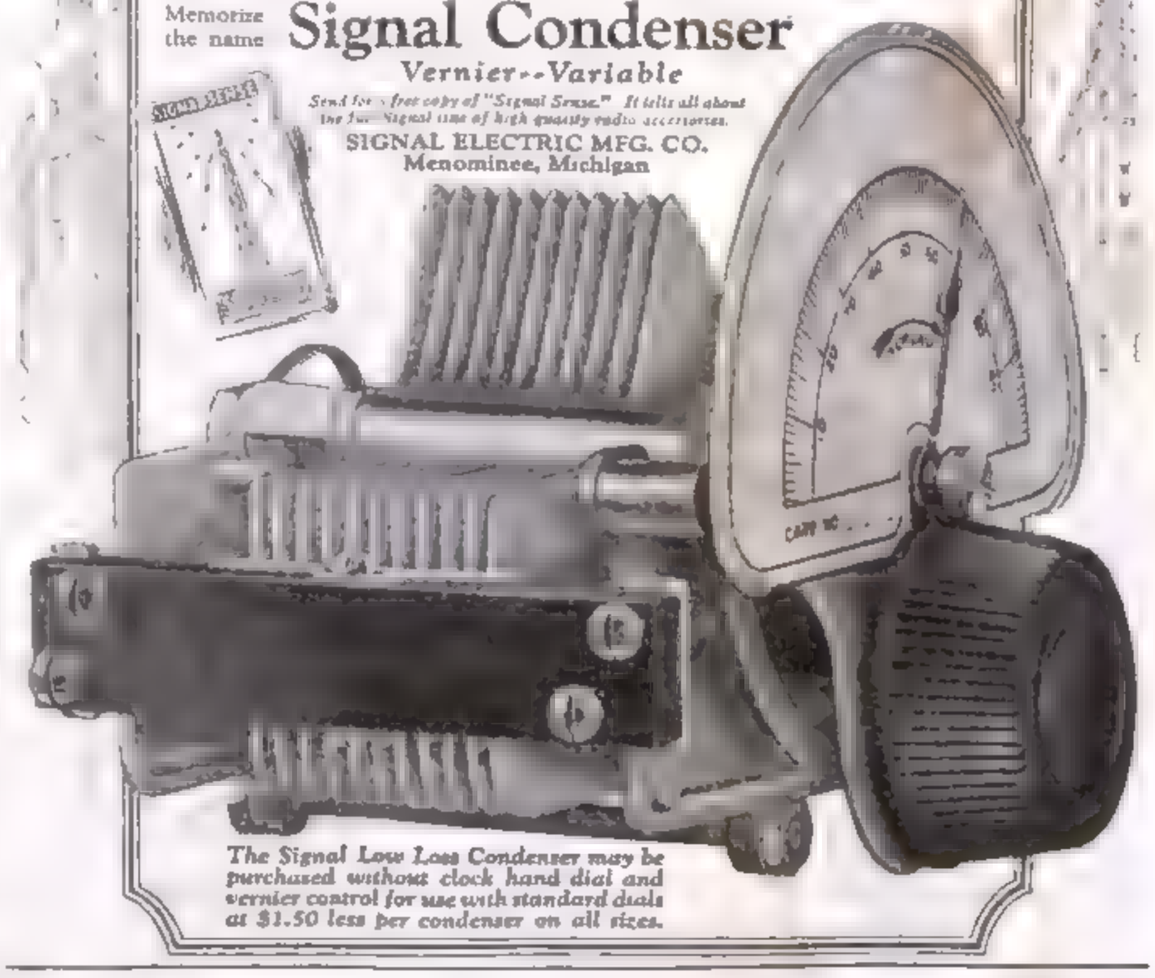

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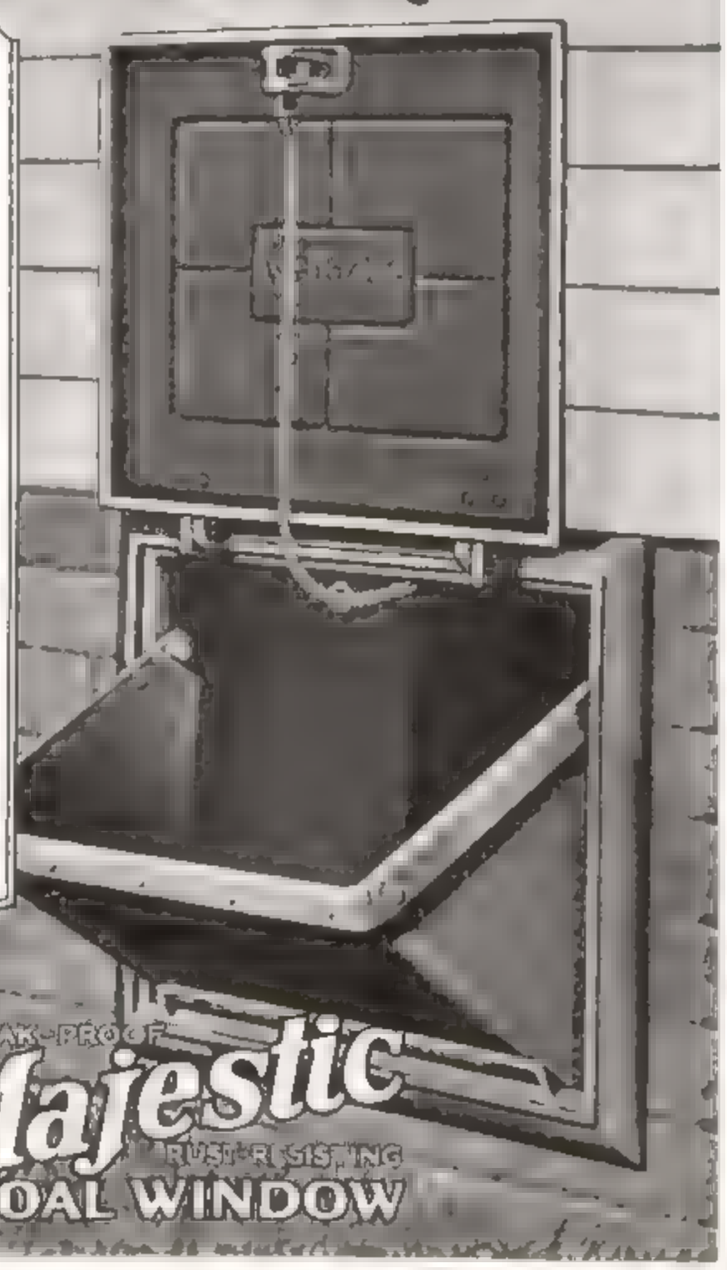

IT is false economy to put in a cheap coal window when you build. The dollar or two you save on the cost of your home is soon devoured by repair bills. In the end, you pay twice the price of a Majestic. Prevent this needless expense when you build. Specify the Majestic Coal Window. It's break-proof—rust-resisting—and it side-tracks repair bills.

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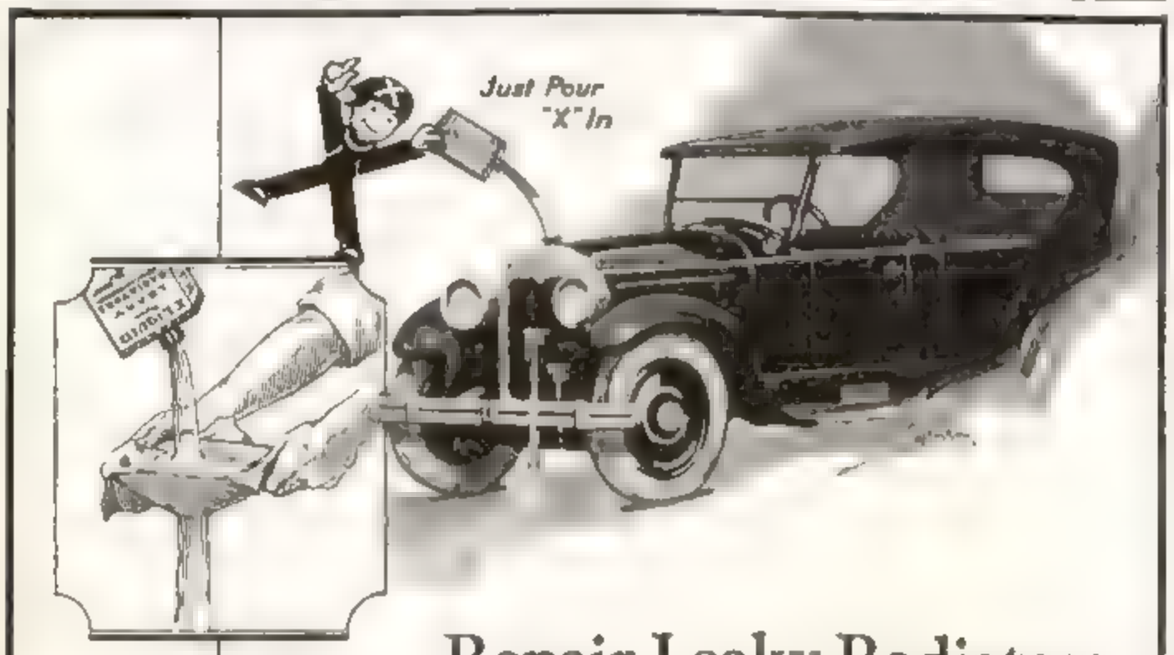

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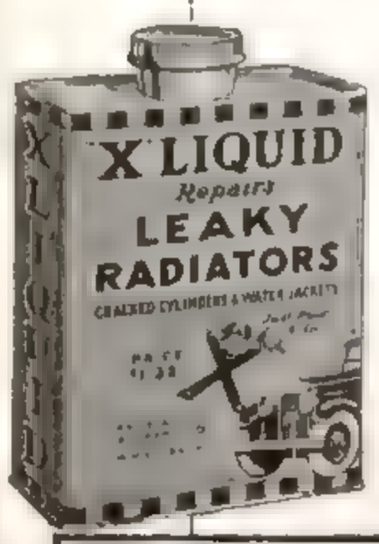

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"X" LIQUID
REPAIRS LEAKS IN AUTO RADIATORS, CRACKED CYLINDERS WATER JACKETS AND STEAM AND HOT WATER HEATING SYSTEMS

The immigration law that took effect on July 1, 1924, was too new; its effects too uncertain. But now, after six months of it, we can make a fair guess. At Ellis Island I know that we need help if we are to cope at all with the growing colonies of alien burglars that to my own knowledge abound about the city of New York. Nor is it to be supposed that New York is their only roosting place. There are other cities and other places—many others.

As to tightening the law, there are half a dozen amendments that are vitally needed if we are to be equipped with proper power to handle the problem. They are before Congress today. Unfortunately, they share the field with a dozen other proposed amendments that are being vigorously pushed to the end of loosening the law, instead of tightening it. These loosening amendments, cradled in the foreign assertion of the right of any and all aliens to populate our country, whether we want them here or not, and nourished by foreign propaganda, have grown apace. They are the last sort of thing that should be allowed to go through. Already there are such dangerous leaks and loopholes in the law that, if this loosening go through in addition, we may as well open the ports and the borders of the United States and forget that we ever desired to limit immigration at all.

The whole question is, What are we going to do about it right now, while Congress is in session? Tighten our control of immigration, or loosen it? Safeguard our gates, or leave them ajar?

That is for you to decide, and—when you have decided—tell your congressmen and senators in which direction you desire them to move.

President Coolidge, in his message to Congress, says of our present restrictive immigration law that "in principle it is necessary and sound, and destined to increase greatly the public welfare"; that it "saves the American job for the American workman"; and he closes with this terse summary, "We must maintain our own economic position, we must defend our own national integrity." That is plain talk, from the first American.

There are plenty of objectives for attack by those who are still trying to eat away, bit by bit, this law that we have enacted to "defend our own national integrity"; and the smuggling in of second-story aliens is only one side of the affair. Yet it is a simple side. Do we want these second-story fellows with us, or not?

I have spoken of Italians, Rumanians and Chinese whom we have caught. But there are many whom we have not caught. And every other nationality and race in the world is represented in the collection. The alien burglars have come from Germany and the British Isles just as energetically as from the Mediterranean and the Orient. Their personnel includes convicts, beggars, rogues, spreaders of loathsome and dangerous contagious disease, Reds—in fact, every sort and condition of alien who could never get by an American consul or an American immigration inspector, and so comes in by night, on his own hook, with a laugh at a land that is as easy as ours.

Even with our restrictive law, we are still the most hospitable country in the world to immigrants. No other nation lets foreigners in as readily as we do. We are something more than generous. Shall we now add easy gates to an easy law? Or shall we be a little more careful of this land that our fathers gave us, and that we in turn are to hand on to our children's children?

To those who come honorably—up to the tests we set and inside the limits we lay—our welcome should be quick and warm. To the other kind we should oppose a fence with pickets on it that have points. So it seems to me.

But it is for you to say.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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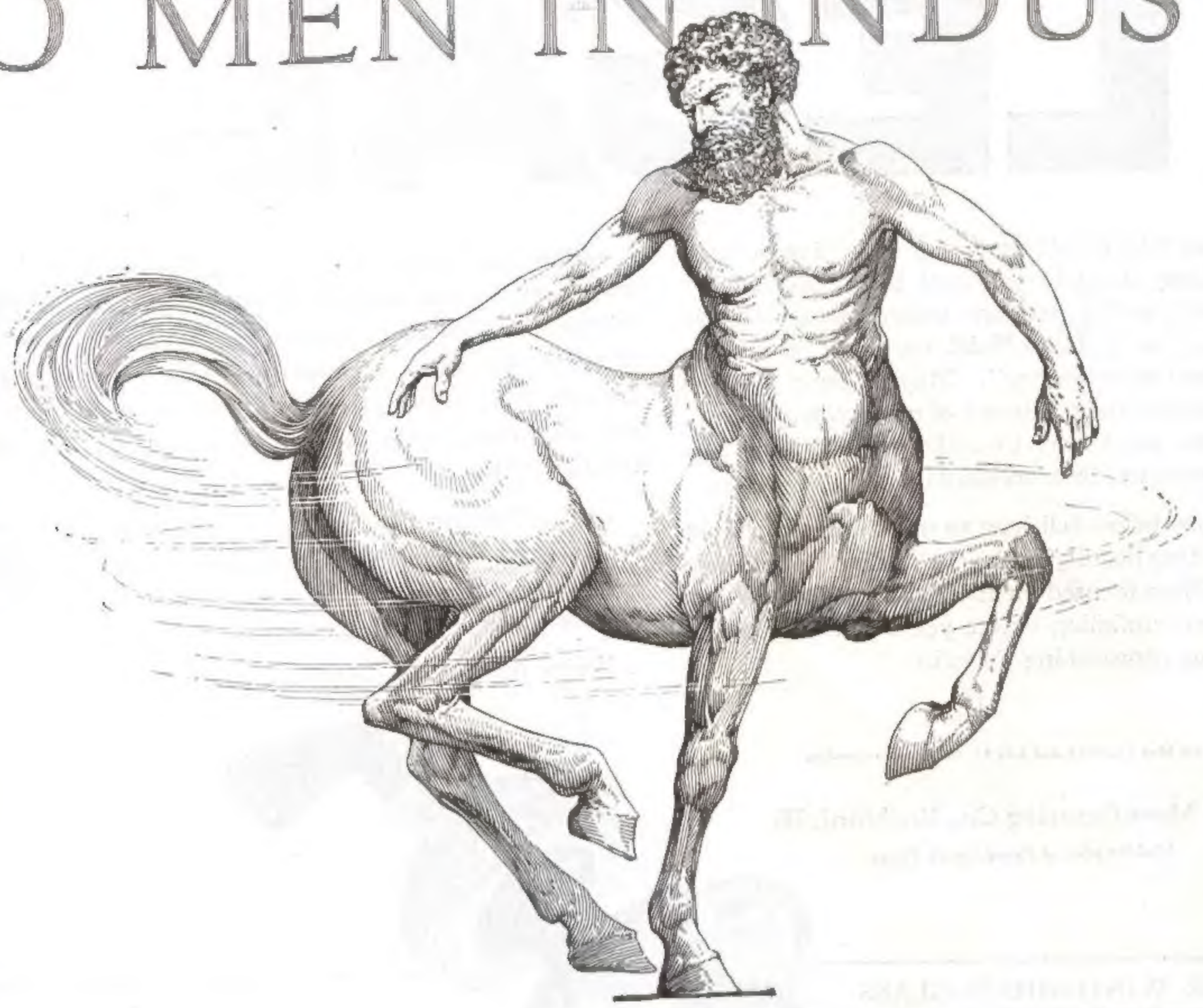
TO MEN IN INDUSTRY



Even under human intelligence, horse-power is still chasing its tail.

In many a plant much of the energy that is created is needlessly wasted before it can be applied to production.

It is our business to prevent this waste. Some of the ways we save horse-power are shown below.

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Prevent heat losses from steam lines and plant equipment with Johns-Manville Insulation—the strongest and most efficient in test and in service.

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THE Fyrac Night Guide complies with all state laws. It has been strongly endorsed by public officials concerned with safety and law enforcement. Of the Night Guide, one public official says, "It is more a *necessity* than an accessory". Mayor Henry W. Kiel of St. Louis voices the sentiment of many when he says, "It aids in no small way to make night driving safe and to eliminate needless accidents".

The columns below tell how to use the Fyrac Night Guide in meeting headlights, bright or dim. Read them carefully. When focused on the right-hand road-edge, the Fyrac gives unfailing vision, yet it will not glare in the eyes of an approaching motorist.

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A million motorists can tell you Fyrac's value. It fits through your windshield glass. Controlled from *inside* the car, it is always ready for instant use whether curtains or windows are open or closed. You can aim it in any direction for reading road signs, or you can remove it in a jiffy for use as a convenient trouble light.

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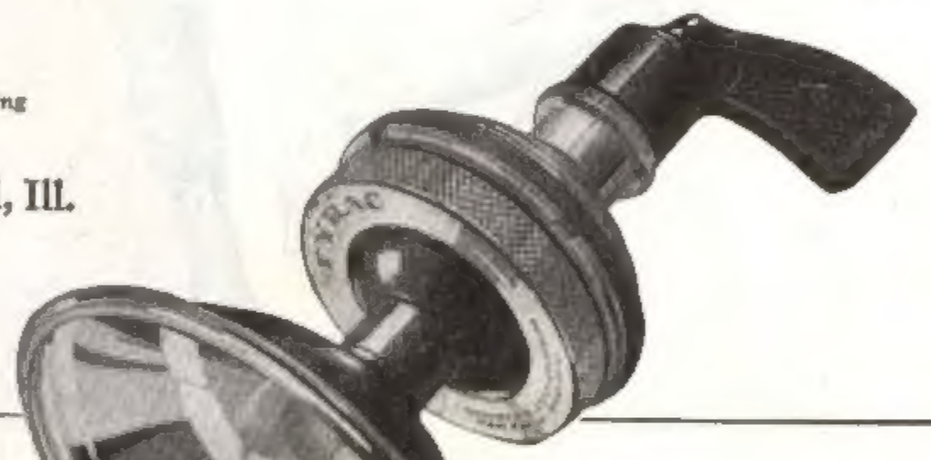
Write for circular of 31 uses, free.



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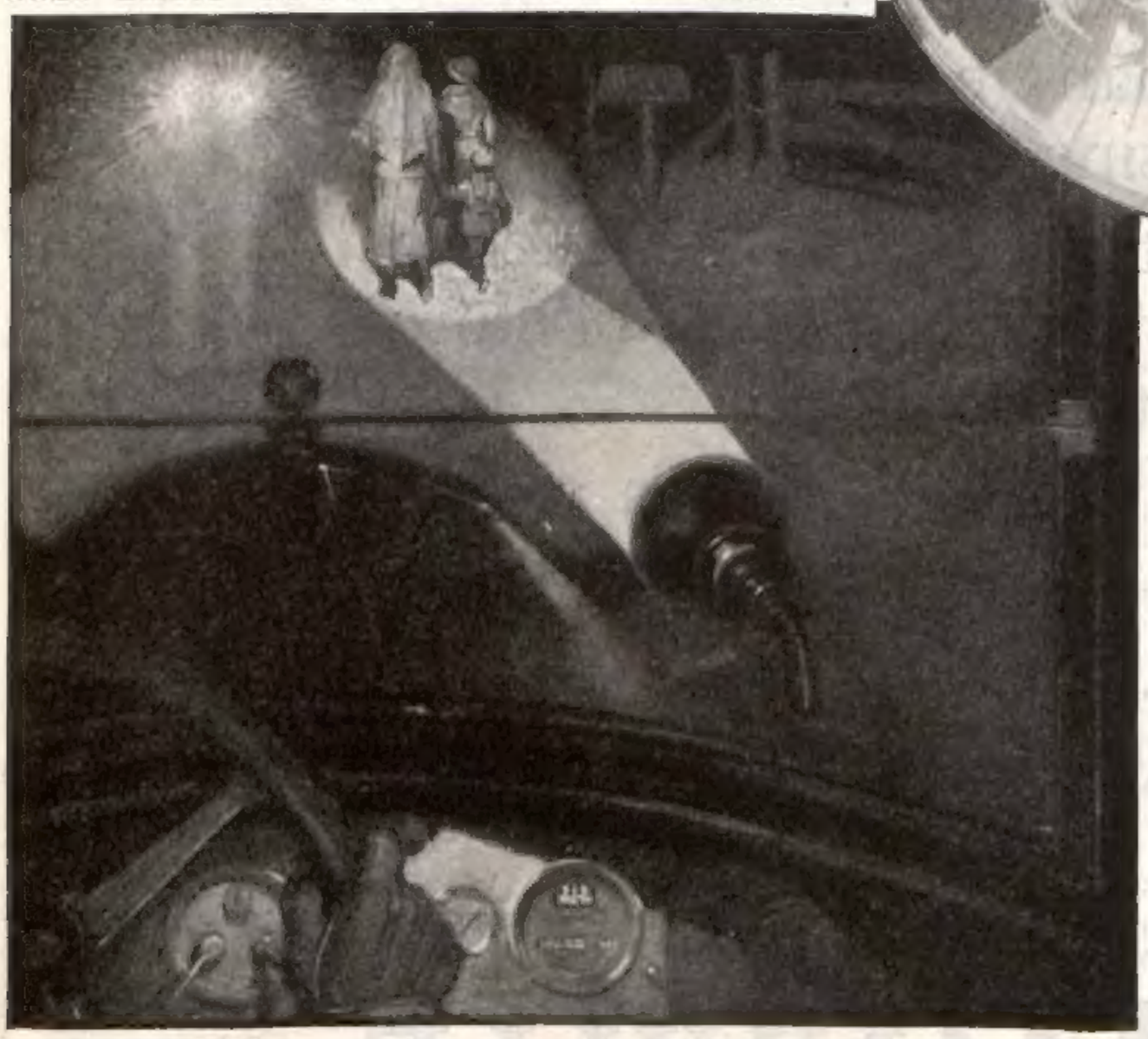

HOW TO USE
the Fyrac Night Guide in meeting bright lights

HERE is the way to get the utmost safety value from your Fyrac Night Guide when driving along unlighted roads. Keep it pointed so the beam will fall on the *right-hand edge of the road*, about 30 to 50 feet ahead of your car.

When other cars approach, keep your eyes focused on the Night Guide beam at the point where it illuminates the road-edge. By doing this, you will be able to drive safely in the face of even the most brilliant headlights.

Your Fyrac beam, when focused on the right-hand road-edge, shows you where the road leaves off and the ditch begins. It prevents you from running blindly off the road—or from misjudging your position on the road and getting over on the other fellow's side, a situation that has caused many a head-on crash.

Your Fyrac beam will also show you any objects that may be ahead, such as a pedestrian, cyclist, culvert, pile of construction material, unlighted wagon or buggy. There will come moments, in meeting other cars, when you will find your Fyrac worth its weight in gold!

Where Dimmers Are Used

In a number of states, the lighting laws make it compulsory to dim the headlights when meeting other cars. Under these conditions, the Night Guide should be used exactly the same as in meeting bright headlights, and its value is equally great.

Your Night Guide, when focused on the right-hand road-edge, will enable you to drive with entire safety, yet *it will not glare in the eyes of the approaching driver.* That is why the Fyrac Night Guide has been so widely endorsed by public officials as the real solution of the nation's headlight mess. The Fyrac Night Guide is one of the most valuable safety devices on your entire car. The longer you use it the more you'll appreciate this fact.

FYRAC *Night* GUIDE
the Legal Spotlight

In Winter's Cold or Summer's Heat

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Pure, fresh milk, concentrated—more than twice as rich as ordinary milk,—it takes the place of cream—at half the cost of cream. For cooking it gives the "cream and butter" flavor, and saves a lot of butter. For baby it is safe, wholesome, normally nourishing food. For children, Pet Milk with orange juice is a wonderful milk drink—and they like it.

Sterilized in sealed containers at our country plants, Pet Milk comes to your kitchen or nursery fresh and sweet and clean. You can keep a supply in your pantry. Your grocer always has it. It costs no more than ordinary milk.

Send for free booklets on use of Pet Milk. In the meantime, try this recipe for the most delicious cocoa you have ever made.

Pet Milk Cocoa

2 cups Pet Milk	⅛ teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons cocoa	2 cups boiling water
5 tablespoons sugar	¼ teaspoon vanilla

Mix cocoa, sugar, and salt together and add water a little at a time, stirring constantly to keep the mixture smooth. Keep stirring and boil 5 minutes. Add Pet Milk and heat thoroughly in a double boiler or over hot water. Beat well with Dover egg beater for two minutes and add vanilla. Serve at once with marshmallows or whipped cream.

PET MILK COMPANY
(Originators of evaporated milk)
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